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WAITING FOR THE END

*The growing interest in
apocalyptic prophecy*

BY WILLIAM MARTIN

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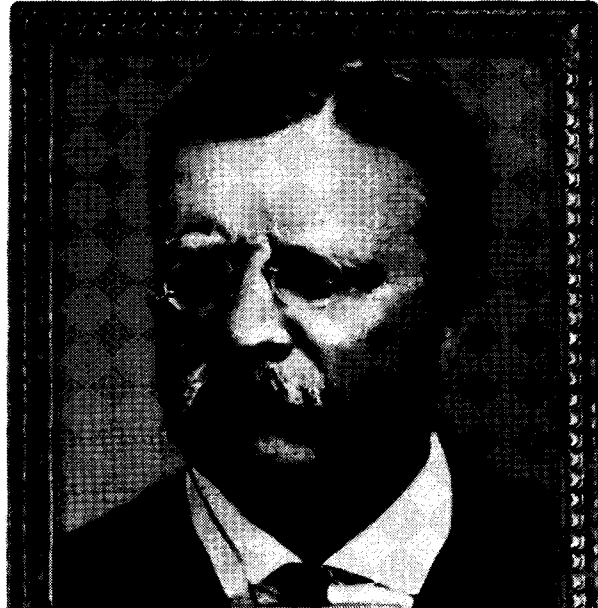
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHY LATIN AMERICA IS POOR

Re Michael Novak's explanation of "Why Latin America Is Poor" (March *Atlantic*):

(1) Dependency theorists blame not just North American capitalism but modern capitalist development in general for the underdevelopment of Third World regions. Initially, Latin American wealth funneled through Iberia to the Low Countries and England. During the nineteenth century, the British, with free-trade liberalism, achieved a high degree of economic penetration and neo-colonialism throughout the continent. Novak seems unaware that the nineteenth century existed at all.

(2) Novak attacks dependency thought via its weaker exponents—churchmen speaking to general, non-specialist audiences. Why does he not confront the more sophisticated arguments of Fernando Henrique Cardoso, Theotonio Don Santos, Andre Gunder Frank, or those arguing on behalf of a New International Economic Order?

(3) Novak ignores—or is ignorant of—consistent U.S. policy aims in Latin America. The U.S. has consciously and successfully strived to keep Latin America an underdeveloped reservoir of raw materials and an open market to U.S. industrial products. Eisenhower's policies to stymie Latin American industrialization are particularly instructive. Further, the intervention, coercion, and subversion in the region's political processes have greatly aggravated its problems. We need only remember Nicaragua (Marines, 1912–1925, 1926–1933), Guatemala (1920, 1954), Cuba (1917–1933, 1961), the Dominican Republic (1916–1924, 1965), Chile (1970–1973), and Brazil (1964). The "powerful personages" alluded to in passing on page 71—latifundists and the military—usually enjoyed firm U.S. support.

(4) When touching on regional improvements, Novak utterly ignores the most successful case of Castro's Cuba. In terms of medical care, infant mortality, literacy, housing, diet, post-1959 Cuba, under socialism, far outstripped its dependent capitalist neighbors in improvement. Latin American poverty stems

from the massive failings of modern capitalism's distributive mechanisms, not from some ethereal moral-religious shortcomings of the region's people.

RICHARD W. SLATTA
Raleigh, N.C.

Professor Novak's belief that Anglo-Protestantism has produced better, more talented, innovative people, and therefore deserves more prosperity, is reminiscent of the Social Darwinism espoused by some Americans in the latter part of the nineteenth century. Perhaps Professor Novak needs to be reminded that the race is not always to the swift, nor bread to the wise.

Novak cites several statistics to show that Latin Americans improved their economic condition in the post-World War II period—after they adopted Yankee methodologies. He adds that there is still need for improvement. Latin America's underdevelopment has as much to do with abysmal political failure (if not more so) as with economic fault. The United States, with its extensive history of military and covert intervention and support for totalitarian regimes, must accept its share in responsibility for that failure. To eschew this reality by blaming the victim is to assist in the perpetuation of Latin America's underdevelopment.

MARY MCGOVERN
New York, N.Y.

A revolution in attitudes is going on in Latin America, and the Church is very much in the forefront of it. We "Yankees" may not be to blame for all of the past, but we will display our hand as "imperialists" if we continue to tell Latin Americans what kind of an economic or social system we will allow them to have and continue to aid politically and militarily those elements who want to make sure the old systems remain.

Latin American Catholics may occasionally speak with some anger about Yankee capitalism—and perhaps with some envy, too. Still, Novak misses the point if he thinks they are hungering for the "gospels" of either Karl Marx or Adam Smith. They are searching in *their* way for an economic system for *their* cul-

For Mexico it was a period of incredible wealth. Even the mortar of the church was mixed with silver dust and red wine.

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ture that is compatible with the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

RICHARD W. KROPF
Johannesburg, Mich.

Michael Novak communicates a crucial message to the Latin American left and the left in the United States—a message that reinforces the Marxist dependency myths that distort Latin America's view of itself.

If Mr. Novak is right—and most foreign professionals who have lived and worked in Latin America as well as many Latin Americans I have known during the past twenty years would agree with him—then those who preach the dependency explanation are trying to push Latin America down a dead-end street. Their focus on foreign devils is a debilitating cop-out that stands in the way of progress in Latin America.

LAWRENCE E. HARRISON
Cambridge, Mass.

Michael Novak replies:

Richard Kropf should recognize that half of my essay praised Latin Americans for successes already achieved, while the rest was spent trying to distinguish (for myself rather than for them) dead ends from fruitful possibilities, unlikely claims from plausible ones. Mary McGovern misconstrues my argument, which concerns the superiority of a political idea and the system which makes it real, and not at all the superiority of people. Talent will not develop, innovation will not occur, unless a system favorable to them is imagined and then developed. One need not be a "Yankee" to invent and to realize such a system.

Like Mary McGovern, Richard W. Slatta concedes that one cannot blame the North American economic system for the failures of Latin America's economic systems, then changes the subject to politics—and to Cuba. Whatever that nation's successes in "medical care, infant mortality, literacy, housing, and diet," Cuba remains economically backward enough to require more than \$3 million a day in Soviet aid, for which it pays by supplying foreign legions. Cuba thus provides the most clear-cut case of total dependency on the entire continent.

POLICE ON THE STREET

In their article "Broken Windows" (March *Atlantic*), James Wilson and

George Kelling tell us: "Psychologists have done many studies on why people fail to go to the aid of persons being attacked or seeking help, and they have learned that the cause is not 'apathy' or 'selfishness' but the absence of some plausible grounds for feeling that one must personally accept responsibility." There are two much better reasons for not stopping criminals. In the first place, it is almost everywhere illegal for the good citizen to have the means to stop crime; the handy possession of anything which might be considered a weapon is forbidden, whether the weapon is a gun or a knife or a baseball bat.

Second, it is almost everywhere illegal to harm a criminal. If a person stops a criminal, he will almost certainly be arrested for assault and battery and, perhaps, for attempted homicide upon the criminal. Such are our laws; they make it practically impossible to do anything about crime. Our hoodlums get all the breaks and decent citizens are not allowed to fight back.

R. G. SCHIFF
Missoula, Mont.

A more basic question concerning windows than the one that Wilson and Kelling ask is: How can we make sure the initial broken window gets repaired? One of the best predictors of whether a single window will be repaired (so others won't be broken) is the expectation on the part of the repair person that this window won't be broken again soon. Convincing this person requires more than the information that if the window isn't repaired, more will be broken. What is required is an expectation that window-breaking is an anomaly and that repairing broken windows is worth the trouble and expense.

CARMINE SCAVO
Cincinnati, Ohio

James Wilson and George Kelling have written a significant and perceptive article on the role of police in the community. Students of police have often drawn a distinction between reactive policing—as in the investigation of reported crimes—and proactive policing, as in the investigation of crimes (illegal gambling, drug sales, prostitution) where citizens rarely act as complainants. It is useful to emphasize that police can also fill a third community-service role, by foot-patrolling the streets and making citizens feel safer on them. This form of police ser-

vice is probably unmeasurable, and may thus likely—and unfortunately—be less valued.

If Wilson and Kelling could resolve the problem of how accurately to measure the value of such services—and thus to reward their performance—they would make an additional and valuable contribution to police administration.

JEROME H. SKOLNICK
Berkeley, Calif.

KNOWING MRS. WOOLF

Perry Meisel ("Imitation Modernism," March *Atlantic*) writes, "Virginia set type for Eliot's poem with her own hands."

Considering the range of Virginia Woolf's acquaintances, we should not be surprised that Meisel knew her well enough to call her "Virginia," yet did not know the poet well enough to call him "Tom." A friend of Eliot's would, I suppose, have written, "Mrs. Woolf set type for Tom's poem with her own hands."

However, since Meisel (whom I don't know well enough to call "Perry") is writing for readers who called neither of them by given names, surely it would be more courteous to write "Mrs. Woolf set type for Eliot's poem with her own hands." Judging by what I have read by and about both, neither of them would have welcomed first-name familiarity in the pages of any journal.

SARA BURROUGHS
Natchitoches, La.

Perry Meisel replies:

Ms. Burroughs's remarks radiate with the Higher Sexism. Much as history customarily neglects women, the history of modernism has too often forgotten that there were two Woolfs—not just one—at constant work in Bloomsbury over the years (the other's name was Leonard). Short of returning to the vogue of the fifties, when Virginia was traditionally referred to as "Mrs. Woolf," I can think of no better distinction than the kind the Bloomsberries bestowed upon themselves and bequeathed as a custom to us. (Much the same historical problem is true of the Strachey family as well—one has to say "Lyttton" so as not to neglect his brother James and sister-in-law Alix, Freud's translators.) Besides, I will never feel intimate enough with Eliot to call him "Tom." Surely, this is the stuff of weighty literary dispute.

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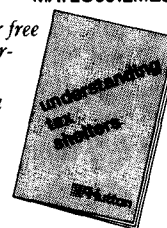
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REPORTS & COMMENT

INDONESIA AN EFFORT TO HOLD TOGETHER

*The islands' "guided democracy"
is divided by geography, ethnic
differences, and religion*



NO ONE WOULD CALL Jakarta an elegant city, but it has absorbed its rapid growth better than some other capitals have. Jakarta's population now stands at more than 6 million people, four times as many as when Indonesia declared its independence, thirty-seven years ago. The city is a low-lying settlement, and, at irregular intervals, solitary skyscrapers rise above the landscape. They contain banks, government offices, hotels, and the offices of the foreign businesses that operate in Jakarta. Between the skyscrapers, beneath canopies created by papaya, palm, and banana trees, lie the kampongs, urban

villages that approximate the life of the countryside within the city.

Children run through the alleys of their kampong but rarely cross its borders. The people in a kampong are often connected by blood, by ties to the region of the hinterland from which they have come, and by units of government, under the leadership of a *lurah*, or headman. The kampongs cover most of the land area of Jakarta, and because of them, the capital is sometimes called a city of villages. The greenery that surrounds them, the product of extremely rich volcanic soil and heavy, regular rainfall, gives a strangely non-urban air to Jakarta.

The buildings in the kampongs have roofs of weathered red tile, perhaps the only fondly regarded residue of 350 years of Dutch colonial rule. When viewed from a distance or from above, these roofs seem the emblem of a solid, prosperous settlement. Seen up close, the houses and small shops beneath the roofs are scarcely different from their ramshackle, tin-roofed counterparts in other poor countries of the world.

The rainy season begins around the turn of the year and lasts for four or five months. The rains come every day, generally in the afternoon. Two or three inches may fall in a matter of hours. After a storm, the canals that snake through the city, their brownish water used for bathing, laundry, and waste disposal, are full and fast-flowing, and water runs ankle-deep through the alleys of the kampongs.

During this year's rainy season, on one day of each month, an unusual number of people were wearing a similar item of clothing in the streets of Jakarta. Perhaps one in every ten wore a blue-and-black shirt of batik, the famous Indonesian cloth. The shirts were the emblem of Golkar, the "functional group," or party, that controls the Indonesian government, and many of the people who wore them had been at Golkar rallies earlier in the day. The rallies are held on the 17th or 18th of each month, in commemoration of the country's declaration of independence from Holland, on August 17, 1945. For public employees, attendance at the rallies, as



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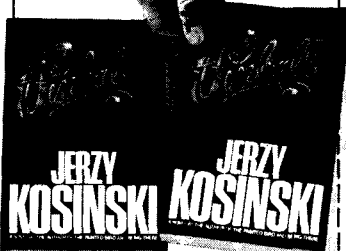
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well as membership in Golkar, is effectively part of their jobs, and was especially so as the May 4 election drew near.

The election was the third to be held since a "New Order" government, run by the military, took over from President Sukarno, in 1966. During the campaign, which was expected to be uneventful, tension mounted between Golkar and its major opposition, the United Development Party, and some political demonstrations were marred by violence.

Yet the election on May 4 was only the first stage in the process of selecting Indonesia's next president. The 360 delegates elected on that day to seats in the People's House of Representatives will be joined by another 100 representatives, mainly military figures, whom the government appoints. Then those 460 elected and appointed members of the House will be combined with another 460 people, all of them appointed by the government. These 920 people, more than 60 percent of them appointed by the very regime whose performance they are asked to assess, are collectively known as the People's Consultative Assembly. They will choose the president in March of 1983, and the man they are expected to select is Suharto (like his predecessor, Sukarno, and many of his countrymen, he is known by a single name), who became acting president in March of 1967.

Earlier this year, amid a swarm of Golkar shirts on one of Jakarta's major thoroughfares, I asked an Indonesian businessman what all the excitement was about. Why the big buildup to an election whose outcome seemed foreordained?

"You forget," my companion answered gravely. "We are a democracy. Of course, we do not mean 'democracy' in your sense; that would not be right for us. Ours is a *guided* democracy, more appropriate to a young country such as we are."

The local definition of democracy is but one illustration, and probably the mildest, of the sense of strangeness that a Westerner feels at every moment in Indonesia. Here, as elsewhere in the developing world, nationalists and scholars complain that local traditions are being uprooted by Western values; but it is harder to take that complaint seriously in Indonesia than in most other countries. True, its officials deal with international oil and timber companies, and its urban youth frequent tape-cassette

stores, where they can buy pirated versions of American and European hit songs for 1,000 rupiahs, or about \$1.50, apiece. But many Indonesians still change their names after an illness for good luck, defer to the judgment of their kampong's headman, and seek political portents in the all-night puppet shows known as the *wayang*.

The endurance of the Indonesian culture may be partially explained by the total indifference of many Westerners, especially Americans, to the nation's very existence. This is a source of considerable irritation to many Indonesian officials. As they quite rightly point out, their country has more than a small claim to be taken seriously. The Indonesian archipelago, which contains some 13,000 islands and stretches in a semicircle from Indochina southeastward toward Australia, includes such well-known islands as Java, Sumatra, Bali, Borneo, the Celebes, and the western half of New Guinea. (Borneo is now known as Kalimantan, the Celebes as Sulawesi, and western New Guinea as Irian Jaya.) Indonesia has a population of nearly 150 million, more than any other country except China, India, the Soviet Union, and the United States. Its officials point out that it is a major exporter of oil, natural gas, tin, rubber, and other sought-after commodities; that its territory controls both sides of the Straits of Lombok and one side of the Straits of Malacca, two crucial areas through which commerce—and warships—must pass en route from the Pacific to the Indian Ocean; that, along with the other members of the Association of South East Asian Nations (ASEAN), it represents the West's principal economic and strategic ally in an otherwise hostile region; that its resources and its human numbers make it a "sleeping giant."

Outsiders often tend to use Indonesia as an illustration for pat political theories. To the left, Indonesia is just another military regime whose arsenal the U.S. keeps stocking; to the right, it is a bulwark of anti-communism and private enterprise. The reality is more interesting than either of those views.

AS FOR ITS POLITICAL system, there is no mistaking Indonesia for a liberal democratic state. Under the New Order, which has obtained since Sukarno ceded power to Suharto, then a general, most government officials have been soldiers,

on active duty or retired. The press is controlled by self-censorship most of the time, and by more direct measures, such as shutting down newspapers, when the need arises. In 1980, fifty prominent Indonesians took the daring step of presenting to the House of Delegates a petition complaining about the way President Suharto was interpreting *Pancasila*, the nation's political credo. Government representatives called the newspaper offices to ask them not to report the story; the incident was mentioned in the Indonesian press only indirectly, through reports of the government's rebuttal. And as this spring's elections drew near, the government suspended the political weekly *Tempo* because of its coverage of the campaign.

When unauthorized stories do make their way into the press, it is usually because the fine print of the *Asian Wall Street Journal* or the *Far East Economic Review* has dulled the censor's eye. The government has delegated the task of censoring foreign publications to the private newsagents, who carry out their duty in a haphazard and sometimes quixotic way. Mention of all things Chinese is prohibited, so a story about Hong Kong's subway system will have printer's ink smeared all over the photo of a subway sign bearing Chinese characters. Meanwhile, a long English-language report about guerrilla activity in the province of East Timor may well escape detection.

Shortly after seizing control from Sukarno, Suharto's military regime sent between 50,000 and 100,000 political dissidents to jail. The government admitted that 30,000 were still there by 1977; Amnesty International reported that the real number was probably two to three times that large. Through all the years of their imprisonment, most of these people had never been brought to trial. The government had planned to begin releasing them in 1975, at a rate of 2,500 per year, which would have taken roughly until 1990. Because the situation was giving Indonesia an unnecessary black eye, especially with the U.S., the government speeded up the schedule and released all but a few hundred prisoners by 1979. One of the nation's most famous novelists, Pramoedya Ananta Toer, was released in January of 1980, after being held for fourteen years without trial. Everyone now understands that those who choose to criticize the government must do so in a "constructive" fashion if they hope to remain at large.

March 24, 1982

In defending their system of "guided democracy," a number of Indonesians, including several whom the government would certainly classify as subversive, contended in conversations with me that the system was a natural product of the history and culture of their nation. Indonesia's history as an independent nation runs a mere thirty-seven years, and it has been dominated by the struggle to establish the authority of the central state. Even as the young nationalists of Sukarno's generation began plotting against the Dutch in the 1920s, they saw that holding the nation together would be at least as great a challenge as freeing it from colonial rule. The political effort to create "One Indonesia" encountered the natural barriers of geography, language, and culture in these diverse islands. From Sumatra on the west to Irian Jaya on the east, Indonesia covers more distance than does the continental United States, and because it is broken up into islands, it has far less natural cohesion. Anthropologists claim that there are more than 300 ethnic groups in the population. Even to the untrained eye, half a dozen clear divisions are obvious, the plainest being among the Malay population of Java and the central islands, the dark-skinned Melanesians of Irian Jaya and the eastern islands, and the ethnic Chinese.

These 150 million people, all Indonesians, speak about 365 languages and dialects. It was to counteract this source of division that the Indonesian Youth Movement, in which the young Sukarno and other nationalists joined to organize against Dutch rule, adopted as its pledge, in 1928, "One fatherland—Indonesia; one nation—Indonesia; one language—Bahasa Indonesia." As president, Sukarno placed enormous emphasis on teaching a national language to children of every island and ethnic group: Bahasa Indonesia, which means "language of Indonesia." Its origins lie in the trading language used along the Malay Peninsula. Among its political attractions was that it was not Javanese, the language of the group that dominated the politics and economics of the archipelago for a long time. It is a simplified language—in the view of many people, oversimplified—that has almost no verb conjugations and that avoids the elaborate grammatical distinctions required by Javanese, Balinese, and other languages when a member of one social class addresses a member of another.

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Sukarno's insistence on creating a satellite communication system for Indonesia, which at the time was widely derided in the West as ludicrous pyramid-building, was an indication of his determination to make language instruction available nationwide. There are still very few Indonesians for whom Bahasa Indonesia is a first language; because of its stripped-down, semi-pidgin nature, a government project exists to keep the language "growing" and to make it more supple and useful. Nonetheless, it has been more successfully implanted as a lingua franca than, say, Hindi in India or Swahili in eastern Africa.

In addition to the centrifugal forces set up by geography and ethnic difference are those created by religion. Islam as generally practiced in Indonesia is a far milder creed than Islam elsewhere in Asia or in the Middle East. When it was brought to the archipelago, in the fifteenth century, it overcame, but was tempered by, the Hindu, Buddhist, and assorted animist faiths that had preceded it. The 3 million people of Bali, for example, are nearly all Hindu, and their island is dotted with some 30,000 Hindu shrines, yet they live unmolested as part of a Moslem nation.

Still, there are religious divisions that can at times become acute. Differences of faith apparently had much to do with the bloodiest episode in Indonesia's recent history. "Amok," as in "run amok," is a word of local origin, and it is used to describe the nationwide massacres that took place in 1965 and 1966.

In the early sixties, Sukarno had flirted with both Soviet and Chinese Communists. He was the classic "non-aligned" figure of the fifties and sixties who was really aligned with the East. In this climate, the Communist Party made great strides in Indonesia. It organized so extensively that by the middle sixties Indonesia's was the largest Communist Party in the world. Sukarno himself seemed able to contain the tensions between the Communists and the military, but there was a general awareness that when he died, a showdown between the two forces would be inevitable.

As it happened, the showdown came earlier than that. In September of 1965, with Sukarno still in office, the Communists attempted to stage a coup. In October, guerrillas murdered six Indonesian generals, hacked their bodies into pieces, and threw them down a well.

The coup itself was soon controlled by

the military, but the aftereffects were not. Through the rest of 1965 and early 1966, there was an orgy of internal slaughter. The government now claims that about 80,000 people lost their lives. Serious outside estimates range as high as nearly a million. The killings were largely a rural phenomenon and were concentrated on Java and Bali. Although many Indonesians now describe the episode as a simple struggle between Communists and anti-Communists, the fury of the killings reflected ancient religious and social cleavages. In Javanese society, there has long been a division between the *santri*, the minority of Moslems who take their faith quite seriously—making pilgrimages to Mecca, and regarding religious rules as their guiding principles—and the *abangan*, the much larger group for whom Islam is a nominal religion, grafted onto the older traditions of the island. The *santri* tend to include merchants and traders who live near the coast; the *abangan* tend to be peasants who work the inland rice paddies. The Communists had found many members among the *abangan*, but most of these people took the teachings of Marx about as seriously as they had taken the refinements of the Koran. After the attempted coup, members of these two groups went on rampages against one another. Gangs of young people, predictably, led much of the violence. By the time the violence abated, later in 1966, the army had assumed control of the government. Sukarno was eased out of office, and he died in 1970.

MANY INDONESIANS INVOKE this background, if only obliquely, to explain why the nation's rulers have concentrated on the survival of the nation itself before refining systems of democratic participation. They also wonder what they might face in the absence of militarily "guided" rule. "We would like more elbow room," a journalist told me. "But not like you. We do not like that kind of disorder. We do not feel comfortable with it." One man highly critical of the regime asked, at the end of his list of complaints, "But what is the alternative?" He said that Indonesia had been through a period of liberal parliamentary democracy, between 1950 and 1958, and that in the ensuing chaos Sukarno had devised the policy of guided democracy. "I am not sure we can stand another one of your 'liberal' experiments."

The Indonesians' insistence on the im-

portance of national unity and stability also helps explain the one truly raw nerve in their relations with the United States: the question of East Timor.

Timor is an island in the eastern part of the Indonesian archipelago, close to Australia. Its western half became part of Indonesia when the country declared independence, but the eastern half remained a Portuguese colony. In 1975, as Portugal went through its own political convulsions, East Timor declared its independence as a nation. Shortly afterward it was invaded and ultimately conquered by the Indonesian army.

Even at its best, the natural environment on Timor and its neighboring islands is harsher and more forbidding than that of such lush lands as Java and Sumatra. Timor and the eastern islands are desolate, arid regions, which offer only a narrow margin for human survival. When war came to Timor, it all but eliminated the margin. Tens of thousands of people on Timor are thought to have died from combat, disease, or famine by 1979. The Indonesian government now contends that the island is under control—it was formally incorporated into the republic in 1976—but foreign journalists report that about 150 guerrillas remain in the hills of eastern Timor.

Each year, the Timor question comes up before the United Nations, and each year Indonesia is directed to let the Timorese freely determine their fate. Journalists and religious figures, mainly Australians and Americans, continue to report on deprivations in Timor, but their information is patchy, since the government does everything possible to keep visitors off the island. (Indonesia did, however, permit an international relief organization to undertake a mass feeding program in Timor between 1979 and 1981.)

Many Indonesians seem willing to admit, privately, that there has been great suffering in Timor. But they angrily deny suggestions that they intended to destroy the Timorese population, or that there is something especially noxious about the government's determination to control East Timor.

"You can say that Jakarta handled it crudely," a man who had been jailed by the current government told me. "You can say that the results were cruel. Clearly the Timorese have suffered. But the idea that there was any legitimacy to East Timor as a separate nation, that it was anything more than a colonial hold-

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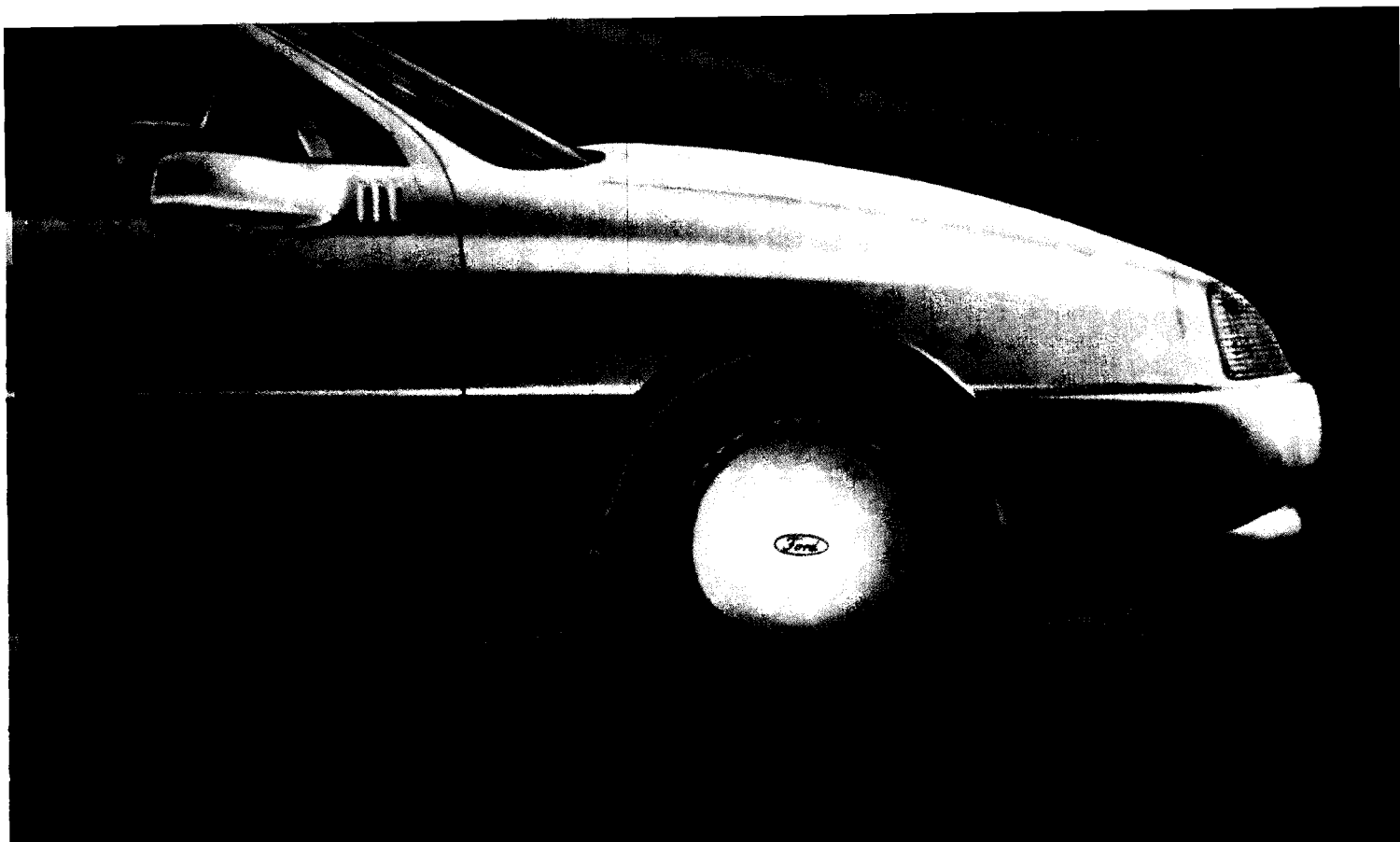
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over—you will not convince me, or many Indonesians, of that.” Another man, who had studied in the United States, explained that Indonesia was “filling in the map,” asserting its sovereignty over an enclave surrounded by its own territory, much as the United States had filled in the map of North America during the nineteenth century. The United States had been guided by the concept of “manifest destiny”—that it was God’s will for one nation’s flag to fly over uninterrupted territory from ocean to ocean—and, this man suggested, a similar idea of natural right propelled the Indonesians. No nation that had fought against Europeans for control of Irian Jaya—far more remote in geography and culture from the population centers of Java than is East Timor—was going to let a speck of territory near the center of its archipelago set itself up as a separate state.

This does not necessarily make the Indonesians’ action right in an era when the principle of self-determination is loudly proclaimed. It does not lessen the devastation that the warfare caused. In the view of many foreign diplomats, the U.S. could have done far more than it did to distance itself from the carnage. (Henry Kissinger visited Jakarta, and is widely assumed to have blessed the government’s decision, the day before Indonesian soldiers landed on East Timor.) But American influence on this decision may easily be exaggerated. In a recent review of his book *Toward a New Cold War*, I mentioned Noam Chomsky’s contention that the U.S. could have prevented the invasion of East Timor, since it supplied most of the equipment that the Indonesian army used. Having spoken with Indonesians on this “sensitive” subject, I now believe that the Indonesian army would have invaded Timor no

matter what we or anyone else said about it, even if each Indonesian soldier had at his disposal no weapon other than his sacred dagger, the *kris*.

THE STATED GOAL of the government’s every action is, of course, development—the creation of new wealth for Indonesia’s people. Its fields of oil and natural gas give Indonesia a big head start over many other developing countries; the question is whether this advantage will merely buy momentary affluence or will become the basis of sustained prosperity.

In the fifteen years since the nation said good-bye to Sukarno, Indonesia has made substantial economic progress. The local currency, the rupiah, was dwindling away to nothing in the middle sixties, a natural consequence of an inflation rate that reached 640 percent in 1966. By 1981, according to the government, the inflation rate had fallen to 6 percent. The output of the Indonesian economy grew by 10 percent, after inflation, in 1980 and has now “slipped” to between 6 and 7 percent a year, a level that would be classified as a boom in the United States.

Indonesia keeps discovering new oil fields—at the rate of several dozen a year—and a major part of the archipelago is yet to be explored. In Sumatra, it is developing some of the largest natural-gas fields in the world. Vast coal deposits have been found in Kalimantan and elsewhere. Indonesia has also launched a campaign to promote its non-oil exports, including tin and rubber, local handicrafts, and such products of light industries as those that have brought wealth to Singapore and Malaysia.

In all of its development efforts, from the search for oil to the clear-cutting of

jungle, Indonesia has welcomed the participation of major private firms—initially from the U.S. and Western Europe and now increasingly from Japan. It works hard, and with considerable success, to present itself to Western investors as a growth market for the future. But it is hardly a laboratory for free enterprise, since the economy is “private” without being “free.”

In reaction to Sukarno’s loose approach to public finance, which involved erecting monuments and enacting benefits and then printing rupiahs to pay the bills, the New Order turned to a by-the-book managerial system. It has invested faith—or at least power—in a cadre of economic technocrats, many of them educated at Berkeley or elsewhere in the United States, who methodically apply the theories of import substitution and export development that they learned in graduate schools. Their specialty is the long-range, overall economic plan, known as the *Repelita*. The technocrats are also fond of adjusting the market through protectionist regulations.

Under the technocrats’ guidance, Indonesia, by 1973, first taxed, and then altogether prohibited, the import of fully assembled cars; the idea was to force foreign manufacturers to build their assembly plants in Indonesia. (Many Japanese manufacturers went ahead and did so. American manufacturers, considering the market too small to bother with, did not.) Similarly, in the late seventies, the government issued a schedule under which the export of raw timber would be restricted and ultimately forbidden. If the Japanese, who were the main customers, wanted wood from the forests of Kalimantan, they would have to build sawmills in Indonesia and then export finished lumber. But a man who was vis-

iting Kalimantan at the time told me that the rivers were choked with logs, newly illegal as exports, that were left to rot in the water.

Among the regulations imposed on Indonesia's economy, a large number concern "weak economic groups," often referred to as *pribumi*. *Pribumi* literally means the indigenous population; the category exists to distinguish them from Indonesians of Chinese ancestry. The Chinese—as even those whose families have been in Indonesia for four or five generations are called—make up about 3 percent of the population but almost totally dominate the private, "free" business activity in the country.

The economic success of the Chinese is yet another source of cleavage in Indonesian society, much as the Asian traders' dominance of commerce has been throughout East Africa. Because ethnic Chinese make up such a tiny fraction of Indonesia's population, their position is more precarious than that of their counterparts in Malaysia or Singapore. Government spokesmen solemnly proclaim, "We are all Indonesians," but daily life provides frequent counter-examples. In central Java, for instance, a university student conducting a tour of the mammoth Buddhist temple of Borobudur took time to explain to me the economics of the *becak* business. A *becak* (pronounced "bay chack") is a bicycle-powered cart that serves as a taxi for the local population; to say that a man has become a *becak* driver is a shorthand indication that he has drifted to the big city from his village and has joined the army of the underemployed. The drivers, who seem to outnumber their potential customers, earn perhaps 200 rupiahs (thirty cents) when they can get a fare. And yet, the university student said, "they must pay 1,000 rupiahs rent for the *becak* to the Chinese man each day." He meant the story to illustrate the rapacity of the Chinese.

Anti-Chinese riots (and a few against the Japanese, who were brutal and unpopular occupiers of the country during World War II) break out from time to time. Suspicion of the Chinese infects Indonesia's international policies; this fearsomely anti-Communist country is less concerned about the Soviet Union's military menace than about China's. A frequent complaint regarding American foreign policy, usually expressed in tones of bewildered lament, is that the U.S. has been so swept away by its anti-Sovi-



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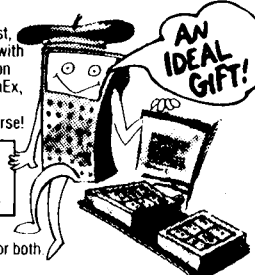
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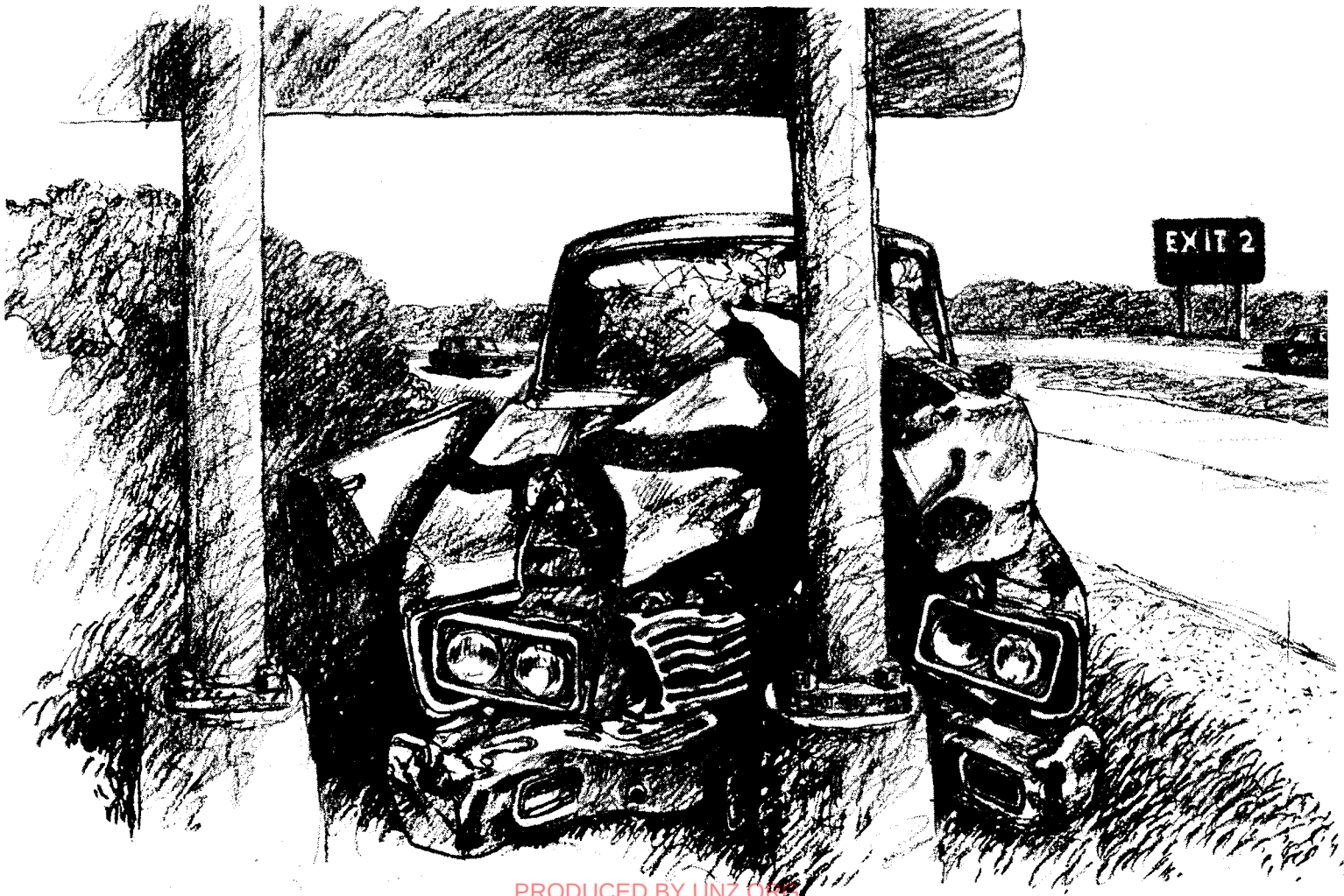


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Technical solutions to the roadside hazard problem have existed for years, but they have not been sufficiently utilized. That's why property-casualty insurance companies fund and support the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. IIHS is an independent,

scientific organization that identifies what is hurting and killing people in crashes and suggests what can be done to reduce the toll.

The IIHS has taken an active part in identifying roadside hazards. For example, it helped highway officials determine road conditions that need engineering changes. Researchers studied road characteristics, such as curvature and grade at fatality sites, as well as the locations of roadside hazards. Then they compared these findings with conditions on roads where fatalities had not occurred.

Result? Partly because of IIHS programs, federal funds were allocated for the dismantling of existing roadside hazards and their replacement with safer structures.

Legal Options Examined

Another IIHS contribution: Institute staff and law firm personnel analyzed the legal liability of public and private organizations, and the personal liability of state and local officials, contractors, designers, and others responsible for roadside hazards. This definitive work examines strategies for employing federal and state law to prevent or remove roadside hazards, and it describes the legal options available for forcing their removal and preventing their future construction or reconstruction.

Many people are unaware of highway boobytraps. Property-casualty insurance companies believe that the more publicity and discussion there is of this problem, the closer we will be to implementing solutions.

And we want to see this problem solved. Our primary concern is to save lives and reduce injuries wherever possible. But, safer highways also can help to reduce losses and to slow the rise in the cost of insurance.

And that's an objective we all share.

We're working to keep insurance affordable.

This message presented by the **American Insurance Association**, 85 John Street, NY, NY 10038

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et fervor that it is walking naively into China's embrace. China is at least as great a danger as Russia, Indonesians say, and it is located nearby.

When Indonesians discuss the economic success of the Chinese, which they do neither eagerly nor often, they explain it as an aftereffect of three centuries as a colony of Holland. The Dutch relied on the Chinese as their clerks, middlemen, merchants, and junior administrators; meanwhile, the *pribumi* were the slaves on their plantations, growing their rubber and tea. "It was not like being a British colony," a man who had family connections among both the colonizers and the colonized told me. "There were universities in India in the 1800s. The Spanish built a university in Mexico in the 1500s. The Dutch built hardly any universities. They made it very difficult for us to go to high school. They did not train us for their civil service. We started from scratch at independence. Do you wonder that many people still feel a sense of inadequacy and inferiority toward Europeans—and Chinese?" Others said that many Chinese sided with the Dutch during the struggle for independence, and now were reaping their just reward.

Whatever the origins of the difference, the result is that the Chinese as a group possess more of the tools for economic activity than do the *pribumi*. The Chinese, with limited opportunities in the government, apply their education mainly to business. But for other Indonesians, the focus of individual ambition often seems to be bureaucratic: the brightest of the young hope after their education to be clerks—or, more grandly, technocrats and officials—rather than entrepreneurs. When fortunes are found among the *pribumi*, they tend to be those of the political businessmen, the generals and government favorites who have converted their influence into sweetheart deals. The legislation favoring *pribumi* enterprises is a different version of the same thing. The ambitious young rightly deduce from these signals that they should aspire to connections and appointments rather than to innovations and the creation of new wealth.

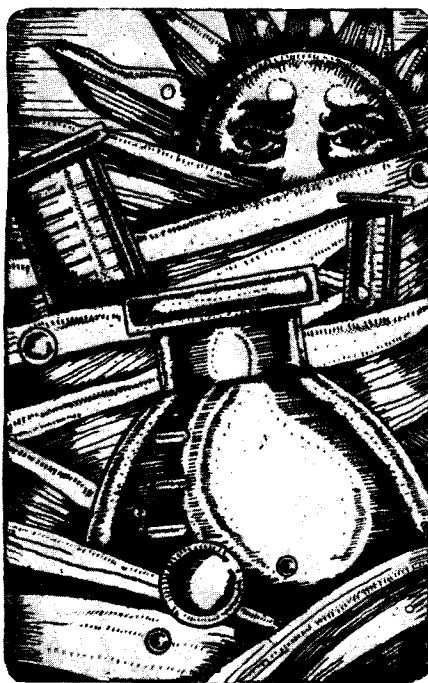
"We need someone to wake us up, and first we must get rid of the silly idea of wanting to be government clerks," Pramodya Ananta Toer, the novelist, wrote in *The Atlantic* in 1956. Several Indonesians told me that his warning was still appropriate; whether it would eventual-

ly be heeded, they were reluctant to guess.

More than that, they were reluctant to be discouraged by any such small-minded analysis of the hazards they might face. Their national experience was of things working out: they had escaped the Dutch, and the Communists, and the oil and gas fields they kept discovering had let them escape the fate of other developing countries. One man said, in a tone once common among Americans, "We have a saying: 'God smiles on Indonesia.'"

—James Fallows

James Fallows is Washington editor of The Atlantic and author of National Defense.



WASHINGTON ENVIRONMENTAL DEREGULATION

The combination of the Reagan revolution and the chemical revolution may be a toxic one for American citizens



RONALD REAGAN'S MANDATE to deregulate, "to get government off the backs of the American people," has run headlong into persistent public support for perhaps the most pervasive of all regulatory functions: environmental protec-

tion. As the pollster Louis Harris said after a recent survey, "The American people's desire to battle pollution is one of the most overwhelming and clearest we have ever recorded in our twenty-five years of surveying public opinion."

The contradiction between such support and the Reagan Administration's assault on environmental programs has generated a great deal of conflict on Capitol Hill. And though the battle rages in half a dozen agencies, from the Interior Department to the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, the most conspicuous struggle is taking place at the Environmental Protection Agency. While congressionally authorized hazardous-waste and toxic-chemical programs double the agency's workload, the EPA administrator, Anne Gorsuch, intends to cut spending by at least 40 percent this year and perhaps by as much as 60 percent by fiscal 1984, according to EPA sources. Since the EPA under President Jimmy Carter operated more efficiently, with fewer employees per workload, than most other agencies in Washington, Gorsuch's claim that she can do twice as much with half the money has astonished many environmentalists. As one of them has put it, in a recent interview, "These people aren't going to regulate until they see dead bodies."

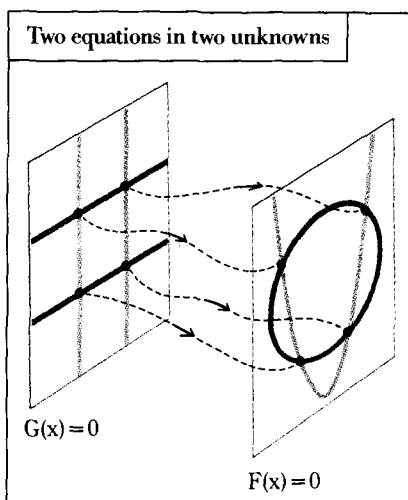
The EPA budget battle is bound to be among this season's most strenuous. Too often in the noise and clatter, however, we lose sight of the real question: How will the Reagan environmental policies ultimately affect our health? What will happen to our air and water? How many people will contract diseases from exposure to toxic substances? And how long will we feel the effects? Unfortunately, these questions are impossible to answer with any precision, for the answers lie within the unraveled mysteries of the chemical revolution.

The chemical revolution has put some 55,000 man-made substances into the environment over the past fifty years. While efforts to control commonly known pollutants in our air and water got under way more than a decade ago, only in recent years have we realized how many synthetic chemicals are dangerous. Roughly twenty have been linked to cancer in humans, while several hundred more are proven animal carcinogens—an indication that they may cause cancer in human beings as well. Taking all health hazards into ac-

The Continuation Method

The Continuation Method

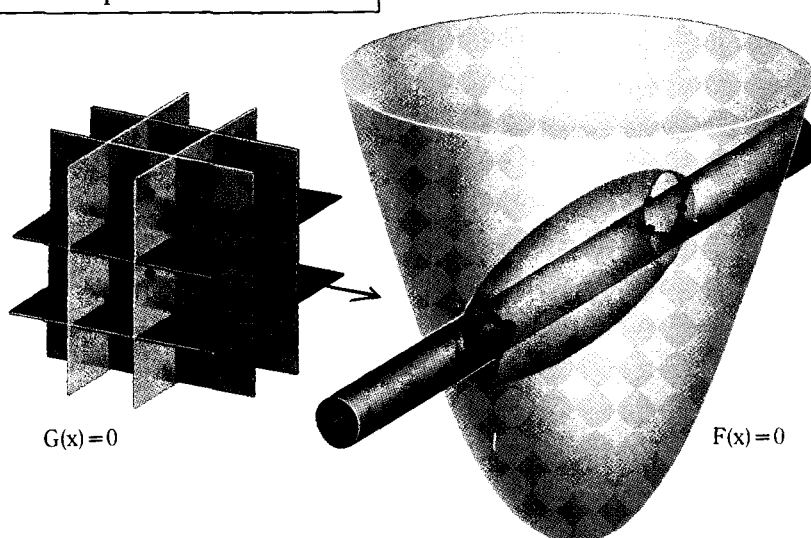
The need to solve systems of polynomial equations arises in pursuits ranging from geometric optics to chemical kinetics. A practical method of solution, developed at the General Motors Research Laboratories, provides designers of mechanical parts with a new capability.



The two pairs of parallel lines of $G(x)=0$ evolve into the parabola and ellipse of $F(x)=0$.

The three pairs of parallel planes of $G(x)=0$ evolve into the paraboloid, ellipsoid and cylinder of $F(x)=0$.

Three equations in three unknowns



CLASSICALLY difficult non-linear equations—those made up of polynomial expressions—can now be solved with reliability and speed. Recent advances in the mathematics of continuation methods at the General Motors Research Laboratories have practical implications for a wide range of scientific and engineering problems. The immediate application at General Motors is in mechanical design. The new method finds all eight solutions to three quadratic equations in a few tenths of a second—fast enough for computer-aided design on a moment-to-moment basis. Algorithms based on this method are critical to the functioning of GMSOLID, an interactive design system which models the geometric characteristics of

automotive parts.

Systems of non-linear equations have been solved for many years by "hit or miss" *local* methods. The method developed at General Motors by Dr. Alexander Morgan is distinguished by being *global* and *exhaustive*. Local methods depend on an initial estimate of the solution. They proceed by iterative modifications of this estimate to converge to a solution. However, success is not guaranteed, because there are generally no practical guidelines for making an initial choice that will ensure convergence. Reliability is further compromised when multiple solutions are sought.

Global methods, by contrast, do not require an initial estimate of the solution. The continuation method, as developed by Dr. Morgan, is not only global, but also exhaustive in that, assuming exact arithmetic, it guarantees convergence to all solutions. The convergence proof rests on principles from the area of mathematics called differential topology.

Here is the way continuation works. Suppose we want to solve a system $F(x)=0$. We begin by generating a simpler system $G(x)=0$ which we can both solve and continuously evolve into $F(x)=0$. It is important that we select a G properly, so the process will converge. Dr. Morgan has devised a method for selecting G which gives rapid convergence and reliable computational behavior. He first applied a theorem established by Garcia and

Zangwill to select G . However, the resulting algorithm could not achieve the speed and computational reliability necessary for several applications. Next, he utilized some ideas from algebraic geometry—"homogenous coordinates" and "complex projective space"—to prove a new theorem for selecting G . The result of Dr. Morgan's efforts is a practical numerical method based on solid mathematical principles with innate reliability.

Reliability is the critical element for mathematical methods embedded in large computer programs, because errors may not become evident until after they have ruined a large data structure compiled at great expense and effort. Speed is also important to economical real-time implementation. This method has proved to be reliable and fast in solving problems involving equations up to the sixth degree in three or four variables. However, there are obvious practical limitations on the number of equations and their degree, due to the limited precision of computer arithmetic and computer resource availability.

THE FIGURES illustrate the transition from simple $G(x)=0$ to final $F(x)=0$. In both figures, the "simplicity" of $G(x)=0$ is reflected graphically in its linear structure—seen as lines and planes. The non-linearity of $F(x)=0$ is seen

in the curvature of the final shapes in each figure.

In figure 1, the four dots on the left plane represent the set of simultaneous solutions to the system of equations $G(x)=0$. The four dots on the right plane represent the set of simultaneous solutions to the system of equations $F(x)=0$. The dashed lines represent simultaneous solutions to intermediate systems whose graphs would show the evolution from one configuration to the other. With the addition of a third dimension in figure 2, the number of dots representing simultaneous solutions doubles. Representation of the transitional points, as in figure 1, would require a fourth dimension.

"Continuation methods, although well known to mathematicians," says Dr. Morgan, "are not widely used in science and engineering. Acoustics, kinematics and non-linear circuit design are just a few fields that could benefit immediately. I expect to see much greater use of this mathematical tool in the future."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK

Dr. Alexander Morgan is a Senior Research Scientist in the Mathematics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Morgan received his graduate degrees from Yale University in the field of differential topology. His Ph.D. thesis concerned the geometry of differential manifolds. Prior to joining General Motors in 1978, he taught mathematics at the University of Miami in Florida and worked as an analyst at the Department of Energy's Savannah River Plant in South Carolina.

While serving in the U.S. Army, Dr. Morgan participated in the development and analysis of simulation models at the Strategy and Tactics Analysis Group in Bethesda, Maryland.

Dr. Morgan's current research interests include the qualitative theory of ordinary differential equations and the numerical solution of non-linear equations.



General Motors

The future of transportation is here

count, the EPA has listed approximately 2,000 chemicals as suspect, and agency scientists expect to add to the list several hundred of the 1,000 new chemicals that are expected to come on the market each year. They predict that over the next ten years, regulations will be required for perhaps 600 to 800 of these new chemicals, a figure bound to rise over time. Yet only twenty-three toxic chemicals are now regulated at the workplace, and only a handful are regulated in our air and water.

If the EPA were to assess the risks of every suspect chemical on its list, it would have to do so at the rate of 300 to 400 per year for ten years. Regulations would then have to be written and enforced for all chemicals judged dangerous, a process that could take at least five years even if all of them were handled simultaneously. Needless to say, such a procedure would require a great deal of money and a huge staff. As former EPA Administrator Douglas Costle points out, one needs a team of scientists, 300 mice, two to three years, and about \$500,000 just to determine whether a single chemical causes cancer in animals.

From 1978 to 1981, the EPA laid the groundwork for such an ambitious effort. The 1981 budget authorized 775 permanent staff members and \$110 million for toxic-substances control, figures that, according to a group of ex-EPA staffers called SAVE EPA, would have to more than double by 1983 if the effort were to proceed as planned. Instead, Reagan's proposed 1983 budget would trim the staff to 608 and cut purchasing power by almost half. Both research and enforcement budgets would be reduced by about one third (before inflation), despite the fact that neither had been fully implemented by 1981.

Because resources are now so limited, large groups of chemicals are being exempted from the regulatory process. Meanwhile, Gorsuch has reversed recommendations to regulate formaldehyde and diethylhexyl phthalate, both proven animal carcinogens to which a great many workers are exposed. Nor had anything been done as of this spring about several pesticides that the previous administration was on the verge of regulating. Instead, Gorsuch and her staff are talking about agreements with industry to deal voluntarily with pesticides and with the testing of new chemicals before they are put on the market.

As the EPA backs off, the chemical industry is projecting an annual growth of 5 to 9 percent—a rate that could double human exposure to toxic chemicals in ten years.

No one really knows the risk of such a prospect, in the absence of vigorous research. We do know that toxic substances in our environment have been linked to cancer and other health problems. And many scientists suspect that toxic chemicals are the primary reason—after smoking—that our death rate from cancer increased by 20 percent over the past two decades while the incidence of fatalities from other major health hazards, such as heart disease, declined. We also know that any problems we have now will grow more severe with time.

The public became acutely aware of toxic chemicals as a hazardous-waste problem during the Love Canal tragedy. Since then the EPA has discovered, to its horror, that 28,000 or more of the nation's 80,000 dumps may contain toxic waste. Between 1,200 and 2,000 of these may pose serious health hazards, the agency believes, and at least twenty-nine are as dangerous as, or more dangerous than, Love Canal. Industry adds to this stockpile of waste at the rate of 40 to 60 million tons a year; a full 80 percent of these wastes are dumped in pits, ponds, and lagoons that may leak into adjacent water systems.

To deal with this problem, the Carter Administration sought to regulate the transport and labeling of hazardous wastes and prepared landfill regulations to control dumping. In addition, Congress created a \$1.6 billion "superfund" to pay for the cleanup of waste sites. As with toxic substances, the EPA had planned a major effort, which would have doubled the hazardous-waste budget between 1980 and 1982. But Gorsuch threw out the landfill regulations and proposed deep cuts in both appropriations and staffing.

Though she missed a court-ordered deadline for new landfill regulations, her staff explains that the new rules will shift the burden of proof of a landfill's safety from industry to the EPA. Thus, with one third fewer people, the hazardous-waste office will have to enforce regulations covering 80,000 disposal sites and 120,000 firms—regulations requiring the EPA to offer proof capable of withstanding a legal challenge before banning a dump. "Just in the area of toxic-waste dumps alone, the EPA could

use all of its 10,000 employees and only make a dent," says Hugh B. Kaufman, assistant to the director of the hazardous-waste division. According to a spokesman from the EPA's enforcement office, 1,500 different firms are responsible for the 115 dumps on the agency's priority list. "To investigate and then negotiate on each one," explains Kaufman, "a minimum of one technical person and one legal person is required for each responsible party, because the companies are all going to have their own lawyers and technical people. So you need thousands of people."

Considering this burden and that of enforcing the new regulations, SAVE EPA and the National Wildlife Federation estimate that 700 enforcement people will be needed for hazardous wastes alone, up from eighty-three in 1981, when the program was still in its planning stages. But Gorsuch wants to cut enforcement personnel to forty-six, and has announced plans to rely heavily on voluntary cleanup efforts. In her first eight months in office, only two hazardous-waste cases were referred to the Justice Department for prosecution, compared with fifty-one in the year before Reagan's election. Yet, according to Anthony Roisman, the former chief of the hazardous-waste unit at the Justice Department, dozens of cases were "at most a month or two away from filing" when Gorsuch took office. (The overall EPA enforcement staff has been reorganized twice already, and would be cut by almost one third under the 1983 budget, with orders going out to prosecute only when administrative remedies have been exhausted. As a result, only forty-two cases involving *any* environmental hazard were referred to Justice during Gorsuch's first eight months, as compared with 230 in 1980.)

Gorsuch has also slowed use of the superfund, and moved to allow construction of hazardous-waste facilities other than landfills, as well as 50 percent expansion of existing landfills, without regulations to control emissions into the environment.

All of this adds up to a significant delay of the nation's readiness to deal with hazardous wastes, a delay that is bound to be expensive. Hugh Kaufman asserts, for example, that the chemicals dumped in Love Canal could have been handled safely for \$1 million if regulations had been in place. Instead, taxpayers have already spent \$100 million, and the

JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT COULDN'T GET WORSE, IT GETS WORSE.



The coverage seems so complete, the price so tempting. So you sign on the line without reading the fine print. (Who ever does?)

Then something terrible happens.

Your house burns down. And your insurance company agrees to pay for it. But the coverage you bought was based on the value of your home five or ten years ago. You thought you were covered but...

Or your car gets smacked up. Repairs will take ten weeks. Which the insurance company agrees to pay for. But in the meantime, you'll need something to drive. Who'll pay the \$1,000 for a rental car? You

thought you were covered but...

But you're not. And we hate to be the ones to tell you but you bear a fair share of the blame.

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cleanup is far from complete. The lives of nearly a thousand families have been affected, resulting in lawsuits that run into billions of dollars.

THE REAL PROBLEM is not money but health. Because studies refute the idea of a landfill that will never leak, the most critical danger may be the contamination of our groundwater, or underground aquifers. Almost half of all Americans drink water brought from underground, much of it unpurified and most untreated for toxic substances. Some studies indicate that three out of four existing hazardous-waste sites are already leaching toxic chemicals into the ground and water, and during the past five years an alarming number of wells have been contaminated, cutting off water supplies on which millions once depended.

Other than the fact that toxic chemicals rarely degrade, or break down into less harmful components, in groundwater, little is known about their effect on it. A governing assumption, however, is that once an underground aquifer is contaminated, it will be contaminated forever.

Similar problems exist with our lakes and rivers, which provide the rest of our drinking supply. Municipal treatment plants traditionally treat only bacteria, but toxic chemicals are now showing up in most urban water supplies. In Cincinnati, EPA scientists found 700 synthetic chemicals in the drinking water, eleven of them known or suspected carcinogens. "Our scientists literally don't know if the water is safe to drink," explains Douglas Costle. "They can't forecast a cancer epidemic, but they just don't know."

The standard way to kill bacteria is to douse them with chlorine, but, in a particularly nightmarish twist, the chlorine itself is combining with other chemicals to form dangerous substances. Among the most common is chloroform, which in 1976 the EPA estimated could cause between 20,000 and 200,000 cases of cancer a year. The Great Lakes, which supply water to 23 million Americans, contain some of the most dangerous chemicals known to man, including dioxin, asbestos, PCBs, mirex, and DDT. Robert Sugarman, former chairman of the International Joint Commission on the Great Lakes, warns that the lakes may eventually be lost as a water source if toxic chemicals are not controlled.

Yet the proposed cuts in the water-quality budget are among the most severe at the EPA, eliminating more than half the agency's purchasing power. Funding for a program to control toxic industrial discharges into the nation's waterways, which will soon require re-writing 10,000 of 40,000 existing permits, would be cut by more than half, making the job impossible. Similarly, the paperwork and investigation necessary for new permits for the 40,000 plants that discharge toxic wastes into sewers could hardly be handled. And a plan developed under Costle to deal with groundwater has been shelved, because the Reagan people do not consider groundwater quality a federal responsibility.

Under the 1983 budget, research on water quality would shrink from \$64 million in 1981 to \$28 million. Government funds for Great Lakes research would drop from \$23 million to somewhere between \$5 and \$8 million, according to the American Clean Water Association. And, overall, external research grants from all offices at EPA would suffer a 60 percent decline, despite constant declarations from Gorsuch and her aides that past regulatory efforts were often based on inadequate testing.

Last year, EPA officials insisted in sworn testimony before congressional committees that their budget cuts would not undermine the agency's work. Yet when they petitioned the U.S. District Court in Washington to delay or void parts of a five-year-old agreement mandating many of the water-quality efforts, their legal brief admitted that budget cuts made implementation impossible. Given the numbers involved, they spoke the truth in court, not in Congress. Not surprisingly, Douglas Costle predicts that America is going to wake up to a severe drinking-water problem in the coming decade.

LEST THIS PATTERN appear limited to the EPA, consider what is happening at the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), the agency responsible for protecting the health of Americans at their places of work. Although accurate figures on workplace-related deaths are difficult to obtain, the AFL-CIO estimates from government figures that about 115,000 Americans a year die from illnesses and accidents related to their jobs. Fortunately, OSHA has already begun to

make a dent: job-related injuries per 100,000 workers dropped 19 percent between 1972 and 1980, and deaths declined by 23 percent.

The agency has taken a radical turn under Reagan, however. Last year, the OSHA administrator, Thorne Auchter, a Florida contractor whose firm accumulated forty-eight OSHA violations before he came to Washington, presided over a 20 percent reduction in Carter's proposed 1982 budget. The savings were particularly sharp in enforcement, where the muscle lay: the number of safety and industrial-hygiene inspectors, who were responsible for 5 million workplaces, dropped from an authorized ceiling of 1,686 to 1,200.

As a result, inspections are off drastically. If figures for the eight months before Reagan's election are compared with corresponding figures for the first eight months of his term, total OSHA inspections are off 21 percent, follow-up inspections are off 72 percent, citations for willful violations are off 75 percent, and penalties are off 48 percent. Fewer people means less ground will be covered, but even the number of initial inspections resulting in citations is down 11 percent, which shows a new attitude toward enforcement.

Last fall, Auchter went even further, setting policies that exempt from routine safety inspections about three quarters of all manufacturing firms, including the three big auto-makers, most of the chemical industry, and some steel mills. Regional administrators must check with Washington before imposing fines of more than \$10,000, and OSHA has proposed that penalties be "deemed paid" if hazards are abated. As a result, the fear of regulation will lessen dramatically, and high rates of voluntary compliance will soon be a thing of the past.

Rather than regulating new chemicals, Auchter has concentrated much of the agency's time and money on reconsideration of standards already on the books, such as the cancer policy, the lead and cotton-dust standards, and a rule allowing workers to see their medical records. Petitions from labor to regulate three known animal carcinogens—formaldehyde, ethylene oxide, and ethylene dibromide—have been denied. And dual federal-state jurisdiction has been virtually abolished, leaving states vulnerable to threats that industry will leave if the regulatory climate is not relaxed.

Similar developments at other agencies suggest the scope of the Reagan Administration's regulatory rollback. Consider the following:

—At the Mine Safety and Health Administration, budget cuts have lowered the number of mine inspectors and citations issued, while mine deaths have risen to their highest point since 1975.

—At the Office of Surface Mining, the staff that enforces strip-mining regulations has been reduced by about a third, dozens of rules are being weakened, and attorneys have been ordered to "vacate" enforcement actions that conflict with Interior Secretary James Watt's goals of deregulation and greater state autonomy.

forced the agency to drop investigations of products linked to 60,000 injuries and 500 deaths a year.

—And at the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, the reactor licensing process is being speeded up while research funds are being cut drastically, despite warnings from a Carter-appointed panel about eight new problem areas in reactors that "urgently need research." Reagan has also lifted the ban on commercial reprocessing of nuclear fuel to produce plutonium, the raw material for atomic weapons.

Not included above are the proposed weakening of the Clean Air Act (while air pollution still causes at least 50,000 deaths a year); James Watt's desire to

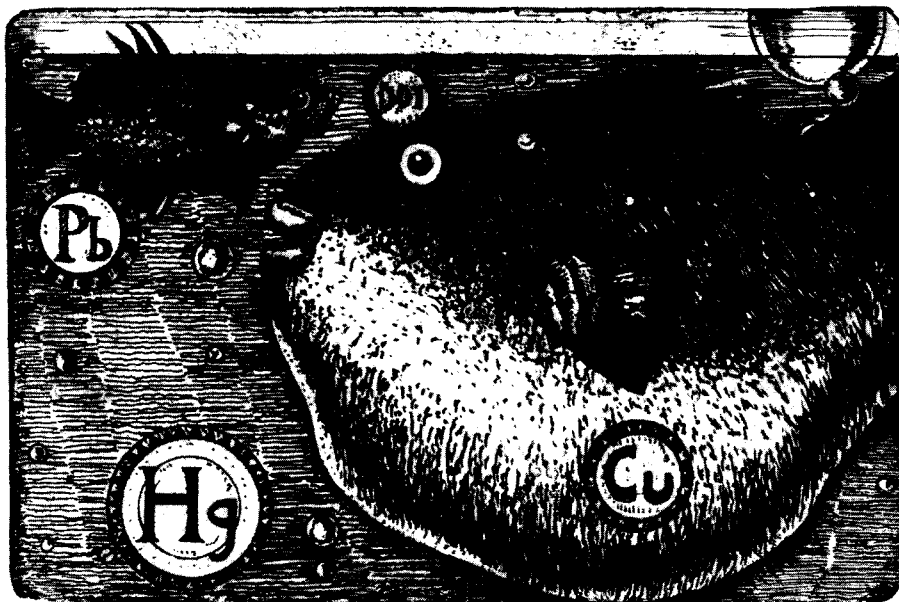
defense budget. As for the cost to industry, EPA studies under Carter showed that environmental regulation drove up the costs of American products only about 0.3 percent per year, while increasing overall employment and stimulating technological innovation. Under Reagan, the figure has been revised to 0.6 percent, though the employment stimulus is still judged to be strong, accounting for 400,000 jobs in 1981.

I am not suggesting, however, that federal regulation is always the best solution to every problem. In the course of my conversations with both environmentalists and past or present officials, any number of more creative options were offered. For example, one of the simplest methods of environmental protection is a requirement that industries carry insurance against accidents. In one stroke, this requirement forces the insurance industry to set premiums after examining the risks of an operation, thus creating powerful incentives for business to minimize environmental hazards. Another way to help industry police itself might be the installation of worker and consumer representatives on corporate boards of directors. And in a few cases—particularly those involving pollutants that are easy to measure—taxation may work better than regulation. Even the National Wildlife Federation, though it is a longtime supporter of traditional regulatory efforts, advocates an "acid rain tax" on sulfur emissions.

Unfortunately, however, Reagan appears as loath to encourage such innovative efforts as he is to preserve more traditional controls. He wants simply to lighten the burden on business, a goal that is consistently justified by cost-benefit analyses that inflate costs and ignore benefits. The real tragedy is that the environment will not bounce back as soon as federal spending resumes. Once a hazardous-waste dump leaks, the damage is done. Once an aquifer is contaminated, we have probably lost it forever. And once a cancer cell begins to grow, modern medicine is often all but helpless. Right now we stand to lose a decade of progress in the newborn science of environmental protection, and the full weight of that loss is impossible to calculate.

— David Osborne

David Osborne is a New York-based freelance writer with a special interest in political and economic affairs.



—At the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, a pending requirement that 1983 cars feature automatic seat belts or air bags has been canceled. NHTSA expects annual auto deaths to rise from 52,000 to 70,000 by 1990; another 9,000 to 12,000 may result from lack of these safety devices.

—At the Food and Drug Administration, seizures of contaminated or mislabeled products dropped 65 percent in 1981 (from the 1977–1980 average), while enforcement actions fell 45 percent. The FDA refused to regulate aspartame, an artificial sweetener suspected of being carcinogenic by the agency's own panel of experts.

—At the Consumer Product Safety Commission, R. David Pittle, a CPSC commissioner appointed by President Richard Nixon, told a *New York Times* reporter that a 26 percent budget cut

lease a billion acres of the outer continental shelf and speed up exploitation of oil, coal, and timber on federal lands; and the problems of acid rain and carbon monoxide buildup, known as "the greenhouse effect."

Seeking to justify this rollback, the Reagan Administration cites the cost of environmental regulation, both to industry and to government. But let us put the matter in perspective. The entire proposed EPA operating budget for 1983 is less than one billion dollars; Gorsuch's cuts will achieve a saving of only \$2.68 per American. The OSHA budget is but \$206 million, while the Office of Surface Mining costs less than \$200 million, and the Mine Safety and Health Administration only \$150 million. In 1983, these four agencies will cost the taxpayer less than half the price of one new aircraft carrier—or 0.7 percent of the proposed

In Defense of Quality

Considerations of the federal budget, when they get around to defense spending, tend to reignite the debate over quality versus quantity in military hardware.

Within the funding available for defense procurement, is the nation better off buying larger numbers of simpler aircraft, missiles, tanks, and ships? Or are national defense and security better served with fewer units of equipment that's more advanced technologically and provides greater performance and capability? Such equipment is necessarily more costly, for the same reason that a 10-speed bike costs more than a 3-speeder.

The advocates of quantity argue that sheer numbers count for more in combat than the quality of the hardware. The central flaw in this contention is that low-technology weaponry in many cases cannot do the job in our high-technology times.

Take fighter aircraft as an example. To be sure, there are combat arenas where large numbers of less advanced fighters could deliver better results than smaller numbers of more sophisticated and expensive planes. But the reality of aerial combat is that conditions are generally less than ideal. They are unlikely to be suited to the use of simpler planes. Wars aren't always fought from 8 to 5 with crystal skies.

What about nighttime operations? Adverse weather? The need to penetrate enemy defenses? In the face of such demands, the test of combat could not be met by planes that are blind in the dark or murk and are armed with visual-range missiles. What these missions require are high-performance aircraft equipped with electronics to see and sense things their crews

cannot, and weapons that can find and destroy targets even when they're shrouded in darkness or clouds.

Similar failings apply to ground-based and seagoing equipment that's simpler in design and ability and hence less costly:

- tanks too lightly armored to stand up to the pounding of enemy fire;
- ships lacking electronic brains, eyes, and ears for long-range surveillance and strike;
- carriers incapable of launching powerful attack aircraft;
- submarines without the range and endurance provided by nuclear propulsion.

Austere weaponry certainly has a place in America's defense arsenal. But it cannot substitute, whatever its quantity, for equipment delivering the greater performance and versatility made possible by electronics and other advanced technologies.

The Soviets' military production is awesome. They spend 15% of their gross national product for military purposes, compared with 6% for the U.S. Last year they built five times as many fighters and fighter-bombers as the U.S., seven times as many armored personnel carriers, five times as many tanks, three times as many ICBMs.

At this time, there is no way the U.S. can match the Soviet Union in *quantity* of weaponry. Where we must excel is in *quality*. We must design and build into our equipment the highest useful quality and capability that technology can provide. (Even so, that shouldn't mean "gold-plating," or overdesigning to deliver unneeded performance at great cost.)

When American lives and security interests are at stake, second best isn't good enough.



The growing interest in apocalyptic prophecy

WAITING FOR THE END

BY WILLIAM MARTIN



THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT IS COMING TO AN END. Not because some general or madman will push a button and reduce our planet to poisonous ash. And not because the weight of a burgeoning population will cause it to lurch out of orbit. Rather, the end is near because God has had it planned that way for at least 1,900 years. It's all right there in the Bible, in Daniel and Revelation, with auxiliary illumination from other key portions of Scripture. Just as surely as he created a fully furnished universe out of nothing in six twenty-four-hour days approximately 5,986 years ago, so is he now about to bring it to completion in precise accord with the detailed blueprint tucked away in his Word.

Judeo-Christian history has seen numerous outcroppings of interest in biblical prophecy, usually in times of social upheaval, but few, if any, have been as widespread and influential as that now flourishing in conservative Protestant circles. No hard data are available, but millions of American evangelicals apparently believe that within the present generation, and probably sometime in the 1980s, Jesus will return to lay the groundwork for a glorious thousand-year reign here on earth. Hundreds of Bible-believing preachers discuss the chronology of these latter days with confidence that what they are saying is as familiar and real to their congregations as the stories of Noah's ark and the birth of Jesus. The same themes are proclaimed by such leading television evangelists as Oral Roberts, Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson, Rex Humbard, Herbert W. Armstrong, Kenneth Copeland, and Jack Van Impe, and on such lesser-known programs as *The Voice of Prophecy*, *The King Is Coming*, and *11:59 and Counting*. They are elaborated endlessly in traveling slide-shows and

lectures by spokesmen from such independent ministries as Lamb and Lion, Second Coming, Inc., and World Prophecy Ministry, and are updated regularly in such periodicals as *It's Happening Now*, *Bible in the News*, *Bible Prophecy Newsletter*, and *The Endtime Messenger*. They have been the subject of novels, stage plays, films, and cantatas, and are reflected in hymns, gospel songs, and bumper stickers ("Ready or not, Jesus is coming"). And the number-one nonfiction volume of the 1970s was not a revolutionary diet plan or a manual on sexual fulfillment but Hal Lindsey's *The Late Great Planet Earth* (over 15 million copies sold), one of five successful prophecy books by Lindsey that led *The New York Times* to name him the best-selling author of the decade. The book was also the basis of a 1977 movie narrated by Orson Welles.

Though its growth has occurred mostly within the past two decades, this movement, based on biblical prophecy, had its roots in the nineteenth century. The French Revolution and its aftermath had kindled interest in prophecy, as biblical students saw the destruction of papal power, the secularization of the state, and the rise of a religion of reason as being remarkably similar to events described in Daniel and Revelation. A number of societies and conferences, primarily in Great Britain, developed an approach to these texts contending that they foretold, in explicit detail, the restoration of the Jews to Palestine, a cataclysmic end to the present age, the Second Coming of Christ, and the Millennium—a thousand years of unearthly bliss. Further, those able to break the code of these books not only could understand what was happening all about them but could face the end of the age with a joy born of the certain knowledge of eventual triumph.

Millenarian thought also flourished in the United States during the nineteenth century. Mormons spoke of themselves as Latter Day Saints, and the Shakers viewed

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Mother Ann Lee, their founder, as the female complement to the male Christ of the First Advent, and taught that she had inaugurated the Millennium. The most notable millenarian during the first half of the century, however, was William Miller, a prolific writer who held camp meetings and tent revivals that built him a following estimated at 50,000 people. Miller believed so strongly in his ability to interpret biblical signs that he confidently selected 1843 as the year Christ would return in fiery judgment. His willingness to set dates drew tremendous interest, but ultimately brought his movement to ground and subjected him to ridicule and charges of fanaticism and quackery.

Eventually, millenarians learned to avoid the embarrassments of overspecification, and by 1875, with the evangelist D. L. Moody as a prominent public spokesman, the movement grew into a supra-denominational community characterized by an ecumenical spirit that did not require commitment to any specific interpretative scheme. The most widely held view of the end-time, however, was a pre-millennial theory (so called because it taught that Jesus would return *before* the Millennium) developed by an Englishman, John Nelson Darby, and incorporated into the Scofield Reference Bible, an enormously influential book published by the Oxford University Press in 1909.

The latest revision of the Scofield Reference Bible, a 1967 edition, has sold more than two million copies to date. In this book, C. I. Scofield printed interpretations of Darby's teachings on the same pages as the Scripture on which they were ostensibly based, thus creating an impression in the minds of many readers that the notes and their teaching were virtually of canonical status.

Though factions within the ranks of literalist fundamentalism disagree over the precise sequence of events, those who adhere to the Darby-Scofield version believe that the triggering action will be "the Rapture." This term, not found in the Bible, means "the catching up," and refers to the scene described in I Thessalonians 4:16,17: "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trumpet of God. And the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we who are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air."

After the Rapture, a seven-year period of Tribulation will fall on those left behind. It will begin with the appearance of the Antichrist as leader of a ten-nation confederation. He will seem to be a man of peace and will side with Israel when it is threatened by a northern coalition which is now generally expected to be led by Russia and to include Germany, the Arabs, and Iran. His help will not be needed, however, because the coalition will be so devastated by earthquakes and pestilence that it will take seven months just to bury the corpses.

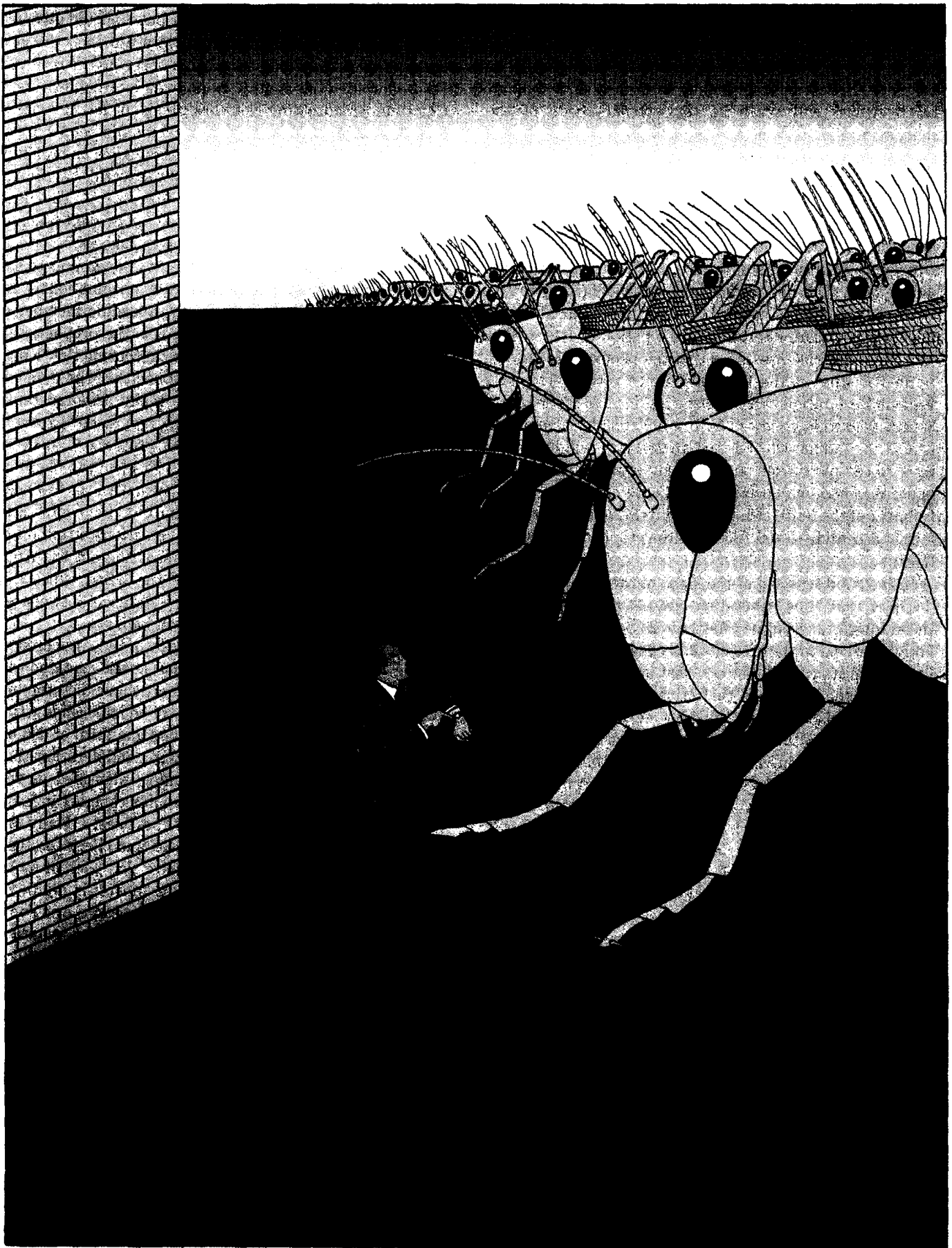
Realization that the raptured saints—the faithful who were caught up—had been prudent to believe in Jesus will cause 144,000 Jews and a multitude of gentiles to accept him as savior and messiah. These converts, together with

two outstanding prophets, possibly Moses and Elijah brought back to life, will win others to Christ. Unfortunately, these new Christians will be marked for persecution by the Antichrist, who by this time will have begun to show his true colors. In a symbolic act so egregious that it will be known as the "abomination of desolation," the Antichrist will enter the temple of Jerusalem, cancel all worship services, and begin to use it as his political headquarters. In fear for their lives, many will seek refuge in the rock cliffs of the ancient city of Petra in Jordan.

During the Tribulation, the earth and its people will be visited by unprecedented inconvenience. Rising sea levels, hundred-pound hailstones, falling stars, and fires will devastate one third of the earth. The sun will become seven times hotter than normal, then grow dark. Oceans, rivers, and lakes will turn to blood. Scorpions, locusts, and boils will plague humankind. Stupendous earthquakes will level mountains and cities, and a two-hundred-million-member army from the East (probably from China) will kill half of those who manage to survive these disasters. The Antichrist will seek total control over humanity by requiring that every person wear a mark or a number (probably 666—the designated "Mark of the Beast," Revelation 13:16–18) in order to buy or sell. Those who refuse to accept this Mark of the Beast will be slain or will risk starvation because they cannot buy food. Those who accept it will burn forever in hell.

At about this point, the Antichrist will be joined by the False Prophet, a religious leader associated with Babylon (a city called "the Mother of Harlots") and often identified in prophetic circles as the Pope. As cities crumble and the perplexity of nations mounts, the army of the East will assemble in the plain of Megiddo, outside Jerusalem, for an all-out assault on the Holy City. At this, Christ will return in glory to the earth, touching down on the Mount of Olives and beheld by every human eye, probably by means of satellite television. He will join the battle of Armageddon, and his armies, perhaps comprising the raptured saints, will wreak such destruction that blood will flow as deep as a horse's bridle for a distance of two hundred miles. The Antichrist and the False Prophet will be slain and cast into a lake of fire, and Satan will be bound in a bottomless pit, to remain for a thousand years (Revelation 20:1–3).

With Satan out of the way, at least temporarily, the saints will enjoy the marvelous Millennium, an age characterized by good weather, peace, an end to crime, advancements in knowledge, and the absence of fear. At the end of this period, in a kind of last sporting gesture, God will give Satan one more chance to work his evil ways, and the Prince of Darkness will tempt and win millions of people who became Christians during the Tribulation and the Millennium but who nonetheless remained open to his appeals. This army of backsliders will muster for one final battle with the faithful believers, at which time God will bring fire down upon the heretics, destroying them where



they stand. Satan and all unbelievers will join the Antichrist and the False Prophet in the lake of fire, where they will be tormented day and night forever. The earth will be destroyed by fire and replaced by a new heaven and a new earth, which will serve as the eternal abode of the redeemed.

SINCE PRE-MILLENNIAL DOCTRINE HOLDS THAT DETErioration in economic, political, domestic, and moral spheres will precede the Second Coming, many evangelicals, unsurprisingly, have felt that the end of the age is near. The most important catalyst of the current boom in prophecy studies, however, has unquestionably been the political restoration of the nation of Israel. Pre-millennial doctrine presumes that the people of Israel will be in Palestine at the time of Christ's return. The 1917 Balfour Declaration, which permitted Jews to settle in Palestine, was widely viewed by pre-millennial fundamentalists as the fulfillment of Jeremiah 29:14: "I will bring you back to the place from which I sent you into exile." This belief received an enormous boost with the formal establishment of the State of Israel on May 14, 1948, the date on which, according to Hal Lindsey, "the prophetic countdown began!"

In Jesus's discussion of the signs of the end, he told his disciples that "this generation will not pass away till all these things take place" (Matthew 24:34). He was apparently referring to the lifetime of his hearers, but since biblical literalists cannot concede that Jesus may have been mistaken, they conclude that "this generation" refers to those alive when the unmistakable signs of the end begin to appear. Since they regard the restoration of Israel as such a sign, they infer that we are living in the terminal generation. The chief problem with this interpretation for several years was that Israel was supposed to be not simply in Palestine but in control of Jerusalem as well. When this came to pass, in 1967, at the conclusion of a six-day war that seemed almost miraculous even to many non-believers, expectation within prophetic circles grew feverish.

Today, so many pieces of the puzzle seem to have fallen into place that pre-millennial believers display enormous confidence in their interpretative ability. Almost any scrap of truly bad news is hailed as another sign that we are in the homestretch of history, so that earthquakes, volcanoes, and famine, Russian aggression in Afghanistan, China's emergence as a world power, the rise of OPEC, the revolution in Iran, threats against Israel, unrest in Latin America, weakness of the dollar, increases in abortion, explicit sex on cable television, gay-rights parades, and any other perceived threats to the political, economic, or moral health of America and the world are greeted with an odd sort of self-conscious optimism. In Hal Lindsey's 1973 book, *There's a New World Coming*, he observes: "As world conditions increasingly fall into the pattern that Jesus

spoke of, it may sadden the believer but it should give us a sense of intense anticipation that we are indeed the generation that is standing on the brink of seeing the return of Jesus Christ to this earth!" In an even more upbeat vein, Christian Broadcasting Network president Pat Robertson tells supporters: "We are not to weep as the people of the world weep when there are certain tragedies or breakups of the government or the systems of the world. We are not to wring our hands and say, 'Isn't that awful?' That isn't awful at all. It's good. That is a token, an evident token of our salvation, of where God is going to take us."

Given the premise that the Bible has something to say about current events, only moderate imagination is required to identify Russia as "Rosh," a leading member of the northern confederation expected, in the prophetic literature, to attack Israel, or China as harboring the "Kings of the East." Hal Lindsey's suggestions that the demonic mutant beasts of Revelation 9 are really armored tanks and Cobra helicopters and that the "great eagle" expected to transport Jews to "their place of protection" in Petra may be aircraft from the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean are more fanciful but so speculative as to evoke little more than curiosity even from true believers. Students of prophecy do, however, give serious attention to truly important problems, such as scouting out the Antichrist and identifying the Mark of the Beast, since this kind of intelligence may mean the difference between an eternity in heaven and an eternity in hell.

As noted earlier, the consensus view of the Antichrist is that he will be a Satan-supported charismatic czar who will institute and enforce a political and economic dictatorship so complete that buying or selling will be impossible without his authorization, symbolized by some form of 666 on the hand or forehead. The ten-nation confederation that will serve as his power base is widely identified as the Common Market, whose giant computer complex in Luxembourg is said to be nicknamed "The Beast." Many are appalled at rumors that, in a cashless and checkless society, economic transactions will require that each of us be assigned a number consisting of three sets of six digits, to be invisibly tattooed on our hands or foreheads. And some believe that the laser-read computer code on supermarket goods is but one indicator that the Mark of the Beast is already in our midst, just waiting to be applied to humans.

NEWS THAT VARIOUS FORMS OF 666 ARE PROMINENTLY in use spreads through fundamentalist networks as rapidly as the false reports that worms are used in McDonald's hamburgers or that Satan-worship infests Procter & Gamble, but the most widely known collection of such information is Mary Stewart Relfe's *When Your Money Fails . . . the "666 System" is here*, a privately printed volume that sold over 300,000 copies within six months of its publication in January, 1981.

With dozens of documents and photographs to back her

claims, Relfe asserts that Olivetti, Lear Siegler, and NCR computer systems, Boss work gloves, Scotty fertilizer, McGregor clothing, shirts made in Communist China, shoes made in Italy, and parts for Caterpillar tractors have all been found bearing 666 as their product code. Sears, J. C. Penney, and Montgomery Ward are said to use computer programs that call for 666 as a prefix. The ominous number reportedly is also used by the World Bank, the IRS, Medicaid, and the Selective Service. Further, Relfe states that when Anwar Sadat reopened the Suez Canal to commercial navigation in 1975, he rode in a warship with 666 emblazoned boldly on its bow, and that tanks built "for President Carter's Secret Service Force" were stamped with 666, as were metric rulers widely distributed in the U.S. during 1979, some perhaps to schoolchildren who were using an elementary algebra book entitled *666 Jellybeans*. And in Israel, she writes, 666 is used as a prefix for Arab-owned vehicles, overseas telephone calls, and the national lottery, all as part of an effort "to 'educate,' prepare and condition the Jews to accept '666,' which will be the number of their 'False Messiah' (the Antichrist) and his World Government System." After reading this book, I felt a bit queasy at recalling that my take-home pay at the time I first developed an interest in biblical prophecy was \$666.66, and that once, while living in Massachusetts, I had seen four nuns in a car whose license number contained the dreaded digits.

The False Messiah who is expected to turn these devilish developments to his own ends has been detected by earlier generations in the persons of Nero, Napoleon, Mussolini, Hitler, and similar unworthies. In the 1970s, he was thought by many to be embodied in Henry Kissinger, less because Kissinger displayed any singular talent for wickedness than because, like the putative Antichrist, he was a globe-trotting peacemaker who was gaining worldwide attention and adulation. To feed this speculation, David Webber, pastor of the Southwest Radio Church and a long-time prophecy student, noted that in a numerological system in which A equals 6 (the number of man, who was created on the sixth day and subsequently messed up a brand-new universe), B equals 12, C equals 18, and so forth, the numerical value of "Kissinger" is 666. With the dimming of Kissinger's star, the world stage was ready for other likely candidates. In 1981, Relfe declared: "My prudent assessment is that President Anwar Sadat of Egypt is either history's nearest prototype or the real Mr. '666,'" citing, in support of her theory, Sadat's early admiration for Hitler and his penchant for swastika-decorated neckties.

Hal Lindsey, who predicted Sadat's assassination, declines to name a specific individual, but says he believes the Antichrist is a passionate humanist who "lives right now somewhere in Europe." One might reflect on the fact that our current President, Ronald Wilson Reagan, an affable man with a bold economic plan, has six letters in each of his three names.

THESE ATTEMPTS TO READ THE SIGNS OF THE times are not fundamentalist equivalents of brain twisters and Double-Crostics; they lead to concrete directives for action. David Terrell, a fanatical minor-league radio-and-television preacher who does not accept the Scofield Bible's view of the Rapture, insists that the church will experience the Tribulation (an opinion shared by Pat Robertson) and has persuaded several thousand of his followers to move to rural areas in the South and Southwest precisely because he wants them to get through the seven-year period without having to buy or sell, and thus without having to receive the damnable Mark of the Beast. Relfe, who believes the Rapture will occur midway through the Tribulation, recommends erecting a shelter, planting a garden on a small plot of land outside the city, and setting aside a bag of silver coins for every member of the family.

In anticipation of the Beast, some Christians have borrowed money they never expected to pay back, because they were certain Jesus would return before the debts came due. Herbert W. Armstrong's empire suffered a serious blow when the end failed to begin in January of 1972, as Armstrong had predicted, thus bringing hardship to many people who had given most of their assets to the church in the expectation of going to Petra, where such worldly possessions would be useless.

Belief will surely influence behavior in other ways as well. I doubt, for example, that people I have heard weeping and moaning in darkened auditoriums while itinerant doomsayers showed their 666 slides will quietly accept any form of national identification card such as is used in some European countries and has occasionally been proposed for America. And I suspect that some supporters of the Southwest Radio Church or of Mary Stewart Relfe's ministry are unlikely to subscribe to cable TV, since both Relfe and SRC warn of a fiber-optics cable that can transmit sounds and pictures from one's home to a distant monitor, even with the set turned off.

More significant, one has to consider how pre-millennial theology will manifest itself in the activities of the Christian New Right, many of whose members accept its tenets. Secretary of the Interior James Watt has emphatically denied that his remark (to a House Interior Committee) "I do not know how many future generations we can count on before the Lord returns" implied that we should not be greatly concerned with long-range husbanding of natural resources. But one is hard-pressed to understand why he raised the issue if that was not precisely what he meant. Similarly, if a President were to appoint one or more pre-millennialists to key foreign-policy posts (who at the confirmation hearings would think to probe for beliefs about the Second Coming?), what incentive would they have to work for lasting peace in the Middle East, since they would regard a Russian-led attack on Israel as a necessary precursor of the Millennium? What stance would they assume toward the Trilateral Commission and the Council on

Foreign Relations, both of which are viewed as major engines of the one-world Antichrist conspiracy? And if the nuclear destruction of Russia is foreordained, as in some pre-millennial schemes, might not a fundamentalist politician or general regard his finger on the button as an instrument of God's eternal purpose?

AS I TRUST THIS ACCOUNT OF PRE-MILLENNIAL thought has shown, a sizable subculture exists in this country, for whom the past, present, and future are interpreted in a manner radically different from the way they are presented to us in secular media and institutions. Alien as it may appear to those unacquainted with it, this interpretation is bedrock and touchstone to millions of fundamentalist Christians, including some of the most studious and thoughtful of that increasingly important aggregate. Because it is part of a long intellectual tradition with extensive and systematic content, it deserves to be accorded serious examination, not to be dismissed as nonsense.

One glaring weakness of much popular pre-millennial literature is the casual method of documentation employed by its authors. The *National Enquirer*, *The Midnight Cry*, the *Borger* (Texas) *New Herald*, *U.S. News & World Report*, and the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* may be quoted in the same publication, with no hint that some sources are likely to be more reliable than others. "Experts" known to be eccentric, or whose pronouncements are demonstrably erroneous, are characterized as "eminent researcher," "astute financial officer," and "renowned authority." Best-selling books by pre-millennialists declare that "university classes teach people how to perform supernatural feats" and that Russian experimenters "have been enormously successful at contacting supernatural forces and spirits," or tell of "how nylon stockings disappeared on several hundred women 'in a flash' and why this event can kill a nation," all without conventional documentation. The growing use of numerological schemes to uncover hidden examples of 666 is often ingenious, but scarcely more compelling in its authority than Tex Ritter's classic recitative about a soldier who used a deck of cards as a Bible, or accounts of the peculiar coincidences in the assassinations of Abraham Lincoln and John F. Kennedy.

Mary Stewart Relfe asserts that such song lyrics as "What the world needs now is love, sweet love" and the Coca-Cola theme, "I'd like to teach the world to sing in perfect harmony," are anti-American attacks on Christian values, and she tells of being "rendered immobile" at learning that the Sex Pistols' irreverent "I am an Antichrist, I am an Anarchist" was part of the lyrics of the number-one song in England. Among pre-millennialists, the record for predictive accuracy is still spotty. Salem Kirban, for example, one of the most prolific writers in the field, predicted in various publications that the 1976 Republican convention would be accompanied by riot and guerrilla warfare,

that automobiles would be banned from major U.S. cities "by or before 1977," that a negative income tax would be approved by Congress by 1977, that Queen Elizabeth would resign by 1978, and that Edward Kennedy would be elected President in 1980. Without supplying dates, but with an implication of imminence, Kirban also predicted a successful head transplant on a well-known personality and the publication of an obscene Bible, studded with sex photos and profanity, which many churches would hail as "being in tune with reality."

These examples of overreaching reflect poor scholarship and faulty journalistic technique rather than inherent weakness of doctrine, and some evangelical scholars who adhere to pre-millennial beliefs decry such attempts at over-specification. But even if these peculiarities could be minimized or eliminated, a great gulf would still separate pre-millennialists from those with less deterministic perspectives on history. Fundamentalist teachers of prophecy are fond of saying that "practically all scholars" or "virtually all commentaries" agree with their views, but this is far from the case. In fact, the biggest problem with the pre-millennial position is that it largely disregards the scholarship associated with the major European, British, and American seminaries and graduate schools of religion, including Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Chicago, Oxford, Cambridge, Tübingen, and Marburg. These are, of course, precisely those universities accorded greatest esteem in the non-evangelical and secular worlds.

The study of Daniel, Revelation, and similar biblical literature has enjoyed some popularity in these universities and seminaries since about 1960, and such world-class scholars as Wolfhart Pannenberg, Jürgen Moltmann, and Johannes Metz have sought to enhance its standing in serious theological discussion. Though they eschew the literal interpretations favored by fundamentalists, these mainstream scholars view prophetic Scripture as bearing witness to the liberation and hope implicit in the biblical symbol of the Kingdom of God, and thus providing meaning to believers in difficult and confusing times. Pannenberg, for example, asserts that the imagery of these texts should be seen not as depicting actual future events but as affirming that God will eventually bring history to consummation and that its meaning, heretofore hidden from human wisdom, will then be revealed. For Moltmann, the force of the fantastic visions of millennial glory is to offer a transcendent hope that enables us to manifest courage and experience victory in our present circumstances, however troubled and pain-filled they may be. And Metz, a theologian vitally concerned with Christian social action, regards these writings as encouraging a creative and militant approach to the future that includes the overthrow of oppressive power structures and the hopeful attempt to build—not just wait for—a golden age of justice and equality for all humankind.

Despite such efforts, however, the end-time literature is not of paramount concern to mainstream biblical scholars,

and interpretations such as those of Darby and Scofield have no standing whatever. Instead, the Scriptures on which the pre-millennial view is based are regarded as part of a distinctive genre of Jewish literature called "apocalyptic" (not "prophetic"), which flourished between 200 B.C. and A.D. 100. Despite its imaginative nature and variety of detail, apocalyptic literature consistently displays several identifying characteristics. In symbolic language filled with mysterious numbers, fantastic beasts, and unusual meteorological and astral occurrences, the writer first sketches a selective survey of past history, which has the effect of certifying the vision as trustworthy, then moves to predictions about the future. In almost all such literature, the world is depicted as bad and getting worse, with little hope for improvement by human agency. Just when total destruction seems inevitable, the present age is brought to an end by God's intervention and a glorious new age dawns, complete with a flawless paradisiacal realm. This dualistic contrast of the two ages often, but not always, includes a Messiah (or Christ) and an Antimesiah (or Antichrist) as lords of the two eras.

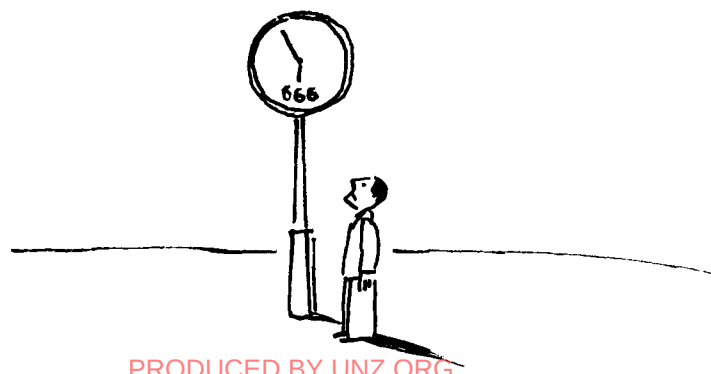
The differences between pre-millennial and mainstream scholarship can be seen in a comparison of their understanding of the Book of Daniel. To pre-millennialists, Daniel was a prophet of the Babylonian captivity who, in the sixth century B.C., predicted events that were to occur between 1948 and the end of the present century. Non-evangelical scholars contend that the book was completed between 166 and 164 B.C. and reflects the oppressive occupation of Palestine by the Syrian king Antiochus IV Epiphanes, who stopped the sacrifice in the temple in Jerusalem and set up a statue of Zeus on the altar of burnt offering, an act aptly described as "the abomination of desolation." The book is regarded as a standard example of apocalyptic literature, mistaken about a few historical matters that occurred four centuries before the writer lived, and wrong in its attempt to predict the future, but capable of inspiring faithfulness at a time of religious persecution. In similar fashion, the visions of Revelation are understood by non-evangelical scholars to be symbolic descriptions of the persecutions anticipated and experienced at the hands of Rome near the close of the first century A.D.

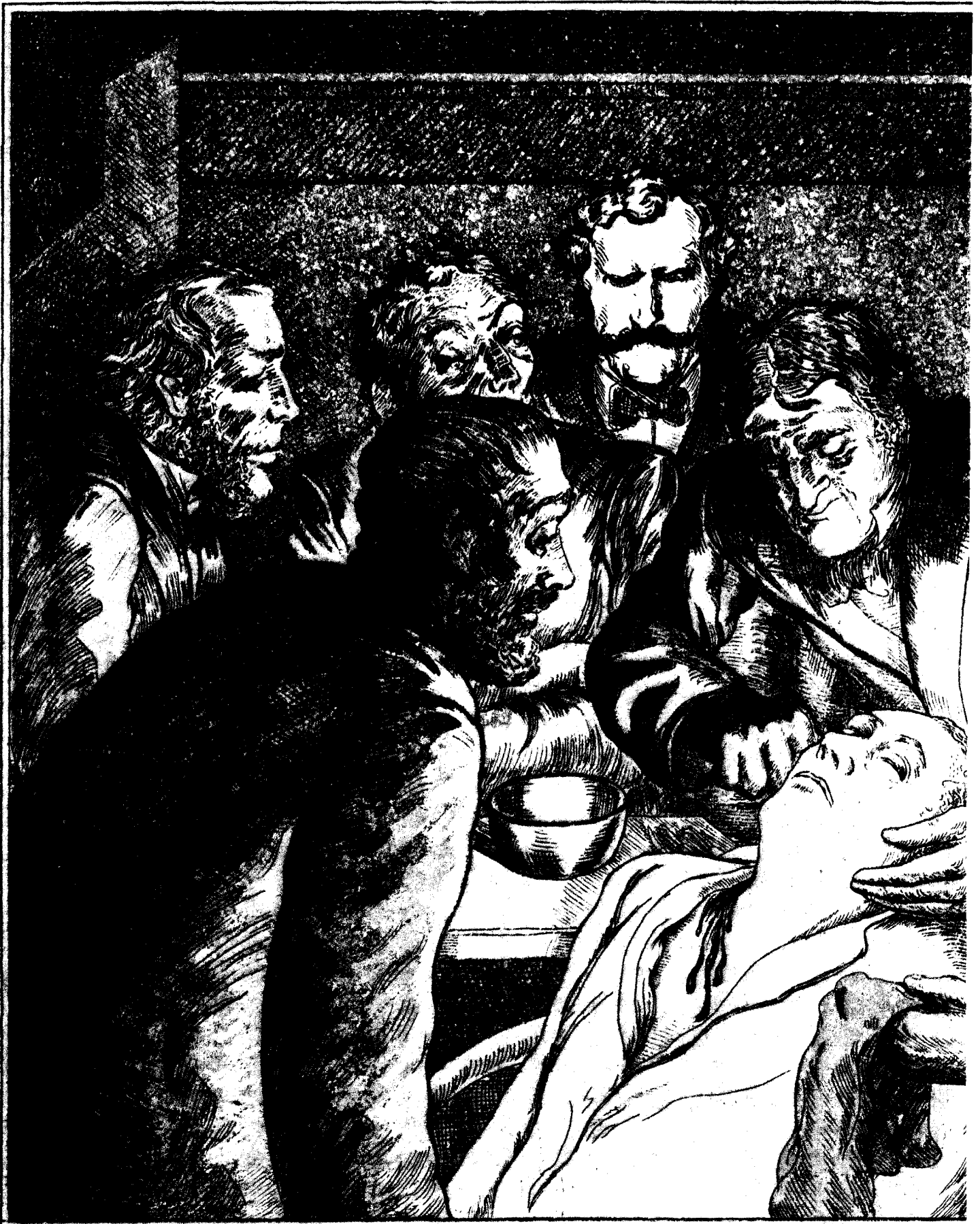
Representatives of each of these two quite different approaches to biblical studies are likely to regard members of

the other camp as hopelessly wrongheaded—ignorant in one case, impious in the other. As one reared in fundamentalism and educated in both evangelical and liberal tradition, I do not regard the outlook for rapprochement as especially promising. A shift from evangelical interpretation to the historical-critical approach is clearly more common than the reverse. An evangelical would likely respond to this claim with the observation "Broad is the path that leads to destruction," but one committed to follow the evidence where it leads can take heart from Jesus's assertion that the search for truth is also the search for freedom.

Pre-millennial teaching is probably most attractive to those who feel that the world, or at least their segment of it, is out of control, and can be brought to a good end only by concerted supernatural intervention. Such feelings of marginality are likely to be especially acute when established ways of life are being threatened. To many, however, an apocalyptic outlook is simply part of the package they have inherited, and adherence is less a matter of alienation or attraction than of received tradition and perceived truth. If the Bible says these things shall come to pass, they shall come to pass, whether or not the prospect pleases. And if current events seem to offer tangible supporting evidence, then faith is strengthened and hope increased.

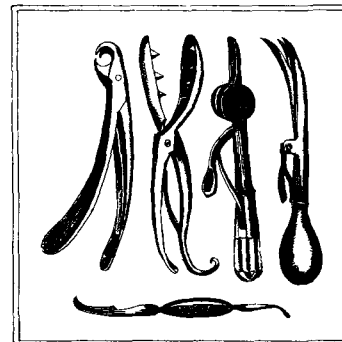
Barring nuclear holocaust or some shift in Israel's status that would necessitate a drastic reconstruction of the end-time scenario, the current wave of apocalyptic interest will surely maintain its force at least throughout the 1980s, and probably to the year 2000, the numerical properties of which will likely encourage still further millennial speculation. But if Jesus keeps on not coming, interest will eventually crest and recede to await the next promising configuration of signs. On the other hand, if substantial numbers of our more pious neighbors mysteriously disappear, and Henry Kissinger or Ronald Reagan shows up on television a short while later to suggest that we have the number 666 tattooed on our foreheads, we might witness even greater concern for the signs of the times, and a keen effort to avoid serious missteps. Should that occur, some of us would doubtless lament the fact that we had not paid closer heed to the Apostle Paul's warning: "Since, in the wisdom of God, the world did not know God through wisdom, it pleased God through the folly of what we preach to save those who believe." □





LIFE WITHOUT PAIN

A SHORT STORY BY LESLIE EPSTEIN



I

ADOLPH PINTO, A MEDICAL STUDENT, WHO KNEW a little Latin, and very little Greek, sat near the top of the surgical theater, watching the river's reflection play on the surface of the high glass dome. He did not speak English perfectly, either, since he had arrived in America only one year before. In his own mind this journey had long since been determined by fate. For the legend in Adolph's family was that on the very day Columbus left Spain on the first of his great voyages of discovery, the Pintos, with thousands of other Jews, sailed from the port of Cadiz.

Every family has its tales. This much is certain: the banished Pintos wandered throughout the Ottoman lands, settling here, settling there, before moving northward, into Bohemia, where they struck roots near the old city of Pressburg. In all likelihood their name had been not Pinto but *Pintor*—"painter," in the sense of housepainter. Or else it had been shortened from *Pintojo*—"spotted, stained," in the manner of a mottled fish or a horse. Indeed, like many such Jews, the Pintos tended to birthmarks. Adolph himself had moles on his back and his arms, and there was a round, soft, dark one on his cheek beneath his eye. It was the sole reminder in that otherwise pale, pinched face of the fierce, burning sunlight of Spain.

In Boston, the morning breeze was just pushing the last

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of the rain clouds away from the dome top. Adolph squinted up, at the light, and did not look down to the floor of the room, where the surgeons were waiting. He was a tall, thin, narrow-shouldered fellow, still growing so quickly that the bones of his wrists and the knobs of his ankles shot from whatever cuffs he wore. His hat was on the seat beside him, so you could see the slicked-down curls of his black, pomaded hair. What else? Close-set eyes, a long nose, a dimpled chin. There was a hint of a moustache on either side of his mouth, and a big Adam's apple went up and down in his throat, like the handle of a pump. In short, he was nothing more than a boy.

How quiet it had grown in the room! Adolph could hear the cries of the dockmen hauling the lines of an ambulance boat. At that time, many of the hospital's patients, and not a few doctors, arrived by way of the Charles. And left in that fashion, too, if the rumors Pinto had heard—that paupers' bodies were simply dropped through trapdoors into the tide—were true. Adolph shuddered. At that same instant, a gull flew like a pair of scissors across the blue of the sky. The boy gripped his trembling knees and forced himself to look downward.

In the well below, old Dr. Warren was waiting. The patient, Abbott by name, a printer, was already seated in the surgical chair. Even from the top of the theater Pinto could see the tumor, gnarled, raw-looking, like a wen on the trunk of a tree. It was attached to Abbott's jaw, mainly, and to his neck. The roots, as Warren had already demonstrated, went right through the jawbone and lay buried under the poor fellow's tongue. Adolph shuddered again. Delay! More delay! They were waiting for a dentist, a Dr. Morton, who claimed a great thing: painless surgery. Warren had announced he would make the test there, that very morning. Alas! It had been clear from the doctor's voice, and from the laughter greeting it, that the printer could not hope to lose his tumor without suffering like all other men.

Frank Townsend, sitting just below Adolph, twisted around and said, simply, "Wells." Cole, also a student, snorted aloud at the word. Pinto knew why. Some two years before, another dentist, this Wells, had persuaded Warren to let him gas a patient during the class. Halfway through the operation the volunteer uttered a yell, a real bellow, and knocked down the senior Bigelow, lecturer in *materia medica*, with a kick in the chest.

"What you missed then, my Adolph," said Townsend. "A wonderful farce!"

Pinto did not trust himself to answer. His own jaw, out of sympathy with the patient's, had begun to ache. But Cole chimed in: "And Wells was only removing a tooth!"

Townsend was still turned in his seat, squinting up at Pinto through the sunlight that splashed within the dome. "It makes one wonder about the old man. To go through it again—and with another dentist!"

"Getting soft." Cole tapped the side of his head. "Forgot the test with Wells ever happened."

Townsend kept his eyes on the foreign boy. "What is his age, Pinto? I'd guess seventy. What do you say?"

Adolph sat speechless, for fear his friends might see how he trembled. Could he be the only one in the room with shaking knees? How calm the doctors seemed! He watched them—Hayward, Parkman, Warren himself, the Bigelow father and son—chatting among themselves. And his classmates, beardless to a man, and to a man in white collars and black neckties, seemed only bored by the delay. Abbott was actually smiling—smiling!—though now they had strapped him down. Adolph glanced at Warren, just as the surgeon was snapping his pocket watch closed. It was no secret that early in his career the doctor would spend the whole night before an operation praying, fainting, vomiting, even—all because he had to show up in the morning at the bedroom of his patient. The old man turned now from the bank of seats and leaned over the instrument box. His student, watching, saw how the gaunt man's shoulders were rounded, and how, where his old black cloak stretched over them, it shone. Yes, seventy. Adolph uttered a prayer of his own: *Lord, when Abbott starts screaming, do not let me throw my hands over my ears!*

Warren chose a knife. His cheeks had sunk, his skin was pale. "Since Dr. Morton has not appeared," he declared, "I presume he is otherwise engaged." The students laughed again, louder than ever.

Townsend did not join in. "It's a fantasy. It will never be done. Don't be frightened, little Adolph. We have to make ourselves into hard men."

"Hard men!" That was Cole, like an echo. "And women, too. *In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children*. There is a reason for pain. To remind us of our mortality and our sins." Cole, as you might guess, was a minister's son. He was not quite done: "What if we were to remove it? Tell me: What then?"

Now Townsend smiled. "No need to worry, Cole. *That's* the only example of painless surgery you or I shall ever see." The young man turned forward and pointed, not at the patient, but at the Egyptian mummy—"Paddy," each new class always called him—standing in his open coffin, against the right-hand wall. "Everything's gone. Bowels, heart, liver, lungs. They even sucked his brains out through his nose. Wonderful surgeons! Paddy never felt a twinge. What a model for us all: kill them and cut them and stuff them with cotton!"

"Shhh!" Cole had a finger to his lips.

Two men rushed into the room—one, surely Morton, with a glass globe in his hand. Warren, with his knife raised, on the very verge of cutting, stared at the intruders from under his shaggy brows. Then he stepped back. "As you see, sir," he said to the dentist, "your patient is ready."

Morton, a hearty man, red-cheeked, with long sideburns and a strong, grinding jaw, took Warren's place next to the chair. He told the printer what the students already knew—that he had discovered a preparation that would

save Abbott much distress during the operation. He added that his companion had already tried it and could testify to its powers. Everyone turned to the second fellow—Frost, his name was—who nodded at Morton's words. The dentist put his hand on Abbott's bound arm. "Are you afraid?" he asked him.

The patient spoke for the first time. "I am not. I will do what you say."

No laughter now. No mocking. The students leaned forward, as pale, as motionless, as Apollo the Healer, whose statue stood across from the mummy at the front of the room.

Morton began. He took a bottle from his pocket and poured its contents onto the sea-sponge at the bottom of his rounded flask. From that glass ball two tubes projected, at nearly right angles to each other. Morton pressed the larger of these to the patient's lips, and told him to breathe through the mouth. Abbott did, inhaling the vapors that were in the globe. How quickly the man was affected! His face grew red, practically crimson, and his arms jerked upward, twice, as if pulled by invisible cords. Then his eyes dropped shut and he fell asleep. Morton removed the glass. He bowed toward Warren and repeated his very words. "Sir, your patient is ready."

The doctor acted at once. With one hand he seized the knot of veins, and with the other made a cut on the neck, upward, toward the tumor. There was a gasp in the room, and not just Adolph Pinto's. But the scream the boy had dreaded—that echo, Cole might have said, of Adam's wail—did not sound. In fact, Abbott hardly stirred. Warren pressed forward, probing among the vessels and nerves. Still no outcry. The thin hair on the printer's brow was wet and matted like that of a sleeping child. Below, dark blood dripped from his jawline. Old Bigelow spread his own handkerchief across the patient's chest. With his needle, Warren wound the ligature around the base of the tumor, squeezing and squeezing. At this the drugged man lifted his foot a little. The doctor compressed the purple mass all the more. Now Abbott groaned. Both his legs began moving, as if he were running away.

High in the amphitheater, Pinto saw that the experiment was about to fail. To his amazement, he remained calm, detached even, as if the scene below were occurring in some distant spot. A thick, bittersweet smell rose from the floor to the uppermost rows. Like oranges, he thought, quite lighthearted. When next he glanced into the well he saw not Abbott's bloody jaw, his thrashing legs, but Paddy's coffin, with its colored pictures of bird-people and snakes and animal-headed men. But of Paddy himself—and wasn't this odd?—there wasn't a trace. The coffin was empty. Adolph looked again. This time he saw the Egyptian, wrapped up in linen, standing directly below. He was buck-toothed and black-faced, and for a moment his empty eyes seemed to be shining. So, mused the boy, they left the heart in after all.

Suddenly Pinto's eyes opened and his heart swung like a

lead plummet against his ribs. He knew what had happened. The vapors in Morton's bottle had risen to the top of the amphitheater and collected there in a pocket of gas. The smell was familiar. Not just that of oranges, but something underneath it, mingled with it, like India rubber. But what was it? What? The long, curving line of his nose twitched this way and that. If only he could breathe. He thrust a finger into his collar; his clothes were as tight as the bandages that bound the mummy. He giggled then. Why? Because the head on top of the stuffed body had become that of his cousin Sigmund. Nonsense! Silliness! It was only the dentist's compound making him dream. Yet he giggled again, out loud now. The statue of the god Apollo was moving too!

Pale, his smooth skin like soap, the Olympian strode across the floorboards toward the mummy. Up in his seat the Bohemian boy was laughing and weeping both. His tears gushed through his fingers. It was Morton who was the god! To bring dead men and statues to life! Down below, the black mummy turned toward white Apollo. He seemed to want to speak. The statue paused, leaning closer. But no words passed. Each figure turned and moved back toward its niche on the floor. Pinto was on his feet. "Sigmund!" he cried. The live people in the room turned to stare. "*Lieber Vetter Sigmund!*"

There was a clang, an echo, and all the heads swung back to where Warren had just thrown the tumor into a galvanized pail. The operation was done. Abbott was sitting upright, with the white handkerchief tied like a napkin around his throat. The mummy, of course, and the statue had not moved an inch. Then everyone, the doctors, the students, began talking at once. Above the hubbub of voices, Adolph heard Warren ask the printer if he was now fully awake. Abbott touched his sewn-up wound. He nodded.

"Tell us. Did you feel pain?"

The reply, though slurred, drawled out, was audible. "No. Only a pressure. It felt like the stroke of shaving."

Warren turned—not, as you might think, to his colleagues, but to the row upon row of young men. How his eyes gleamed! How his eyebrows twisted and writhed! What he said then each of them would remember to the last day of his life. "Gentlemen, this is no humbug."

Instantly the students—including some who had driven Wells from that room only two years before—stood, cheering. Pinto was among them. He was clearheaded now. Indeed, it is not likely he had inhaled much of Morton's vapor. Remember how young he was, the youngest by far in the room. Fear, hysteria—that's what brought on his vision. "Hurrah!" he cried. "Hurrah!" And then he dropped into his seat and burst into tears.

Down the steep aisles the young students tramped. They ran for the exit doors. Frank Townsend leaned over his row's wooden backing. "What's the matter, little Pinto?"

"Why are you crying?" asked Cole.

Adolph looked up. The tears had washed right over his dime-sized mole. "Poor people," he said, in his piping, accented English. "Poor people!"

Cole gathered his coat and settled his round, gray hat on his head. "What people?"

"The ones who have come before, who have lived before this day. Think of them! The thousands! The millions! How they suffered! The rivers of many tears! Such a pity! It did not have to be!"

Cole had a plump face, with plump, full lips. "Of course, we believe Christ offered these thousands relief from their pain."

Pinto blinked, then wiped his eyes with his sleeve. "But that was in afterlife. In paradise. Here is the blessing on earth."

Both youths smiled, Cole with his thick, pink lips, Townsend with the threads of his thin ones. "That's blasphemy, you know," said the former.

Townsend said this: "Christ, the gentle dentist!"

Quickly Pinto swung his long leg over the top of the partition that separated the uppermost rows. In a twinkling the other leg followed. He dropped square before the two grinning men. "Mr. Townsend! Mr. Matt Cole! You are laughing! I beg from my heart do not mock me! I wish to be a physician. This has been my dream. To help people and make them well. Now, a confession. My dear friends! Best friends! I was about to give up my life as a doctor. Not from choice. Never from choosing. But what was I to do when some man in his suffering begged me to stop? Or when a child cried, *No, Mister Pinto, you hurt me, no, no, no!* A child! You have said be hard. I cannot be hard. I have tried, friends! Many times! But I know I will certainly stop. This frightens me. It makes me tremble with fear!"

Cole's hat brim cast his round face in shadow. "We knew that," he said. "You made the whole row shake with your knocking knees."

Townsend, frowning, looked down into the nearly empty well. Abbott had gone, walking on his own feet to the ward. The rest of the students had already swept from the room. Only the doctors remained, clustered in a knot about Morton and Hayward, who were arranging to repeat the demonstration the following day. Warren stood apart, his blood-stained hand on the back of the surgical chair. Frost, Morton's companion, was explaining to the younger Bigelow how he had inhaled the gas from a folded cloth. "On an ordinary handkerchief," he said. "In three breaths I was unconscious. When I woke the tooth was gone. I have it at home in a box."

"And you, too, felt no pain?"

"None. I swear it."

"A miracle worker!" That was Townsend, muttering the phrase under his breath. Suddenly he broke from his friends and strode down the aisle to the well. He went straight for Morton. That man—and you can see how quickly the events of the morning had happened—had

never removed his greatcoat, with its brown fur muff. His face, seen closely, was covered with a film of sweat.

"Dr. Morton?" Townsend stepped between the dentist and Dr. Hayward. Everyone turned to the short, muscular student.

"May I assist you?" Morton, not unkindly, replied.

"Do you know Dr. Wells, of Hartford?"

"I do. For a time we practiced together."

"And do you know of his experiment, in this room, with nitrous oxide?"

Here one of the doctors, Parkman, stepped forward, reaching for the young man's arm. Townsend stepped easily aside. Unruffled, Morton responded: "I know that he failed."

"Would you tell me if you have just used the identical agent?"

Frost spoke first. "What is your name? It's not for you to ask that question."

"Townsend, isn't it?" said Hayward.

Cole had come down to the floor. He called to his friend. "Come, Frank. We'll go!"

But Morton held up his hand. "I will answer him. I have not applied nitrous oxide."

Quick as a flash, Townsend said, "Then what is the name of the liquid you poured on the sponge?"

These words caused an uproar. The doctors reacted to the forbidden question with all the force they had expended in not asking it themselves. "The devil!" Parkman cried, jerking backward, as if from a blow.

"Be still!" said Hayward, this time taking a firm hold on Townsend's arm.

Both Bigelows murmured, "Shame!"

Yet Morton, though he sweated, smiled. "Why, I will tell you," he said. "I call it *Letheon*."

"What *I* should call it was the meaning of my question. I cannot ask the chemist for a compound by that name."

"Soon you shall."

The student wrenched free of the surgeon's grasp. "Yes, after you have secured your patents. I suspected this the moment you started. Why else would you disguise your potion with oil of oranges?"

"I have a right to be rewarded for years of effort. Think, will you, of the risk I took today. If Abbott had not survived, I might now be in jail, manslaughter the charge. I know the risk Dr. Warren and his staff took with me. This hospital—I promise you—will never have to pay a royalty fee. Do not say I am ungrateful! Never say I wish to profit from mankind's pain!"

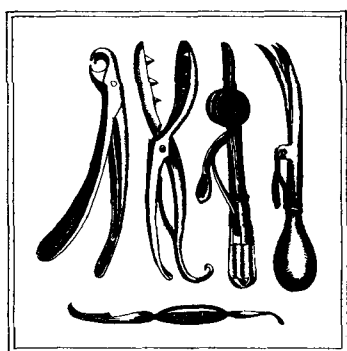
The dentist began that speech with much dignity; yet at the finish he was shouting, and had raised the glass vessel over his head. Who knows? Perhaps he might have actually hurled it down, had not Pinto, at the very moment, started to speak. He was standing near Warren, making a stiff little bow.

"*Herr Doktor!* Greetings! And many thanks! I am to have a career! I will do good! I will help people and chil-

dren! You have done this, sir! The greatest thing done in Boston! No, no, no! Ha! Ha! Not Boston! In history! It is history's greatest day!" The boy's face, chalk-white as a rule, grew as red as Abbott's. He stumbled over his words. Then his body twisted leftward and rightward, as if he wanted to go in two different directions at once. He settled on dashing full speed out the door.

"Catch him!" said Cole. Both he and Townsend ran after.

Alone for a moment, Morton tucked his glass globe carefully under his arm. Let us be realistic: there is little chance he would have destroyed it. It had been made to order; there was none other in the world. The next day he would use it to make two patients, both women, each with a tumor, fall for a time into a sleep so deep that not all the tools of the doctors—the knife, the needle, the saw—could wake them.



II

OUTSIDE, THE DAY WAS SUNNY, BREEZY, AND COLD. A spray from the morning's rainwater flew in the air. The sycamores, which had been hoarding their foliage for this very moment, now released it, in armfuls. The leaves, damp, leathery, and brown, stuck to Pinto's hat and the cloth of his coat as he came bounding out of the hospital on Fruit Street and turned onto Blossom. What fresh air! What busy people! Such a clang, such a clatter! It was all he could do to restrain himself from rushing to the nearest person and pouring out the tidings. A man went by, with a newspaper under his arm. *Listen to me, sir! A remarkable discovery! Our lives will be different now!* That's what he wanted to shout, like the headlines. But the man walked to Cambridge Street, and into the crowd.

No matter: here was a carriage, moving east, from Pinto's right to his left, up the long pull of the hill. Instantly he was after it. He would climb aboard and, together with the passengers, spread the wonderful news. He trotted faster, dodging the carts and horses racing down. At Temple Street the carriage slowed; at Bowdoin Square, with its tangle of coaches and people, it stopped. Adolph came over

the crest of the hill and dashed straight to the half-lowered window. *Dr. Warren performed an operation! He cut Abbott's neck! Without a whimper!* A sharp-nosed woman looked down at him, over the edge of her collar. Beside her, a red-faced man leaned round. He was biting a cold cigar. Pinto simply stood there, his woolen muffler blowing out from his throat, instead of the stream of words.

Shyness! A curse of shyness! The traffic on the thoroughfare went back and forth, dizzily, all around him. He stared at the men and women—the way their heads moved along in a steady line, not bobbing inches up and inches down, the way his did; the way the tails of their coats whipped the backs of their legs, urging them to go *faster! faster!* Even their skin, so pink and tight, seemed barely able to contain their strength, their energy, their bursting health. They were like a new breed of man! They had no need of doctors!

Then Adolph came to life. He pushed through the square, through the Stoddard Alley, to Howard, to Somerset Street. With every step he was climbing. It was almost as if the knowledge he had, the great secret, were like a balloon, swelling within him, drawing him higher and higher. In a moment he came to the pinnacle of the city, above Pemberton Square. The top of the hill had been lopped off some years before; Adolph saw, far below, where the dirt had made new land out of the river. He climbed a little knoll, at the back of an unoccupied lot. He gripped his hat; the wind peeled the sycamore leaves from it and hurled them backward, like darts.

To the south, over a thousand rooftops, Adolph could see ships moving in the harbor, and the whitecaps slipping off the flattened waves. And to his left, there at the edge of the Charles, was the hospital, with its glass dome top; and on the other side of the river, in Charlestown, the shaft of the monument to Bunker Hill. These Americans! They moved mountains. Made revolutions. Turned the world upside down! For an instant Adolph felt as if he were rising still higher, had lifted right off the hilltop and were floating above all these roofs, these spires, these wisps of smoke. A hum, like the sound of bees, rose from every point. He breathed deeply; there was a sweet smell, like honey. "*Ja,*" he murmured aloud. "*Dies ist ein Paradies.*"

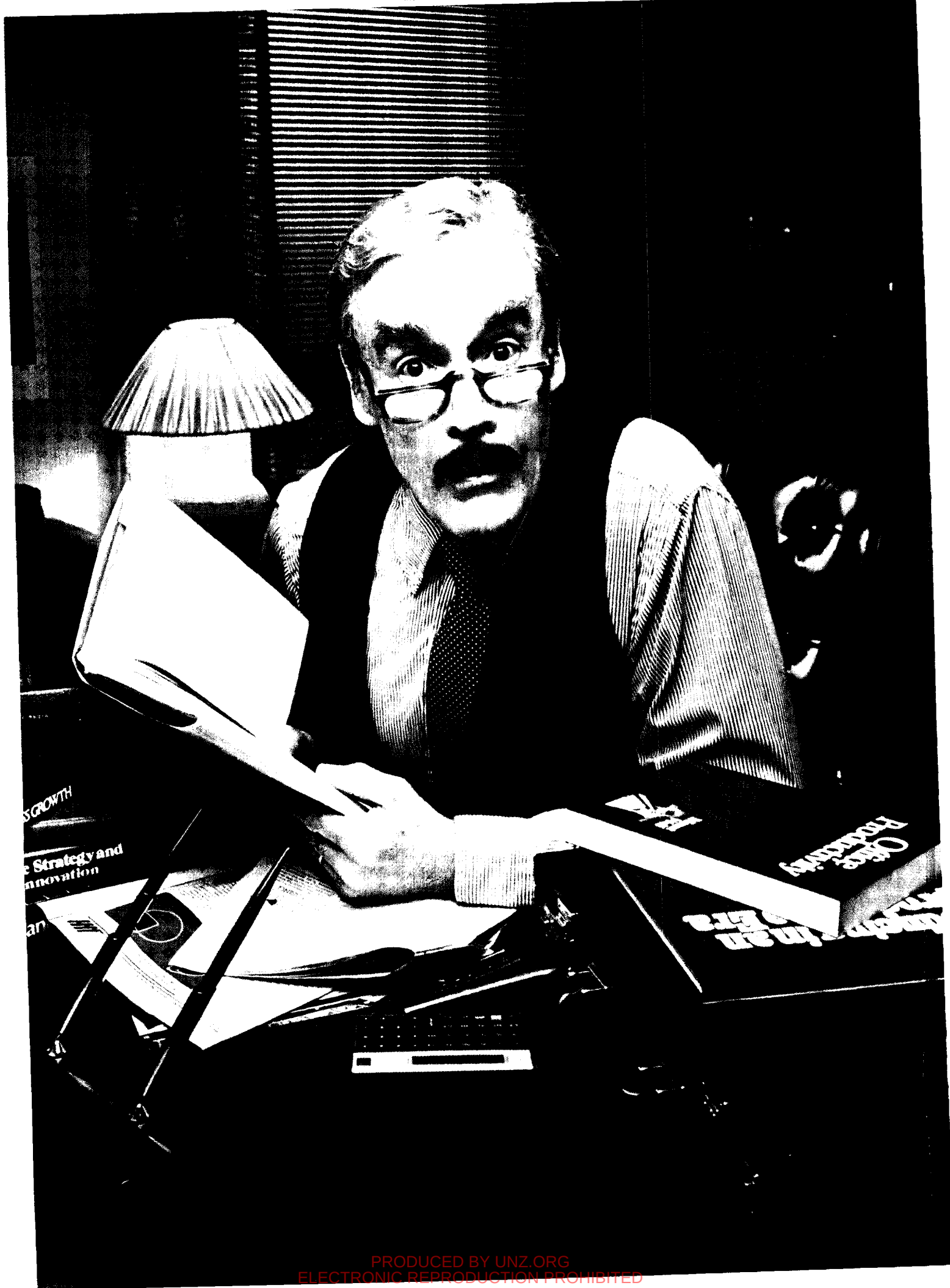
A laugh, short, abrupt, like a bark, made him whirl around. "Cole!" he cried. "Mr. Townsend!"

Indeed his two friends were there—Townsend, hatless, coatless, squatting on a stump, with Cole standing beside him. It was the latter who laughed.

"You followed?" Adolph asked.

Cole nodded, still grinning. "Yes. Right from Fruit Street. All the way up. To *Paradies!*" He laughed again. "Boston! A paradise!"

Pinto blushed. "Yes. It is what I am thinking. I see from the faces of people. Cole, I see from your face, too." He looked closely at the older student. Cole had taken his hat off. His thin, short, soft hair, reddish in color, was alternately raised and flattened by the wind. His face had the



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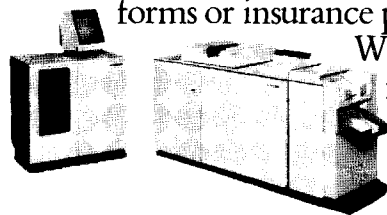
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same pink, creamy color as the skin of the people below. No lines. No signs of age upon it. And the thick red lips, the lashless eyelids. It was the face of a baby. "I am thinking, in this new world is a new man. A new kind of man. We start again, fresh, like children."

But Cole was scowling. "Fresh! New! Why, everything about this country is borrowed and stale and old. Look, will you, where we spent the morning. That amphitheater: a mummy from Egypt, a statue of a pagan god. The very building—Bulfinch's dome, the arches, the columns: it's all been stolen from Greece and Rome. There's not an original idea in our culture. Everything—the science, the music, the shape of the spoons we eat with—it's all been shipped over the ocean in a boat like that one." And here Cole waved contemptuously toward a far-off brig, which was beating, with a rocking-horse motion, toward the wharf.

"*Nein!* What happened this morning was new, new! *Life without pain!* Only America could think such a thought! And to bring it about! To make earth into heaven!" Pinto had at last found his voice. He was actually shouting. He turned so the message, his tremendous news, would carry over the American city. "No more pain! No pain, friends! Paradise!"

Townsend, who had not said a word, now looked up from his stump. "There is money to be made from it. Millions. Tens of millions."

"What money? Made from what?" asked Cole. "From the invention?"

Townsend didn't reply. He too had removed his hat, and the wind tossed his hair, which was combed forward, over his temples, in the manner of Napoleon. His forehead was so contracted that a furrow, in the shape of an omega, seemed carved upon it. Then he spoke in a rush. "Under the terms of a patent, Morton can license his discovery to anyone he wishes. What if he grants the exclusive use of his preparation to one man out of every ten thousand in the population? What if his fee—a modest one; oh, he'll be modest!—is one hundred dollars? That is more than a thousand dollars in royalties from the city of Boston alone. A single city! And for every hundred thousand citizens elsewhere there's a thousand dollars more. Do you know the population of the country? Twenty million, is it not? That means Morton will realize two hundred thousand dollars for the first year's license. But a patent is held in this country for fourteen years. Can you multiply? In your heads? I can! I've worked it out. Two million, eight hundred thousand dollars, *not* allowing for increase in population, *not* considering the English patent, *not* counting in royalties from around the world. It is a fortune!"

Cole, who had bent down, out of the whistling wind, now sank right on his haunches. "Can this be true? *Millions?*"

Pinto had not grasped it. "What are you saying? Please repeat. How can a person make a patent from a natural fact?"

"He can do it, and will."

The boy, with both hands on his hat, bounded down from

the knoll. "But this is not possible! Here is a question: Could your Benjamin Franklin patent electricity because his kite made a spark? Ha! Ha! Silly idea! What if the great scientist Priestley held a patent on oxygen? Must we pay a fee in order to breathe?"

"Do you think I am pleased? Wouldn't I stop him if I could?" It looked to Adolph as if Townsend had sucked in, swallowed, his lips, so narrow was the line of his mouth. His eyes were as pale and fixed as a statue's, or as the mummy's blank sockets. "What I resent was the way he tried to trick me. With his smell of oranges!"

"But 'exclusive use.' You said, 'exclusive use.' Does this mean only a licensed man can perform a painless operation?"

"Within his county, or district, it means just that. And he can charge whatever the traffic will bear. He'll have his investment back the first time a man walks in with an impacted molar."

"And the patients who cannot walk? Who cannot afford such charges? Are they to suffer? Then Morton will cause their pain. He will be responsible. I cannot think it!"

Townsend got to his feet. "That is why," he told Pinto softly, "you could not think of the process, either."

Now Cole came up. "We can prevent him. We can protest. Dr. Warren will back us."

"It can't be done, Cole. Haven't I thought and thought? As for Warren and the rest, you've seen what their price is: a simple royalty fee!" Townsend waved his hand in disgust, then turned to leave. Cole detained him.

"Wait! Where are you going? Is there nothing we can do?"

"It is almost twelve. Twelve is Professor Webster, Webster on sulfur. Why should I miss it? At one, Wellington is to demonstrate the valves of the heart. I have a ticket for that lecture, too. I'll beg Hayward—on my knees if I must—to admit me to his class. So that I'll learn how to grope in a bladder for a stone. And I'll beg Morton, too. *Forgive me! Forgive me, sir!* Oh, not because I want to learn about teeth and gums. I am a medical student. What I want is a license to dispense Letheon myself."

During this exchange, Adolph stood with both eyes shut. He was trying to remember the scene in the amphitheater. It came to him clearly enough—Abbott, Warren, Morton, the mummy moving, the statue. He distinctly recalled the smell of the compound: ripe oranges, and the second smell, like pink rubber, with rubber's spice, rubber's tang. The next instant three words, absurd, irrelevant words, popped into his brain. *An ordinary handkerchief.* A handkerchief? Where had he heard this? What did it mean? The phrase teased him, ringing in his ears. Then he had it. Frost! The man Frost! When the operation was done! And just like that, as easily as a handkerchief is picked up or dropped, the rest of the puzzle was solved. Opening his eyes, he cried out, "Sigmund!" once more.

Matt Cole held up his hands, alarmed. "What is it? You keep shouting that name."

Even Townsend stepped backward. "Who is this Sigmund?"

"Cousin!" Adolph gasped.

"Is he dead, then?" asked Cole. "You look like you've seen his ghost."

"Not dead! Not ghost! Living!" Pinto was throwing his arms out, from sheer excitement, like a man taking his exercise. His sleeves crept far up his arms. "In Pressburg," he added.

"But why do you call him?"

"He bit his tongue!" Adolph cried. Then, clearly exhausted, he sank motionless upon the vacated stump. Only his Adam's apple continued visibly to throb. When he spoke next, his voice was under control. "He came into the cellar. Down the steps. To the soap vats. He had a handkerchief. I can see it. Then he bit off the end of his tongue."

"Unlucky for him. But I shall be late for Webster."

"You do not comprehend! Of course you do not! My heart is beating! Listen, my friends! The handkerchief! He held it to his nose. On this handkerchief—this *ordinary* handkerchief, ha, ha, ha!—was the potion that Mr. Morton poured onto his sponge!"

"Oh." Cole laughed. "A scented handkerchief. Oil of oranges."

"Not oranges! Sulfuric ether."

"Ether! That's mad! Half Harvard College has breathed it in the ether frolics. It's old hat. I've taken the fumes myself. They gave me a headache."

"Matt, be still a moment." Townsend turned to Pinto, who sat trembling on the rough wooden stump. "Go back a bit. Be calm. Those soap vats—that's your father's business?"

"Father and uncle both together," answered the boy. "Soap business. Cheap bars are melted, the fine perfume added, the new bars formed once more. Ether was used to draw the scent. We were the first to use it. Even Vienna came after us. Perfect with rose petals, or jasmine, even ambergris. You see, here is the vat, what you call a still. The flowers are placed in the center, high up, on a rack. Up rise the vapors, only to fall back in drops through the blossoms. This is repeated, again, again, like the percolation of coffee."

"Yes. Very well. But it still gives me a headache," said Cole.

"Also me. From escaping steam. Bad headaches. But I would have visions, too, like the students in the frolics. I would see always the steam forming itself into—what? Into profiles. Marble busts. Creamy marble. Bust of Harvey. Bust of W. A. Mozart. Bust of the diplomatist Talleyrand. Sometimes I would address these steam people, because of their likeness to life. Ha! Ha! Stupid! Stupid business! *Dr. Harvey!* I would say this out loud. *Talk to me! Tell me about circulation of blood!*"

Townsend snapped his fingers in his impatience. "Everyone knows ether is a solvent. Everyone knows it makes you dream. This is nothing, Pinto."

"Now I will tell about Sigmund. First cousin. Older. Aged then twenty-three. It was his habit to pour rectified ether onto a handkerchief. To fold it. To carry it, like a violinist, under his chin. Thus, one morning, I look up from my place in the cellar. Sigmund. On the stairway. On his shoulder, the handkerchief. His head is going up and down. 'Adolph!' he cries to me. '*Der Gott Merkur hat Füsse mit Flügeln!*' I translate: The god Mercury has ankle-wings. No. Winged shoes, perhaps. Then he took a step—perhaps he thought he was flying?—and fell to the cellar floor."

"I don't see—neither of us sees—" Cole began, "what this has to do with Morton or the operation."

"Everything to do! We run to him, my cousin. He feels no pain! But, see! He has bit off half his tongue!"

A pause. A brief pause. Then Cole once more: "Yes, I see. But he fell. Perhaps the shock—? The blow to the head—?"

"*Ja! Ja!* The fall, the shock. We thought this too. *Now* I know different. *Now!* It was the ether. I smelled it this morning. The same smell! Not that alone. In addition! I had once more the fata morgana. The mummy moved! The statue moved! Like a marble bust! And the mummy was trying to speak, like Sigmund!"

"Could it be? Townsend, could it be?"

"Fool! Fool!" Adolph struck his own head a blow. "Not to see it! Not to know! Many times I would soften the ambergris from the whale. You squeeze it with your hands. Many times I would pull my hands out—cut, bleeding, scratched. This was from the beaks of the squid, the octopus, that the old whale had eaten. What is this? Cut? Bleeding? But I feel nothing! Not any scratch! Nothing!"

Now Townsend struck himself too—not on the head, but three times, on the thigh. "Ether! Ether, then! My God!"

"Is it, Frank? Is it?"

"Yes! It has to be! The same smell! The same hallucinations! The same insensibility to pain!"

A broad and quite silly smile broke out on Matthew Cole's face. The patches of pink on his skin deepened and spread. Then he laughed. "Ha! Ha! I'm sorry! Can't help it! Ha! Ha! I'm laughing against my will!" Hugging himself, the young man staggered off the lot onto the road. "We know! No one else does! No one in the world!"

Townsend stood solemn, his chin on his fist. "Besides Morton, you mean."

Cole stopped laughing, as abruptly as he had started. "And Frost? What about him?"

"No, I think not. Why should the dentist let him in on the secret, any more than Abbott?"

Adolph, forgotten, rose from the stump. "Here is a theory: The beaks of the squid irritate the whale, which then secretes the ambergris like a lubricant, like oil. It is a sign of sickness, of disease."

Neither Townsend nor Cole paid attention. The latter had begun giggling again. "Then it is true! Hee, hee, hee! Only we know! That's funny!"

Townsend hissed him into silence. His brow was marked

by the omega more deeply than ever. The wind whipped through the dark shock of his hair. "The whole world will know soon enough, if we fail to act. Morton means to repeat his experiment in the morning. He'll apply for his patent the minute he's done. That means one of us must leave for the capital tomorrow. Cole, you find the fastest way. Try the offices of the Western Railway. Use coaches where you must. Pinto: fetch an animal. A cat. A dog—you can find something on the Common. Anything alive. I shall go to Burnett's for the ether. I'd swear that's where Morton got it himself. We'll meet again in an hour, sooner if we can. Where? Not in your rooms, Cole. Your sisters will be there. And not at Mason Street, either. There's not a room at the school without some fool of a student in it. Do you know the hotel on Scollay Square? The east side? Yes, the Lafayette! The first of us back take a room. In the name of Wells. Wells! So! We are partners. It is a great venture. You agree? Yes, agreed? Then, go!"

Cole whirled and ran to Ashburton Place. Townsend headed for Somerset Street, racing downhill pell-mell. Adolph rose to follow, but his boot caught on a tangle of roots, and he fell face first to the ground. He braced himself, but the gravel, the small pebbles, ground into the meat of his hand. The little accident hurt him, he realized, more than a severed tongue had hurt Sigmund. Pinto shuddered. What a lot of blood there had been! Pouring from his cousin's open mouth. He started to brush the dirt from his hand, but stopped, frozen. It suddenly struck him how close he had come, *within a whisker*, as they said in this country, of making the discovery then. It was as if Sigmund had been trying to tell him the secret, only the words kept coming out in unintelligible language.

Adolph began to walk, not downhill, toward the Common, but unconsciously back to the little knoll. His brain beat so terrifically with thoughts that he believed he could feel it in motion inside his skull. And one thought above all: had he not, in Pressburg, on the cellar floor, wondered why his cousin was feeling no pain? Yes, he had. Of course he had. *Ist es der Äther?* Could it be the ether? Had he asked that question? Yes. Again, yes. He had. All that he had lacked was the proof of the answer. Now he could demonstrate that very thing. Not by running after animals, live animals, or taking train rides to the capital. Better by far would be to tell Dr. Warren. He knew where the old man lived. Indeed, from his perch he could make out the block—yes, and his own rooftop—on Park Street below. Minutes away! Imagine how surprised the surgeon would be to hear the news. *It is ether, sir. The liquid on the sponge. Only ether.*

—Are you certain? How can you know, child?

—I suspected this in the city of Pressburg, when a man there, after breathing the fumes, did not feel a wound to his tongue.

—But that tissue is sensitive. It is saturated with nerve ends.

—Exactly! Precisely! There is the clue!

—And why have you brought the formula to me?

—So mankind will benefit from it. You and I will offer it to them. As a gift. No payment of fee.

Then the doctor—Adolph saw this as clearly as he had any vision, the ash-faced Paddy, or the old marble busts—took off his famous cloak and draped it over his student's shoulders. Another vision: himself, somewhat older, his moustache fully grown in, standing on the Capitol steps. A crowd milled below him, congressmen in tall hats, citizens, men and women. They whispered together; they pointed him out. The discoverer! The inventor!

That daydream suddenly stopped. It was noontime, and in one church, then another, the bells began striking the hour. Gulls, cawing, and wrens lifted off all the spires and wheeled in the gusts of wind. These sounds, with the humming of the great hive of the city, rose upward, past the hill, past Adolph, and into the sky, from whose vast blue vault Bulfinch, and the Romans before him, had taken the plans for their domes.

ONE AFTER THE OTHER THE STUDENTS ARRIVED AT Scollay Square. Townsend was first. He registered as Horace Wells, of Hartford, and left word to give any person who asked for him the number of his room. Cole came next, and minutes later Pinto, hunched over, with one arm out of his sleeve. Townsend pointed to the brown, corked bottle on the wooden mantel. Cole in turn spread out a timetable, Boston to Washington, via Providence and the ferry. Then Pinto threw open his coat, so the others could see the pigeon he clutched to his breast. At once the bird struck over his hand, toward them, then drew back its head. Its green mane puffed like a lion's. It had a red eye. No one, in all that time, had said a word.

The room was on the second floor of the hotel, facing an alley. The windows in the bank building opposite had a view of the chamber. Townsend drew both sets of curtains over the unfastened glass. The light in the room grew dim, hazy, and orange. Cole reached for the bowl of the lamp on the dresser. Townsend stopped him.

"No. Flammable." He said this hoarsely, in a whisper.

For some reason Cole whispered too. "What shall we do?"

Pinto felt the fierce little heart of the bird tripping beneath his fingers. "Yes. What to do?"

The three conspirators looked at each other. Townsend acted. He stripped the quilt from the bed and shook one of the pillows from its cover. Then he uncorked the ether and sprinkled the liquid over the linen case. Immediately the smell filled the room. Cole brought his handkerchief to his nose. Townsend lifted the slipcase, which was drenched right through. He held it, stretched open, toward Pinto.

"All right," he said, in a normal voice. "Drop it in."

Adolph leaned forward. He thought with a pang of how he had captured the bird. A row of three pigeons had been standing on a flat stone cornice, with their tailfeathers to



the wind. The gusts made them look blown inside out. He had held a bit of muffin in his palm. Two of the birds flew off at once, but the third turned in a circle and pecked at the crumbs. He netted it with a swirl of his coat. He knew he could free it as easily now. He made up his mind to cross the room—two strides would do it—and thrust the pigeon through the drapery, into the air. He felt its tiny legs pushing against his chest. “Shhh,” he said, as if to calm it. Then he plunged the bird to the bottom of the sack.

Instantly Townsend clamped the top and held it against the horsehair mattress. The bird flapped wildly within. You could see it, as if in relief, whenever it hurled itself against the clinging walls. A whole moment went by. The solvent did not seem to be working. If anything, the pigeon’s efforts to free itself grew more frantic. Once the entire pillowcase rose from the bed, half flying. The wet linen yanked and jerked and writhed.

Cole was horrified. “It’s enough, Townsend. We’ve made a mistake.”

Adolph moved to the window, for air. He was afraid of another hallucination. “Please,” he called back. “Permit it to go.”

Townsend hung on. “There’s no mistake. We’ll see it through. Now look! It’s taking. He’s slacking off. It’s taking!”

This was true. The movements in the sack were growing feeble, and in seconds stopped entirely. The linen lay limp, with a dark, damp bulge in the center.

“Done, by God!” said Cole. It was as if his voice—high, excited—had never broken. “Hurry! Open up!”

Townsend upended the pillow slip, and the bird, with a dozen loose feathers, tumbled out. The three students leaned over the bed. The pigeon was on its side, its head bent into its iridescent breast. Cole poked it with a finger. No response. Then he extended a wing tip and let it drop. It did not fully close.

“Sleeping,” he said. “As sound as Abbott.”

But Adolph lifted the head, so they could see the single drop, like a ruby, of blood on its beak. “Dead. Of heart burst.”

“No,” said Townsend, quite calmly. “Suffocation.”

Cole pushed both his comrades aside. “Dead? Don’t say dead. I tell you it’s the coma. I’ll stick him. He’ll wake from that.” With the pin from his collar he actually made a stab at the bird. But Pinto, half flinching, knocked his arm aside. Cole, unnerved, turned on him. “It’s your doing, Pinto. You’ve cheated. Brought a pigeon! An *animal*, you were told. Something large, something warm-blooded. It’s the same childish fear you showed in the theater. You’ll die from your fright some day!” So saying, Cole pushed Adolph off his feet, onto the bed.

Townsend stepped at once between them. “Stop it, Cole. What’s come over you? The dose was too large, that’s all. That’s one of the factors we’re here to learn. You’ll get your chance to cut and stab.”

Adolph swung upright on the bed. “No. I take the

blame. Coward! Cowardliness! This was my thought: From a pigeon there will not be a scream.”

Townsend laughed easily, from pleasure. He had moved to the double curtain and was staring into the alley below. “Cole, on the ground floor I see a fire door leading to the alley. Wait for me there. Give me fifteen minutes. When I pound three times, let me in. You shall have your beast, warm, red-blooded, and all.” By the time he had finished these instructions, he had crossed the room and stepped into the corridor of the hotel. Cole trotted after him.

“Frank, are you laughing? Why? I can’t see the joke.”

But Townsend outdistanced him on the rear wooden stairway. The next moment, as Pinto noted from a crack in the window curtains, he had made the alley, heading for Scollay Square.

What the joke was Cole discovered when, some ten minutes later, he heaved the iron door open and Townsend, with a brown-spotted setter, came rushing through. “It’s Venus!” he cried, thunderstruck.

And so, moaning and whining and shivering with delight, it was. Even Pinto burst into laughter when he saw Cole’s, or rather Cole’s sister’s, dog. That young man was of course not amused. He stood, his skin damp and blotched, against the room’s whitewashed wall. “Does Betty know? Did she see you? How was it done?”

“Oh, no one will know. I came round the front of Pemberton Crescent and saw that your sisters were having their meal. I called the bitch from the garden in back. I am sorry, Cole. I didn’t do it for a joke. It’s the only way I knew to continue.”

The setter, meantime, was moving from one boy to the other. She had her brush of a tail tucked between her legs, and her hindquarters, actually the whole rear half of her body, was aquiver.

Townsend laughed. “She’s such a cur!”

Venus, mistaking his words for an invitation, began to grovel by his feet. Pinto kneeled, and she turned there, thrusting her head into his lap, groaning from pleasure.

“Hold her, little Adolph!” Townsend said this over his shoulder. He was pouring more ether onto the pillow slip.

Cole’s tie had come loose and hung in strands down his shirtfront. “You’re not going to put her head in the sack, are you? I can’t allow that.”

“No,” Townsend replied. “We’ll go back to the tried and proven.” He displayed the linen, which he had folded into a bulky square.

Adolph grappled with the dog. She dug backward, trying to slip her head from the collar. She rolled her eyes up at them from beneath her furrowed brow. Townsend, to the amazement of the others, began to croon.

“So, Venus, pretty Venus: such a pretty, pretty Venus. Venus, so beautiful, so good—”

The setter, enchanted, pushed her head toward him, directly into the fume-filled mask. Townsend dropped on her, clamping his arms around her body. Adolph held the collar with both hands. The bitch twisted, but Townsend forced

the cloth over her snout. The struggle did not last a moment. First the dog's bladder let go, soaking the carpet and the cuff of Townsend's pants. Then, with a shudder, her legs buckled and she collapsed to the floor.

"Not too much. Isn't that too much?" Cole had not yet moved from his place by the wall.

"To the count of ten," Townsend answered.

Pinto released the leather collar. The smell of the urine, of the ammonia in it, was as strong as the ether.

"Enough! Enough! Enough!" Cole shouted, as the seconds went by.

Townsend lifted the mask; the dog was clearly sleeping. Her lips were withdrawn, smilingly, showing her pink-and-black gums. Her tail thumped once, still trying to please. The three men breathed more heavily than she.

"We need a knife. Why didn't I think of it?" said Townsend.

Pinto, of all people, took one out, a penknife, small, shining, silver. He used it for his nails. Townsend grasped it and knelt with one knee on the end of the animal's tail. Sawing with both hands, he cut through.

"By God. By God." That was Cole.

"She did not blink," said Adolph. "Not an eyelash."

Blood trickled from the remaining stump of tail. Townsend pressed his own clean handkerchief to it. The bleeding stopped. For a moment the room grew still. The boys listened to the even, unruffled respiration of the sleeping dog. Someone walked down the outside corridor from one end to the other. The closed curtains rose and fell, as if they were breathing too.

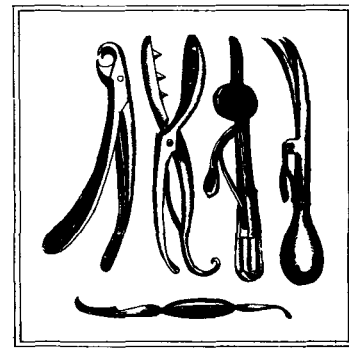
Without a word Cole stepped forward and held out his hand for the knife. Townsend gave it to him. Cole drew the sharp edge through the dog's ear. It caught in the fur. He slashed again, until he had carved the tissue in two. Then he held the ear up, like a trophy. From where they crouched on the floor, the two students turned to look at Pinto. He stared back. They were bloody, their hands red with it, with separate shining spots on Cole's cheek and on Townsend's chin. They grinned at him, their mouths half open.

Pinto wondered what to do. He knew he could run. Yes, run! And he knew he could join them. Cole was holding the knife out. Adolph took it. He turned the dog's head, to get at the unwounded ear. It was, on the inside, as smooth and pink and curving as a mollusk shell. His own ears rang, the very air drummed against them, as if to protest the deed. He cut the flap cleanly. He used such force that the point of the knife went through the carpet and stuck in the floor. Adolph knew, from the expression on his friends' faces, that he, no less than they, was grinning.

Cole said, softly, dreamily, "We can do anything."

After a pause, Townsend replied. "Yes, anything."

The bitch moaned. She panted; her red tongue lolled. Then her legs began to move, all four of them, as if in her mind, rising toward consciousness, there was still a dream of catching a hare.



III

THE SAME WIND THAT HAD SCATTERED THE MORNING rain clouds blew up some new ones late in the afternoon. Near dusk the first drops started to fall. In the Harvard Yard, students ran toward Commons, protecting their heads with jackets or textbooks, as if for fear they might dissolve. A group of three or four huddled together beneath the dark-green umbrella that covered the match cart; but a bolt of lightning, with the thunderclap that followed, sent them flying to the solid stones of University Hall. They left behind only Popkin, professor of Greek, who discarded match after match in the vain attempt to light his cigar.

"A weak batch, I fear, sir," said Lewis, the match-seller, as the scholar jerked yet another stick through rough paper. It threw out sparks but did not light.

"No, no, no, no, no," said Popkin, seeming, as always, to suck the words in rather than speak them out. He stared myopically at the elements about them. "It is but the dampness of the storm, Lewis. *The rude wind is singing*. Shelley, of course. I believe I'll purchase a box to take with me. They are bound to catch fire inside." Before Lewis, a black man, could reply, Popkin put a stack of coins on the edge of the wagon and—ducking through the raindrops as through a beaded curtain—walked briskly away. He left his matches behind.

A word about Lewis, who remained upon his three-legged stool. Cole and Townsend, who had both attended the College, knew him, as did generations of students, going back nearly to the days of the Revolutionary War. Indeed, he had been at the College so long—had *always* been there, it seemed—that no man alive could say whether Lewis was his given or his family name. Popkin, A.B. '92, had employed him as a scout, and the young man had been plain "Lewis" even then. Not long after the turn of the century, Lewis bought an Instantaneous Light Box. Cole's father, the minister, class of 1818, still could remember waking up to find the Negro in his doorway, plunging his potassium stick into his bottle of acid, making a tiny blaze. For a penny he, and other scholars, were spared having to bank up coals for the night.

From the day he arrived in Cambridge, Lewis had

limped. His story was that he had been wounded when, a boy of ten, he had been trapped with the British at Yorktown. Like many of the Negroes there, he had dug a cave at the river's edge, to wait out the cannonade. But the barrage, the greatest in history—100- and 200-pound shells bursting over the village and whirling unexploded along the beach—crushed all such defenses. Minute by minute, the townfolk around him were being blown into pieces or buried alive in the sand. The ones who broke for the river at night were struck by the red-hot shot that the French aimed over the town, into Cornwallis's fleet. Lewis had come out of his pit to see the beauty of the sight. In the river, flames were jumping from the mast of one ship to the mast of another. White columns of water shot upward like the spouts of whales. He told the students the clouds in the sky had been on fire. Because he had wanted to see this, the howitzer shell that burst over his empty shelter did nothing worse than shoot slivers of metal into his foot.

Then came the surrender, with all its confusion. Lewis found himself in one of the hospital tents of Washington's troops. Each day the commander in chief walked through the aisle. From his cot Lewis could have touched his coat-tails, or his scabbard. *Well, boys*, said the General to his soldiers, *you have felt the bullet's sting and heard the bullet's whistle. It hurts, but there is something charming in the sound.*

A lieutenant, a senior at Harvard, brought Lewis back to Cambridge as his valet. When the officer took his degree, Lewis stayed on, waiting on others. He had always lived in the wide, low-ceilinged attic under the roof of Hollis. He still managed that climb, though the pain in his foot—it grew worse, not better, with time—had long since made it impossible to tramp up the stairways of Stoughton and Harvard and Massachusetts halls. The class of 1830 had bought him his two-wheeled cart, and there he had sat, year in and year out, in good weather and bad, until each day's meal in Commons was done.

In his first years at this stand, Lewis used the bottle and sticks he had always carried from room to room. But when friction matches came in, he invested in Lucifers, which were lit by pulling the head of the stick through a fold of glass paper. His brand never worked. There would be a shower of sparks, and puffs of sulfur, but it was the rare match that actually flared. It was charity, then, and a kind of custom, to buy from Lewis, especially after he refused to switch to the new locofocos, which could be struck anywhere. "A poor batch, sir," he told the students. "Weak lot, I'm afraid." Still the young men tossed in their pennies, never bothering to take their matches—matches that Lewis still sold in the original yellow boxes, with a red devil on them, smirking and winking, with flames for hair.

In only minutes the shower worked itself up to a full-fledged storm. The sky lowered and the brown clouds bumped into each other. The rain blew sideways across the Yard, under Lewis's umbrella. The three medical students—Townsend, Pinto, Cole—watched from an arch-

way as the old man spread his coat over the yellow boxes. The boys were wet through themselves. Water dripped from Cole's hat brim like a row of Spanish tassels. Townsend carried a large leather medicine bag, which he had taken from his father's surgery the moment that office had closed. It shone like licorice beneath the beating rain. Pinto stood between them, clutching the ether bottle. He squinted into the strange, tan light. All he could see of the black man was the shine of his teeth and the white, woolly cap of his hair.

"Is that the one? The man with the wounded foot?"

Townsend had his free hand on Pinto's shoulder. "Wait. You'll see. He's about to leave."

True enough, the match-seller was already on his feet, sweeping his heap of boxes into the drawers fitted beneath the wagon. Quickly he collapsed the billowing umbrella and lashed it tight. The stool he hooked over the handrail. In the Yard the earth was already turning to mud. Lewis rocked the cartwheels, to free them. Then he pushed his contraption across the quadrangle toward the shed where it was stored. Pinto saw how the lurching man dragged his right foot behind him.

"Come on!" cried Cole. He plunged over the walkway to Hollis, his companions no more than a step behind.

They reached the hall ahead of the Negro, and waited for him on the landing of the stairs. They heard the thump of his walk, and then a hollow clicking, long before they saw him pull himself up the banister rail. The click was the sound of his teeth, still strong and white; they were clattering from the chill. He saw them by the fading light at the casement windows.

"Mr. Cole, sir! I am very pleased to see you. And Mr. Townsend. A pleasure to see you, as well. And this—" He poked forward his large, straight nose, quite like the nose of a white man, and hauled himself up another step. "This is not a Harvard man."

Cole did the honors. "This is our friend, Adolph Pinto, from the Hungarian Empire. But he's enrolled with us in the Medical College."

The banister was on Lewis's left. So he held up his right arm and shook hands with the boy. How thin that old man was! How delicate! Adolph, surprised, saw him wince from the grip. If the man hadn't been black, he thought, he could have seen right through him. A faint mist of steam rose from his clothes, as it did from the students'. But there was a smell to it—like a flower-stem odor, thought Pinto, when the flowers have been left in the vase too long.

"The young men are still at Commons," said Lewis. "Have you come to visit a friend in Hollis? There are a number here who intend to study medicine."

Cole spoke for the others. "The fact is, Lewis, we've come to see you."

Pinto could not help interrupting. "It is about the foot. We are able to help. We will treat it without causing the least pain in the world."

"We've seen it grow worse, Lewis, over the years.

There may be lead there. A poison in your bloodstream." Townsend leaned down to where the black man was standing some steps below. "We are prepared to perform an operation now, at this moment, in your rooms. In an hour you might be cured."

Lewis smiled, but his face seemed a shade lighter. "Mr. Townsend, I understand you wish to help me and put into practice the things you have learned. I thank you for your thoughts and for your kindness. But this cannot be done. How could you cut me when I cannot touch myself? When I cannot bear even to remove my shoe?"

Cole pushed both colleagues aside. "You did not listen, Lewis. There won't be pain. This is a new thing. We have seen it used for the first time on a patient this morning. He slept through the cutting, and so will you. The vapors in that bottle will make it impossible for you to feel so much as a pinprick."

The old Negro rubbed his long, dimpled chin. The whites of his eyes were actually a butter-yellow.

Adolph, all unawares, felt a sob working its way up his throat. He feared fresh tears were springing to his eyes. "Mr. Lewis. I have learned from my friends how you received your wounds. The terrible bombardment! The suffering of so many people! Finished with that! Finished! We are going to remove such pain from the earth. You help us! You help us do it!"

But Lewis shook his head. "I have borne it this long. I believe I will bear it the little while longer."

"And you hardly strong enough to climb to your room!" Cole exclaimed.

As if to dispute this, the old man began to heave himself past them, half-hopping upward, step by step. He crossed his arms on the railing, like a man climbing rope. The students watched, not interfering. In seconds he stopped, tottering, and crumpled on the stairs. They heard his teeth rattle again.

Cole started to climb, but Townsend thrust the medicine bag into his arms and went up the steps alone. "Poor Lewis. The pain. Poor Lewis. It hurts him. It hurts poor Lewis." His friends, coming behind him, heard that he was speaking with the same tone he'd used upon the dog.

"I am well. I am not hurt," Lewis said. He pulled himself onto his elbow, to see what the former Harvard man would do.

Townsend continued crooning, always on the note of the Negro's name. But the little penknife, the one they had used on the setter, was in his hand. With one swift motion he slit the cracked boot from top to bottom and twisted it off the dark, swollen foot. Lewis cried out. Half of his rotted stocking had come away too. Cole and Pinto leaned back, away from the rising stench. But Townsend bent nearer, wiping his own damp brow with his sleeve. Then he snorted. "It's what I thought. What I always thought. A fraud!"

He held the man's big foot up for his friends. Even in the dimming light they saw where the toe had been lacerated

by the ingrown nail. Cole guffawed. "Higher. Get the light on it. It's nothing but the nail!"

Pinto did not laugh. "Is it not true? You were not at the famous Yorktown?"

Lewis's red-rimmed eyes were bulging from pain. "I could touch him. I was close to him. I smelled the powder in the General's hair."

Townsend said, "He's told the story so often he thinks it's true."

At that moment, below them, the first of the Hollis men began to crowd into the entry. They were laughing because of the rain.

"Would you help me to my room?" asked Lewis.

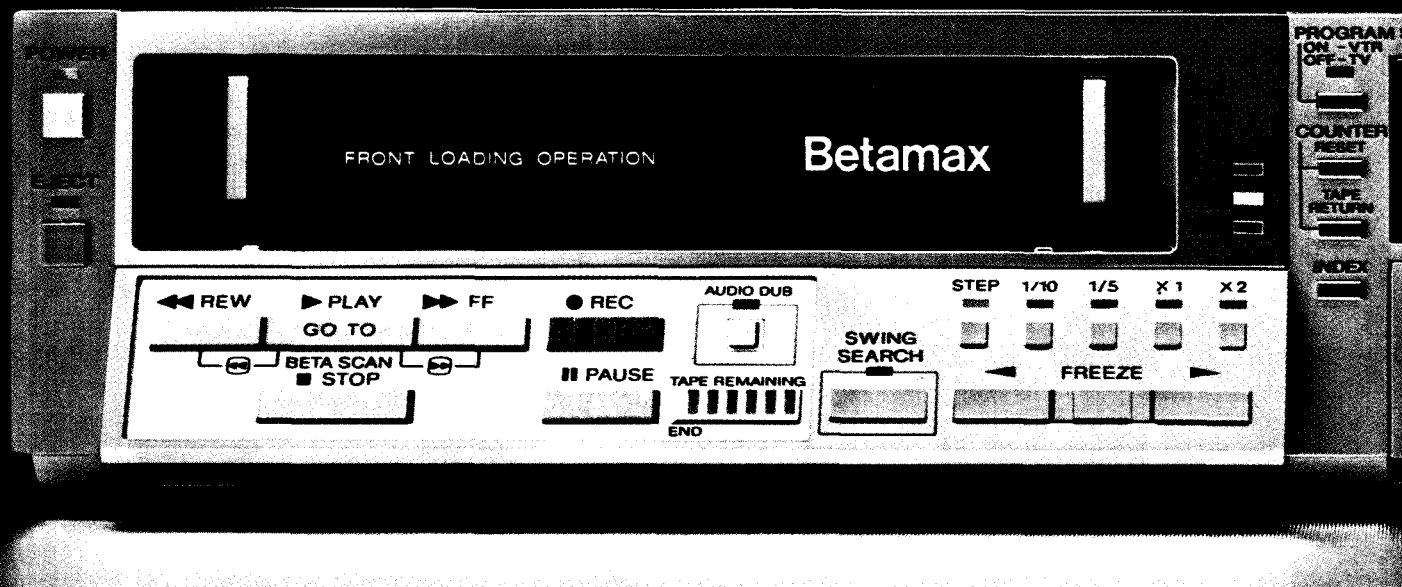
Adolph saw the chance at the same instant Cole did. They said, in chorus, "You will let us?"

"He will!" laughed Townsend. "He wants to keep his secret." With that he threw the old fellow's arms over his shoulders and then, as easily as if Lewis had been made of his own matchsticks, lifted him upon his back. He trod with his burden up the rest of the stairs.

Cole followed, with the medicine bag. Adolph, cringing a little, picked up the slit boot. He brought up the rear. Behind him the whole stairwell was echoing with the laughter of the Harvard men, and their ringing footsteps, and their shouts.

THE LOW ATTIC ROOF ROSE AT THE CENTER, WHERE IT was possible to stand; at the outer edges, however, the angle of the rafters grew so acute you had to move on all fours. There were three windows, two round ones flanking a rectangle, built into the wall; but night had fallen and they gave neither light nor—as Cole discovered when he tried to force them open—air. For a time that young man stood stooping, nearly gagging from the rank odor that filled the room. The others looked about them by the light of a whale-oil lamp that was hooked, feeble and guttering, to a beam. Much of the space was filled with the books that Lewis had bought with his savings, or that had been given him—this was a Yard tradition—by departing seniors. The collection lay heaped in the niches or scattered over the floorboards in piles. Here and there among them were the original Lucifer cartons, ripped and bulging and stained. Clothing—two coats, limp trousers, several white shirts—hung from nails driven into the rafters. There was a bed with metal springs and a thin horsehair mat, and near it one table, one chair. The only color came from the fading bindings of the books; otherwise, no painting, no ornament, no brightness anywhere. On the round table stood a white clay pitcher, a pair of gold spectacles, and two eggs. The rain beat loudly, as if the roof above them were made from tin.

Cole, hunched over, a handkerchief to his nose, retreated to the door. "It is off. It is over. No air to breathe. No light to see by. It's over." His friends knew he was thinking of the risk of explosion.



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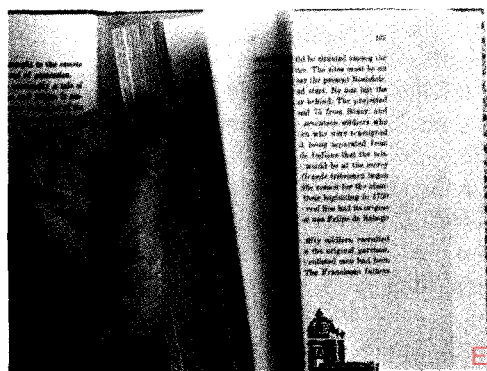
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Townsend walked to the lamp and turned it higher. "No. We'll have the light."

"But the books, the sulfur matches, the rafters—there will be a conflagration."

Lewis lowered himself to the straight-backed chair. "What is the matter?"

"It's fire, Lewis," Cole replied. "The compound might explode if brought near the flame. We must put everything off until we can find another space, or at least until daylight."

"What is your opinion, Mr. Townsend?"

"My opinion is the risk is small. We ought to operate now."

There was a pause. Lewis leaned his head on his hand and stretched his leg out, so they could all see the swollen, clubbed-looking foot. "And you will be the one to remove the nail?"

"No," Townsend answered. Then he pointed at Pinto. "He will."

It was no surprise to Adolph. Why shouldn't he be the one? He knew he was the best surgeon, not only of the three of them but of any in the dissecting class. Yet fear surged through him, and his skin felt as if it had been rubbed with ice.

The black man looked at the boy. "Will you take long?"

Adolph stood stiffly. He almost shouted, "*Nein!*"

"How long?"

Drei Minuten! But he caught himself in time to say, "Three minutes only."

There was another pause. It seemed to the students that the man had dozed off, his cheek on his palm. Then, from that position, he said, "Well, I have already read all my books."

Townsend sprang forward. "Good! Cole, quick, your handkerchief! Good! Good! Little Pinto! My pet! Unstop the bottle. Come, no trembling! It's an historic moment!"

But Adolph did tremble, so much so that the ether was churning to froth. Townsend snatched it from him and soaked the handkerchief. In no time the fumes mingled with the smell of festering in the room. But the flame in the lamp held steady. Cole, seeing that, giggled from relief. Townsend spread the wet cloth and held it to the black man's face. He told him to breathe through his nose. Lewis did so. In seconds the lids of his eyes dropped shut. The sound of the rain was to all of them like the sound of a drum.

Cole loosened the old man's pants and pulled them off his body, over his remaining boot. Then he and Pinto laid him on the bed, while Townsend kept the handkerchief over his mouth and nose. Cole swung the hurt leg out from the mat, to the wooden seat of the chair. It was like a long, ash-colored stick.

Pinto chose a knife from the medicine bag and walked, nearly on tiptoe, to the propped-up foot. He looked back to the head of the bed, where Townsend at last raised the cloth. The patient sighed once. His head dropped to one

side and his mouth hung open. Adolph thought of the sleeping dog. And then of the pigeon. And then of the blood at its beak.

Cole seized the suspended shin with both hands, as if to wring it. "Cut!" he commanded.

Here was something amazing: Adolph still trembled, his whole body shook; but his hands, like those of a completely different person, were nerveless as stone. He drew the knife across the toe, below the curl of the nail. The flesh sloughed beneath the blade.

"Wait." He made another incision, this time at the joint. He looked up, wide-eyed. "No blood."

Cole released his grip, then peered down at where his fingers had been. They left no impression on the flesh.

Pinto put his hand there. "Cold."

"Try the pulse," said Townsend.

Cole placed his fingers at the curve of the ankle. "None. There's none!"

Townsend again: "Pinto. Another incision. But higher."

Adolph hesitated, suddenly afraid that with this cut the patient would scream. But he brought the knife down into the skin above the ankle. No sign of bleeding. Grimly, he plunged the blade into Lewis's calf. It was like cutting a crumbling cheese. He dropped the knife. There was a moan, from Cole, not the Negro. "It's terrible. It's terrible."

"Now listen. Do what I tell you. Pick up the knife. Go higher. Still higher."

Adolph obeyed Townsend's orders. The cut he made now was a long curving line a hand's width below the knee. The purple blood oozed from the severed vein.

"*Ja!*" he cried, in triumph.

Townsend half rose, looked, then ripped one of the coats off its rafter nail. He held it out to Cole. "Tie it here," he said, demonstrating on his own thigh where the tourniquet was to go.

But Cole stood frozen with the black coat in his hands. "What are we doing? What are we thinking of? We're only to deal with the toe!"

"We've no choice. You know it's gangrene. Now our achievement will be greater than Morton's. Greater than Warren's. It's a piece of luck, don't you see?"

"Luck!"

"For Lewis, too! If we hadn't arrived, he would have died within thirty-six hours. So tie! I tell you, tie!"

Cole bent to do it. The Negro's thigh was so thin the sleeve of the coat went round it twice. The student twisted the ends together. The blood flow stopped as neatly as if he had closed a spigot. Cole squatted there, keeping the pressure firm.

Adolph, meanwhile, searched the bag for the instruments he needed to cut off the leg. He chose a larger, semi-circular knife and a saw. Mechanically, he attached the ligature to the curving needles and pinned them to his lapel. He told himself that what happened here, in Hollis, was no different from what was daily done on Mason Street, in the

anatomy sections. He had seen a dozen amputations at the thigh. He had practiced himself, on corpses. After all, the Negro's gray skin was like that of the cadavers; he, like them, would not feel a thing.

"Why are we waiting?" Cole asked him. "Are you dreaming? Why do you smile?"

Pinto knew. He had just pictured himself with one of the red-wool caps they all wore in the dissecting room. Here was the little joke everyone told: *to make them bloody-minded*.

It was Townsend who said, "Amputate."

The greater part of Lewis's leg was suspended between the chair and the bed. Adolph put his left hand on the knee and with his right hand made a circular cut, completely around the thigh. The two halves of skin pulled away from each other. He repeated his action, digging well into the meat of the groove. The muscles parted in the same way, as if strong men were pulling them from either side. The arteries and veins were practically dry. Adolph put the knife in his mouth, the way Hayward did with his patients, and tied the vessels off, leaving a series of dangling threads. The sciatic nerve, glistening and white, was still intact. He pulled it downward and cut it with the tension still on it, so that the top half burrowed upward, like a worm into its hole. He wondered how much time had gone by. A minute, he guessed. Warren could sever a limb in fifteen seconds, and that with the patient writhing, screaming, and three men to hold him down. A great man! A wonderful surgeon! He gripped the knife again and plunged it down as far as it would go.

"Hurry!" said Cole.

"Yes, faster," echoed Townsend.

Adolph, with his bare hands, forced the flesh simultaneously up and down the broomstick of bone. But before he could take up the saw he heard a sound that chilled them all. It was the click of the Negro's teeth striking together.

"He's waking!"

"No. Reflex!" But to take no chances, Townsend loosened the stopper on the ether bottle and moved the damp cloth near to hand.

Adolph placed his instrument on the femur, but did not dare saw. Inside the room, the wick, half consumed, threw shadows across the walls. They were like hands, waving, applauding, or like dark wings. He thought of the gull, flying over the dome top. How blue the sky was! How the light danced and rippled upon the glass! When had that been? Only this morning? Hours ago? Not years and years? Pinto cocked his head, trying to catch the call of the dockmen and the splash of waves. But all he could hear was the rain striking the rooftop, as if a drummer were perched there with his drum. Boom! Boom! Trum-trum-trum! The sound grew louder and louder. Now he could see the drummer, a British boy, in a red coat and tall hat, beating with his sticks, beating and beating. Adolph knew that if he began sawing, the sound of the drumbeat would never cease.

But he sawed. The teeth skipped across the slippery surface.

"Oh! Oh, God!" Cole, in his anxiety, was twisting the tourniquet into a knot.

Adolph tried once more, pulling the blade toward himself, raising it, pulling on the same spot again. The teeth caught and dug a track. He sawed faster, in both directions. The dust fell in a stream to the floor.

"That's it! That's it!" One or the other of his companions was shouting. "Saw harder!"

Adolph did, back and forth, like a woodsman, until the grinding sound of the blade was joined by the unmistakable drone of the Negro's voice. All three turned. Lewis was sitting up, eyes closed, declaiming a poem.

*Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
An' come to my arms and kiss me again!
Drunken or sober here's to thee, Katie!
And blest be the day I did it again.*

Each young man was struck dumb with horror. Then Cole let out a hysterical laugh. "It's Burns! Ha! Ha! Ha! Bobby Burns! The nigger is reciting from Burns!"

For a moment Pinto thought the fumes had brought on another vision. It was as if this time the mummy had found its voice. Then he realized it was Lewis, not he, who was dreaming. "More gas!" he was able to shout.

Townsend had already removed the rubber plug and was splashing ether onto the cloth. Suddenly Lewis stopped chanting and opened his eyes. His gaze was fixed on his half-severed limb. No one spoke or moved. Then the Negro took a breath, as if to recite again: but instead of the lyric, a dark stream of vomit came out of his mouth.

Confusion! All was confusion! Townsend forced Lewis down with the wet rag of ether. Cole clutched his own head and broke into tears. Adolph, not knowing what else to do, resumed his sawing. Then the worst came for Lewis. The debris of the vomit had lodged in his windpipe. He gagged and writhed. The black skin of his face turned a purple blue. His body, twisting and jerking, so loosened the tourniquet that all three arteries of his upper leg began to disgorge their load of blood. Cole lost his nerve completely. "He's dying!" he cried, and leaped from his station. Bumping his head on the rafter, blinded by tears, he began to grope toward the doorway. Townsend paid no heed. He forced his fingers into the match-seller's mouth, probing for the dregs of the spew. In four strong strokes Adolph sawed off the thighbone.

At that instant Cole reached the door and threw it wide open. Popkin, his cigar tip bright and smoking, stepped into the dimly lit room. "Lewis! Look here! See what I've got!" He sucked the words in, with his tobacco. "It's the latest volume of Keats!" For a moment the professor stood by the doorway, peering nearsightedly about. He did not see his former students or the black man on the mattress, the blood still spurting from his stump. Then from his breast pocket he plucked out his glasses, and put them on.

ANESTHESIA: WITHOUT FEELING, LOSS OF SENSATION, artificially induced insensibility to pain. One more thing from the Greek, of course, though the word was first applied to surgery by an American, Oliver Wendell Holmes, who became dean of the Harvard Medical School. And Adolph Pinto was right: the idea of life without pain was itself American, and nothing done here before or since has proved of such worth to the world. How strange, how ironical, that this blessing, which has spared so many from pain, should bring nothing but misery to those who discovered it. Well, perhaps not so strange. It's the way history likes to work. Even the great Columbus was once brought back to Spain in chains, like one of his slaves.

Briefly, then. Wells, the Hartford dentist, the man who came so near the prize, was arrested in New York City for throwing acid on some streetwalkers there. He had done this while under the influence of the chloroform that, as an experiment, he had deliberately inhaled. In his jail cell he breathed an even larger dose of that same anesthetic and—in the instant before sleep overcame him—slashed his thigh with a razor and bled to his death.

And so with Morton. His patents, little honored, much criticized, were not renewed. He spent the last years of his life in a bitter struggle with a Dr. Charles T. Jackson, who insisted that the dentist had stolen the idea of ether from him. Morton's breakdown also occurred in New York, soon after he read an article that backed his rival's claim. Physicians were called to his bedside, but he fled them, whipping his buggy up Broadway and into Central Park. There he ran to the boat pond and thrust his head, hot with humiliation and fever, under the water. It was not quite the end. The doctors ran up, but again Morton broke free of them. He dashed across the meadow and leaped over a fence, only to drop unconscious on the other side. His heart stopped some two hours after.

Jackson, no less than the others, seems the butt of an ironical prank. He was admitted to the very asylum in Boston where he had tested both ether and chloroform upon the inmates. He died there years later, a madman himself.

The careers of the three young doctors were of course hopelessly ruined. Cole remained at the Medical College through the end of the year, when the threat of the scandal forced him to withdraw. He left the city altogether, working on ships out of New York and Baltimore and Charleston, mostly as a plain seaman but on occasion, as the

need arose, as an amateur doctor. "It's a period of adventure for Matt," his father, the minister, told people who asked.

Pinto did not face his own family, who were living in Albany, still in the business of recasting soap. But he sent them long letters about life in the Massachusetts Medical School—his first operation, his first childbirth, his skill as a diagnostician. Once he wrote, "*Herr Doktor Warren, mein Freund, sagte zu mir in Englisch diese genauen Worte: 'I have not yet to see a young man having this promise.'*" The truth? The truth was that he grew even farther out of his coatsleeves and cuffs, up and up, though almost no food went in to explain it. Perhaps he ate sunlight, like a plant. No doubt he would have starved altogether except for the odd penny he earned running errands at the India Wharf. Later on, he gave lessons in German, and tutored the Harvard students who were having trouble in their Latin exams.

Townsend, you remember, had a head for figures: fourteen times two hundred thousand making two million eight hundred thousand. He went to work as a clerk, first in an accounting house, then in a bank. He performed his duties so well, with such single-mindedness, that when news of the gold strike in California reached Boston, it turned out he had saved more than enough money to go.

The patient, however, flourished. Lewis did not bleed or choke to death, and there was no further sign of the gangrene, which, had his limb not been removed, might well have killed him. He did not suffer from the shock of the operation itself, since all he remembered of it was a dream, one oddly like Pinto's. In it a drummer was beating a drum. Lewis said it was the same boy he had seen at Yorktown, drumming surrender, never once stopping until the artillerymen and the mortarmen saw him and the awful bombardment stopped. Soon he was back, selling his matches, walking about the Yard on the fine ivory leg that Matt Cole had bought him as a gift.

Last of all, Popkin. He retired from teaching that term, moved from his lodgings on campus, and never returned to the Harvard Yard. It was rumored that in his new home he did nothing but sit in an armchair and blow smoke from his Spanish cigars. Goody Morse, the college servant, brought him the same meals off the Yard that she had while he lived on it. She said he never once spoke to her except in Greek, a language that meant no more to the poor old woman than the green snakes and jackal-headed men that were painted on the walls of Paddy the mummy's tomb. □

*Congress has found an expensive solution
to what wasn't wrong with the economy*

THE MYTH OF OPPRESSIVE CORPORATE TAXES

BY GREGG EASTERBROOK

IN TERMS OF SHEER VOLUME of money, Ronald Reagan's most important accomplishment so far is also his least well known. It is the passage of a new business accounting procedure called the Accelerated Cost Recovery System, which is the heart of the largest corporate tax cut in U.S. history. ACRS, a provision of last summer's tax bill, will cost at least \$143 billion in lost tax revenue by 1986, dwarfing Reagan's budget cuts, of \$35 billion. Personal income-tax reductions and defense-spending increases scheduled by the administration may eventually involve more money than ACRS, but these programs have yet to take full effect and aren't certain to proceed as planned. ACRS is already in place.

When Reagan took office, he introduced a "clean" tax bill, with just two provisions—personal income-tax cuts and ACRS. Once it fell into the congressional whirlpool, however, the bill grew and grew until nearly every category of federal taxation was revised. (The finished bill had 121 sections; the bipartisan Joint Committee on Taxation's "general explanation" of it runs 411 pages.) As often happens in Washington, the central element of the bill—ACRS—was nearly forgotten when attention shifted to the legislative struggle over its accessories, such as lowered windfall-profits taxes on oil. Since the bill's passage, attention has shifted again, this time to its "tax leasing" section, which enables corporations to trade their tax benefits as if they were sacks of flour. The large sums involved in tax leasing are made possible by ACRS, which creates the surplus tax benefits being exchanged, according to Bernard Shapiro, director of tax policy for the accounting firm Price Waterhouse and former chief of staff of



the Joint Committee on Taxation. "The real issue is ACRS; leasing just makes ACRS visible," Mr. Shapiro says.

ACRS was not Reagan's idea. The U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the Business Roundtable, the National Association of Manufacturers, and other business groups had been lobbying for it for years. But Reagan's election gave ACRS the opening it needed to succeed on Capitol Hill. First, since it was designed to reward business investment in new equipment, it fit perfectly within the doctrines of supply-side economics. Supply-siders hold that business investment to create productive capacity, not buyer demand for goods

and services, is what drives the economy. Second, given the times, no politician dared appear to be "against business." ACRS would transfer a great deal of money to the business community, and whether or not the transaction would be good for the economy, it allowed congressmen who voted for it to describe themselves as "pro-business."

ACRS—sometimes called "10-5-3"—did away with the old business depreciation tables, which based tax benefits on how long a piece of equipment actually lasts, and "accelerated" deductions into the present. Before ACRS, there were 130 depreciation cycles, some of which lasted as long as sixty years. If, for example, bulldozers normally had useful lives of ten years, they had to be depreciated over ten years. ACRS eliminated the notion that depreciation should correspond to actual use. It shrank the Internal Revenue Service codes to four cycles: a three-year period for light trucks, electronics, and other short-lived assets; a five-year period for heavy trucks, machinery, and factory equipment; a fifteen-year period for most buildings; and a ten-year period for just about everything else. Bulldozers, for instance, are now depreciated over five years. In five

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years, a company's tax books will show a bulldozer bought in 1981 as fully depreciated and worth nothing, even though the machine will probably still be chugging around construction sites producing income.

ACRS also offers a feature that accelerates the acceleration—an accounting regimen called “150 percent declining balance.” Suppose the bulldozer cost \$100,000. By itself, ACRS provides (in simplified terms) five yearly write-offs of \$20,000 each. The declining-balance feature (again, a simplified description) increases the write-offs by 50 percent for the first two years, to \$30,000; the write-off for the third year is \$20,000, and for the fourth and fifth years, \$10,000.

Thus, under ACRS, the tax treatment of a \$100,000 bulldozer works roughly like this: The company begins by claiming a \$30,000 deduction for depreciation. This means that a \$30,000 deduction will exempt (shelter) \$30,000 of the company's profits from tax; since the corporate tax rate is 46 percent, the deduction will save the company nearly \$15,000. Next, the company claims a \$10,000 investment-tax credit, which is subtracted directly from its tax bill. (The 10 percent investment-tax credit has existed in various forms since 1962.) Combined, the two tax breaks save the company \$25,000. After the first year, the bulldozer produces no credits, since the investment-tax credit is a one-time benefit, but depreciation continues. Eventually this tax treatment will be even more generous. The declining balance will increase to 175 percent in 1985 and to 200 percent in 1986.

A FEW PROPONENTS OF ACRS PORTRAYED THE SYSTEM as an inflation fighter. “In recent years, the real value of depreciation allowances has been greatly eroded by inflation,” Donald Regan, the secretary of the Treasury, told the Congress in February of 1981. Any financial arrangement that takes years to play itself out can be upset by inflation; just as borrowers can benefit from an inflationary-period loan by paying it back with money worth steadily less, government can benefit from a long depreciation cycle by granting deductions of diminishing value. (If a \$100,000 bulldozer had been purchased in 1970 and depreciated over ten years, the initial \$10,000 write-off would have been worth a great deal more than the final \$10,000 deduction in 1980.) This contention was true as far as it went, but it took into account only a small portion of the picture. Inflation was also driving up corporate revenues at the same time that it diminished the value of depreciation allowances, and ACRS would be equally generous with or without inflation. The more important issue was whether ACRS would have the fundamental effect on business investment that supply-siders predicted. Murray Weidenbaum, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, told Congress that the economy was “drifting increasingly into stagnation, particularly with respect to productivity and net investment,” and that op-

pressive taxes were to blame. Only ACRS could reverse the slide.

Something was wrong with the economy, surely, but were taxes the villain? On paper, the 46 percent corporate tax rate is oppressive. But the paper rate bears little relation to what companies actually pay. Depreciation, investment credits, deductions for operating losses, and a wide variety of other tax benefits (pharmaceutical companies, for instance, receive exemptions for drugs manufactured in Puerto Rico) combine to cut the “effective” corporate tax rate to well below its official level. As new exemptions have increased relentlessly over recent years, so has the effective tax rate declined. Effective corporate tax rates were about 40 percent during the 1950s, 35 percent in the early 1960s, and 25 percent when Reagan took office, according to Dale Jorgenson, an economist at Harvard. Between tax benefits and lack of profits, even before ACRS, nearly *half* of the country's corporations paid no taxes, corporate tax studies by the IRS show. Likewise, corporate contributions to federal government revenues had been falling regularly, on a percentage basis, as exemptions grew. In 1960, business supplied 24 percent of federal revenues. By 1980, the figure had fallen to 12 percent. So, during the 1960s, a period enshrined in economic nostalgia as a great time to be a businessman, corporate taxes were a far greater burden than when Reagan endorsed ACRS; and all through the 1970s, when, according to Reagan and the supply-side theorists, taxes were supposed to be strangling business, their impact was in fact steadily decreasing.

Other statistics suggested that corporate taxes might not be the problem. About a week after Weidenbaum's dire statement concerning investment, the Commerce Department announced that for the first quarter of 1981, the onset of Reagan's presidency, the gross national product showed an 8.6 percent “real” increase—the highest increase in three years. Oddly, Reagan said nothing about this good news; Weidenbaum sheepishly called it “a nice start.” Then came more Commerce Department figures, showing that industrial investment was at its highest since World War II. Investment in 1980 had been 11.3 percent of GNP, compared with 10.5 percent of GNP in 1970 and 9.6 percent in 1960. ACRS supporters were not fazed by this news. They admitted that overall investment was increasing, but maintained that a lot of the money was being sunk into pollution control and other federally mandated luxuries that satisfied bureaucrats but did nothing to increase production. Weidenbaum himself was a longtime champion of this argument, and it explained his use of the term “net investment.”

Was capital disappearing into an unproductive never-never land? A good place to check seemed to be the steel industry, since it is particularly hard hit by environmental standards and is often cited as a victim of regulation. Yet Bethlehem Steel's capital expenses for pollution control were \$59 million out of an investment budget of \$418 mil-

lion in 1979; \$36 million out of \$506 million in 1980; \$45 million out of \$455 million in 1981. So an average of 10 percent of Bethlehem's capital resources has been diverted to nonproductive uses. Other steel companies have similar records. Assuming Bethlehem's experience to be the national rule—a generous assumption, considering that steel has regulatory difficulties few industries face—then the 1980 investment rate of 11.3 percent minus the 10 percent of that sum spent to satisfy regulations leaves a “net” investment rate of 10.2 percent, higher than it was in 1960.

Still, many large companies were floundering, unemployment was rising, and profits were falling. Most congressmen, frustrated by their inability to find a formula that would counteract these problems, felt that ACRS was worth a try. Democrats as well as Republicans fell into line behind the ACRS proposal.

Reagan considered placing one other provision in his original “clean” tax bill—reduction of the maximum tax on stock dividends (the “top rate”) from 70 percent to 50 percent. (Gains from stock ownership are taxed two ways—as dividends when the company distributes earnings and as capital gains when the shareholder sells his stock at a profit. Dividend tax rates are much higher than capital-gains tax rates, and, like the corporate rate, seem confiscatory. Generally they are avoided through tax shelters.) But since top-rate cuts would benefit upper-income taxpayers almost exclusively, Reagan's advisers feared that they might be politically treacherous. Reagan agreed, and word was put out among Capitol Hill Republicans: no talk of top-rate cuts would be allowed.

Spring of 1981 came, and Reagan's tax package began moving through Congress concurrent with his budget package, which was building irresistible momentum. Democrats began to sense that they couldn't beat the President on the budget but might win on taxes. Since they, too, were on record as favoring large tax cuts, substituting their terms for Reagan's would constitute winning. Democrats began to press for opening up the “clean” bill, and adding all the special-interest favors that, so far, the administration had valiantly resisted. Business lobbyists, of course, were delighted by this development. Major organizations such as the Business Roundtable and the National Association of Manufacturers were content with the clean bill and ACRS, but every minor pressure group in Washington wanted a rider to call its own. For a while, the

administration held its ground. Then the Democrats—in the person of William Brodhead, a Michigan congressman, a member of the Ways and Means Committee, and chairman of the liberal Democratic Study Group—endorsed the top-rate cut Reagan was afraid to advance.

In short order, the clean-bill strategy collapsed. Lobbying for many special breaks—tax credits for research and development, elimination of estate taxes, lower oil-company taxes—began in earnest. Slowly, more exemptions began to burrow into the administration bill. The White House trembled slightly when Congressman Dan Rostenkowski, of Illinois, the chairman of Ways and Means, proposed “expensing,” a depreciation scheme permitting even faster write-offs than ACRS

and, in some respects, more generous. A bidding war began, in which what was good for the country became secondary to what could be coaxed or rammed through Congress. It's a familiar Washington story, but one that bears repeating: long-range problems of national policy take a back seat to momentary political irritation.

As the bidding war intensified, Treasury Department officials who “ran the numbers” on ACRS became increasingly concerned that the program would produce more tax benefits than most companies could use. For the half of U.S. companies that already paid no

taxes, ACRS would be no incentive to invest. And ACRS would propel the many companies paying low taxes into the tax-free zone as well, leaving them with deductions to spare. Tax deductions, unlike operating losses, may not be carried forward or backward into other tax periods, nor, before Reagan, might they be transferred among companies, except by complicated, risky leases.

Years ago, a group of business lobbyists had predicted this side effect and had begun a quiet campaign for “refundability” of surplus tax credits. They were led by Charles Walker, a former deputy secretary of the Treasury Department. Walker's close ties to the Reagan camp have made him the most sought-after of Washington's tax lobbyists. Walker's idea was simple. If any company was not profitable enough to take advantage of the investment-tax credit, the Treasury would mail it a check for the unused portion.

At first, the idea—direct subsidies to mighty corporations, subsidies just for making routine business deals—embarrassed even its proponents. But that's what tax credits and depreciation were, after all—subsidies. Taxes,



it is useful to remember, were originally imposed for the single purpose of raising government revenues. There was no thought of rewarding or punishing any types of economic behavior. But along the way, that changed. Taxes came to be used to encourage individuals to buy homes, corporations to buy heavy machinery, and pharmaceutical firms to manufacture drugs in Puerto Rico. Tax preferences function as subsidies by forgiving debts rather than by issuing checks, but the bottom line is the same. If capital investment should be subsidized—if it creates some general social benefit that makes it inherently worthy—why shouldn't all investment be subsidized, not just investment by profitable firms?

There was some irony in the tax-refundability campaign. Firms that paid no taxes (because they were unprofitable) were asking for relief from something that didn't affect them. But ACRS, with its bonanza of deductions, promised to make the gap between thriving and struggling companies much greater, and so inspired considerable fear on the part of congressmen who had struggling firms in their districts. (It also promised to make many firms worth more dead than alive: those rich with unused tax deductions would become merger targets for companies more interested in acquiring their paperwork than their assets.) Administration officials came to feel that they should subsidize investment either for everyone or for no one, and they obviously weren't going to do the latter.

But tax-refunding was out of the question politically. Reagan couldn't send checks to the Fortune 500 while cutting off assistance to the poor, so Treasury Department officials, acting on White House orders, began searching for some other way to accomplish that end. They soon zeroed in on the equipment-leasing industry, which exists largely for the purpose of exchanging tax benefits. Airlines, which are often less profitable than other businesses, have been leasing their aircraft for many years. One company (typically an investment firm seeking deductions to offset its profits) would buy the aircraft from the manufacturer, and own it. This company would collect the tax advantages and lease the planes to an airline for a discounted price. But leases, according to IRS codes, required an "actual business purpose": the lease had to have some substance beyond mere transfer of tax benefits; the lessor had truly to own the equipment and be at risk for its value. (If the airline went out of business in the midst of an "actual" lease, the lessor would be stuck with the airplanes.)

If the "actual business purpose" clause were eliminated, Treasury officials decided, companies could avoid the risk and complications of owning each other's equipment, and enter into transactions that would be all but imaginary. Ford, for instance, could invest in \$1 billion worth of equipment, "sell" it to IBM, and "lease" it back. The sale and lease prices would be symmetrical, canceling each other out; IBM would never control or perhaps even see its possession. As figurehead owner of the equipment, IBM

would receive its ACRS and investment-tax-credit benefits. Ford would get an up-front cash payment from IBM for agreeing to the switch. The scheme came to be referred to as "tax leasing." The eventual description of tax leasing in the Joint Committee on Taxation's report would read, "The new provision [overrides] several fundamental principles of tax law. . . . When the substance of the transaction is examined, [it] may not bear any resemblance to a lease. . . . There has been no change of ownership and there is no business purpose for the transaction." The net effect of tax leasing, Treasury officials knew, would be the same as issuing a check to Ford, because Washington would lose from IBM's taxes what Ford would have been paid under tax refundability. Or so went the plan. At any rate, the political suicide pact of sending money to corporations could be avoided.

Tax leasing was not proposed until June. By then, White House officials felt, it was too late to gamble on an untested idea; leasing had not been debated in any congressional committee. Besides, the administration had other things to worry about. Rostenkowski was keeping the tax bill captive in his committee, just as another congressman, James Jones of Oklahoma, had tarried with the budget resolutions. Reagan decided to circumvent Rostenkowski with the same ploy he had used on Jones—a "bipartisan" bill backed by a Republican and a Democrat and taken straight to the House floor. When the Conable-Hance bill, named after Republican Barber Conable and Democrat Kent Hance, was unveiled by Reagan in a Rose Garden ceremony, tax leasing was absent. And, to the shock of the business community, the "declining balance" feature that was supposed to make ACRS so generous was cut back. (How could this have happened? To ensure Conable-Hance the triumphant victory Reagan coveted, the White House had included many of the Democrats' sweeteners, such as \$9 billion in extra breaks for oil producers. When the budget director, David Stockman, had seen the amounts involved, he had demanded some concession, and White House strategists, temporarily forgetting their many claims about the desperate need for accelerated depreciation, had cut ACRS.)

The reaction could not have been more extreme. Lobbyists and corporate executives descended on Washington en masse to plead their case, in what became known as the Lear Jet Weekend. "It was an absolute madhouse," says Robert Lighthizer, staff director of the Senate Finance Committee. When Donald Regan tried to hold the party line, business threatened to bolt to the Democrats. After all, "expensing" was still on the table at Ways and Means, and suddenly it looked appealing. Other threats were made and, according to the undersecretary of the Treasury, Norman Ture, taken seriously. "Sometimes the threat was veiled," Ture says, "and sometimes it was an open assertion that, look, this is a bidding war."

In the swirl of the Lear Jet Weekend, administration officials were taking no chances. To them, winning was es-

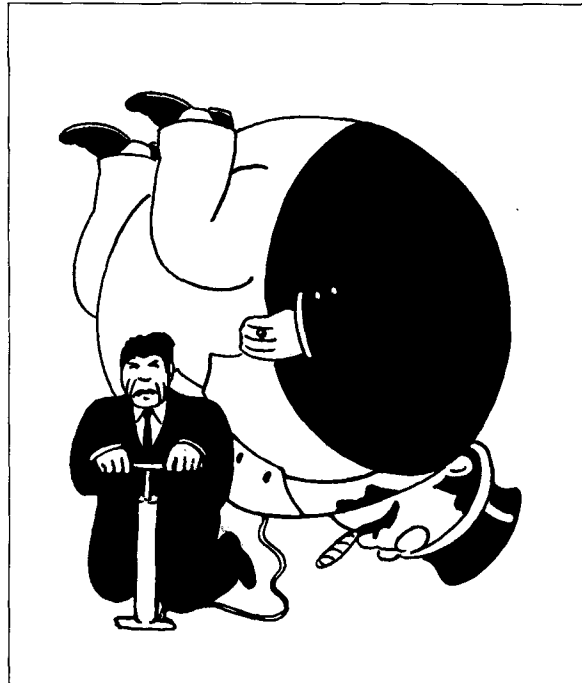
sential; the final budget votes were still a few weeks off, and any crack in the business alliance might end Reagan's revolution before its first shots could be fired. "Declining balance" was restored to ACRS, although in modified form—150 percent immediately and escalations to the full 200 percent by 1986. Sensing its edge, business asked for more, and the administration gave again. Expediency had ousted economic necessity as the operating principle.

By the time "Conable-Hance II" emerged, it included a retroactive date of January, 1981, for ACRS; a 25 percent tax credit for research and development; virtual elimination of estate and gift taxes; a cut in the top rate from 70 percent to 50 percent; a capital-gains-tax reduction from 28 percent to 20 percent; an eased "marriage penalty"; extra charitable deductions for business and individuals; lower small-business tax rates; a liberalized inventory accounting procedure called "last in, first out"; halving of the windfall-profits tax on oil; extra tax deductions for state legislators (extra deductions for congressmen and senators would follow in a separate no-roll-call vote in December); the All Savers tax-shelter certificate; Individual Retirement Account tax shelters; breaks for independent oil producers; faster depreciation of real estate; fifteen-year "carryover" periods for operating losses, double the previous limit; a \$95,000-per-year deduction for Americans working abroad; a "moratorium on fringe-benefit regulations"; waiver of unemployment-compensation taxes for fishing-boat crews; and breaks for investors in theme parks and racehorses. Of course it included tax leasing—not just for the investment-tax credit but for the entire ACRS package, something not even Walker had dared request.

From the clean bill to Conable-Hance II, only one provision had been shrunk rather than enriched: personal-tax reductions. Reagan originally proposed a 30 percent cut. He settled for 25 percent, with just five percent going into effect promptly and the rest promised for the future. Assuming that the scheduled personal-tax cuts do eventually take place, they will benefit mainly upper-income taxpayers. In general, anyone making \$30,000 or less a year will find that Reagan's personal-tax cut merely offsets the increase in Social Security taxes.

As a result of the Lear Jet Weekend, at least \$41 billion in tax breaks (plus whatever leasing eventually costs) were added to the tax bill, more than wiping out the deficit-reducing effects of Reagan's \$35 billion spending cut. In

mid-August, Reagan signed his bill into law, as the Economic Recovery Tax Act. ACRS proponents felt that the act of signing alone would send a message to the corporate community inspiring a surge of business confidence, a bull market, and immediate signs of renewed economic enthusiasm. The response instead was muted, almost eerie. The market continued to waver. Leading indicators such as housing starts and machine-tool orders did not soar. And in the same month that the bill was signed, Federal Reserve Board figures show that U.S. industrial production began to decline substantially for the first time in the Reagan presidency, signaling recession.



BOTH HOUSES OF CON-
gress had voted over-
whelmingly for Rea-
gan's tax bill. When it passed,
there were whoops and shouts
of celebration on the floor. But,
like party-goers awakening
from a night of revelry and
wondering whatever possessed
them to have that last drink,
Congress soon began to worry
about the wisdom of its acts.
Economists were seeing not
just a very low tax but a new
phenomenon called a "negative
rate." It seemed that equip-
ment bought under ACRS
might produce more in the way
of tax benefits than income.

A negative rate works (again
in simplified form) like this:

Recall the bulldozer whose ACRS deductions and invest-
ment-tax credit save the company \$25,000 in the first year.
Since the corporate tax rate is 46 percent, saving \$25,000
on a company's tax bill is the equivalent of having nearly
\$50,000 in profits sheltered from taxes. But no \$100,000
bulldozer will earn \$50,000 in profits in a year; a 50 percent
rate of return on any investment would be phenomenal.
More realistically, a bulldozer might earn \$10,000. So
ACRS deductions would not only offset all profits from the
new purchase but would also shelter \$40,000 in profits
from elsewhere in the company—in effect, a negative rate.

To speak of negative rates is not to say that a company is
making money merely by buying equipment; that situation
exists only in folklore, because any new equipment must
produce something buyers want and must generate profits
to be offset. But as long as profits are present, a Council of
Economic Advisers study has found, negative tax rates
under ACRS can be huge. With the passage of Reagan's
bill, all construction equipment, industrial machinery, and
vehicles promised, on average, a negative rate of 18
percent; in other words, their purchase would shelter 18

percent more profit than the equipment would return. By the time ACRS takes full effect, in 1986, the negative tax rate on such equipment will average 82 percent.

Of course, a company bent on finding ways to shelter operating income usually can do it, but not without tying up funds in speculation or making other sacrifices. Negative rates on new capital investment offered, for the first time, a painless way to shelter operating income, since nearly every company buys equipment on a routine basis. Where it had been a trick to shelter general operating income before ACRS, now any company could do it. And that, economists began to realize, foretold the eventual repeal of corporate taxes. As years pass and equipment governed by old tax schedules wears out and is replaced by new equipment depreciated under ACRS, more and more of a company's operations will return more money in tax benefits than in profit. At some point, even prosperous corporations will be entitled to more deductions than they can use, and then the "effective" corporate tax rate will fall

to zero. Considering that the effective rate was only 25 percent before ACRS, Dale Jorgenson thinks a zero rate is not far off.

In fact, many prosperous corporations reached a zero tax rate the moment ACRS was passed. As soon as tax-leasing sales were permitted, benefits were sold not only by depressed firms such as Chrysler and Ford but by booming companies such as Occidental, LTV, and Burlington Northern. What had happened? Occidental, whose 1980 net income of \$711 million was already completely sheltered by foreign tax credits, had \$95 million in unneeded deductions, so it sold them to Marsh & McLennan. LTV, whose 1981 pre-tax profit was \$504 million, sold \$100 million worth of tax benefits; Burlington Northern, also profitable but tax-free, sold off \$36 million in surplus benefits.

Other leasing surprises followed. In the dazed maneuvering just before Reagan's bill passed, lobbyists for New York's Metropolitan Transportation Authority managed to insert into the bill language allowing even rail and bus lines ("qualified mass commuting vehicles") to sell tax benefits. MTA quickly sold \$99 million worth of equipment to Metromedia, Inc., which operates seven television stations. This was an imaginary sale of imaginary credits, since public-transit authorities pay no taxes and have no write-offs to begin with. Transit authorities in Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Houston, and Baltimore followed suit, as did Amtrak. Marriott announced that it planned to sell tax exemptions to individuals in lots as low as \$5,000.

Even the deals made by companies, such as Ford, that tax leasing was intended to help proved surprising. For selling its \$1 billion in deductions to IBM, Ford received \$153 million cash. IBM, on the other hand, stood to receive as much as \$600 million in tax savings: approximately \$500 million from ACRS deductions and \$100 million from the investment-tax credit. Thus the prosperous firm had benefited far more than the troubled one. And to avoid the public-relations annoyance of writing a \$153 million check to Ford, the Treasury had forsaken \$600 million in revenues.

In December of 1981, the Treasury Department told Congress that leasing would involve no more than \$15 billion a year by 1986. This March, Treasury released a study showing that in 1981 alone, when leasing transactions were allowed for a period of only three weeks, benefits equal to approximately \$11.4 billion in lost taxes had been sold. The Treasury estimates that \$29 billion in revenues will be lost by 1986; a former IRS commissioner has said that the loss could be nearly twice that amount.

Trying to soften criticism, business executives stopped talking about "tax leasing" and spoke instead of "safe harbor leases," as they still do. "Safe harbor" is a term from contract law that was mentioned in passing in Reagan's bill to describe one technical aspect of tax leasing, but now it is being treated like the name of the program. It has a gentle ring, suggesting a placid haven for the troubled rather than a bustling marketplace.



THE ONE GIRL AT THE BOYS' PARTY

When I take my girl to the swimming party
I set her down among the boys. They tower and
bristle, she stands there smooth and sleek,
her math scores unfolding in the air around her.
They will strip to their suits, her body hard and
indivisible as a prime number,
they'll plunge in the deep end, she'll subtract
her height from ten feet, divide it into
hundreds of gallons of water, the numbers
bouncing in her mind like molecules of chlorine
in the bright blue pool. When they climb out,
her ponytail will hang its pencil lead
down her back, her narrow silk suit
with hamburgers and french fries printed on it
will glisten in the glittering air, and they will
see her sweet face, solemn and
sealed, a factor of one, and she will
see their eyes, two each,
their legs, two each, and the curves of their sexes,
one each, and in her head she'll be doing her
wild multiplying, as the drops
sparkle and fall to the power of a thousand from her body.

—Sharon Olds

AS THE TRUE WEIGHT OF NUMBERS FROM ACRS, THE negative rate, and tax leasing was felt, new budget-deficit figures began arriving. Reagan's original "clean" bill had promised \$60 billion in business cuts by 1986; the revised estimate is now \$143 billion, not counting leasing. Deficit estimates are running between \$96 billion and \$158 billion for fiscal 1983, to \$188 billion for 1984, and to \$205 billion for 1985. Since Reagan had campaigned in 1980 with scathing condemnations of Jimmy Carter's final, \$58-billion deficit, the new figures hardly seemed real.

A selling point of the tax bill had been Reagan's guarantee of long-term certainty, what the President called his "unshakable commitment" to stand by the cuts. Faced with new deficit projections, Reagan's unshakable commitment lasted thirty days. By mid-September, White House officials were telling reporters about new revenue devices that Reagan might request—not tax increases but "tax enhancements." By the end of September, Kent Hance, cosponsor of Conable-Hance, had recanted and was calling for postponement of personal-tax cuts. Robert Dole, the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, was talking of a "one-time" tax increase. Howard Baker, the Senate majority leader, suggested a 10 percent "surcharge" on personal taxes. Eventually, other prominent Republicans, such as Pete V. Domenici, chairman of the Senate Budget Committee, and Robert Michel, the House minority leader, were calling for the tax bill they had just finished backing to be rewritten. For his part, Reagan announced that balancing the budget wasn't as important as he once said.

Economic-performance figures have continued along the bleak course that they began to follow in August of 1981. The GNP fell 4.5 percent in the three months after Reagan's tax package was signed, and interest rates rose back into the high teens as lenders recoiled from the deficit projections. But there was one hope still—that ACRS would inspire an onrush of investment, the "expansion in capital outlays" that Secretary Regan had promised would lead to "increased productivity and economic growth." Whatever else it is, ACRS is very kind to investors. But investment is not expanding as predicted. Commerce Department surveys show that capital expenditures increased barely 0.3 percent in 1981, and are expected to fall another one percent this year. ACRS is not doing the one thing the administration felt there was no doubt it would do.

Can these surveys be wrong? I asked Norman Ture and John Chapoton, the assistant Treasury secretary for tax policy, if they had any evidence of increased investment caused by ACRS. Ture and Chapoton are the administration's highest-ranking tax officials and were the principal architects of ACRS. Chapoton said, "A number of corporations have huge investment plans on the drawing boards. I hear that from company executives all the time over the phone, and people come up to me in the halls and tell me that whenever I'm at a business meeting." Asked for specific examples of corporations or executives he had spoken to, Chapoton replied that he couldn't "remember any of

their names." Chapoton later acknowledged that he could not cite a company that had increased investment because of tax cuts. Ture, asked the same question, gave virtually the same response "When I made a speech at the Tax Foundation in New York in December," Ture said, "one person after another came up to tell me of enormous new capital plans." But Ture also said he could not recall any names of people or companies.

Later, Ture proposed U.S. Steel as a success story of increased investment, and one of Secretary Regan's press officers referred me to five companies that he said were expanding their capital outlays—J.C. Penney, Allegheny

International, Pfizer, Prudential, and General Motors.

Unfortunately, U.S. Steel's status is impossible to verify; a spokesman said the company would not reveal investment plans for 1982. He did say that U.S. Steel invested \$843 million in new equipment in 1981. It is also investing \$6.2 billion to acquire Marathon Oil, which means it is spending seven times as much to rearrange old assets as to create new ones.

J.C. Penney is on the plus side, having increased its capital-investment budget from \$208 million in 1981 to \$325 million in 1982. Pfizer, a pharmaceutical company, plans to invest \$300 million this year—\$13 million more than last. Allegheny International has also increased its investment budget, from \$110 million to \$150 million. But according to an investment banker familiar with the firm, most of Allegheny's new capital will be spent not on expansion but on a real-estate venture soon to be announced. In other words, Allegheny will also devote new capital to rearranging old assets.

Prudential appears out of place on this list, not being a capital-intensive enterprise. It does lend money, however.



Prudential's capital-market loans were \$1.5 billion in 1981 and will drop to \$1.2 billion this year. Finally, General Motors, which invested \$9.7 billion in 1981, plans to cut back to \$8 billion this year.

BY THE LOGIC OF SUPPLY-SIDE ECONOMICS, THE LACK of new investment is baffling, because the new deductions unquestionably increase returns on investment. But while ACRS can make a successful investment *more* profitable, it cannot guarantee profits in the first place. If an investment does not produce profit, tax relief is no help; any businessman who fears that a new asset won't make money is scarcely comforted by promises of breaks on a tax bill he won't have. Even tax leasing offers no reassurance unless there are a number of highly profitable firms in the deduction-buying market.

David Hughes, a manager for 3M Corporation, explains how the investment sequence works at his company: "Our division is isolated from tax questions. Line management makes decisions based on products, technology, and what we think will sell in the market. Well-run companies take every advantage of taxes, but they don't base investment decisions on taxes. They base them on what will sell."

Thus, tax considerations follow, rather than lead, investment decisions; and whether there will be profit, not whether there will be bonus deductions, is the central concern. Yet every proposition about taxes I have heard from administration officials, every "widget" model suggested by economists, every example in the reports of congressional committees, proceeds from the assumption that investments, *per se*, are always profitable. Discussion then focuses on what level of profits, what style of taxation, will maximize outputs and federal revenues. The notion that profit is not automatic—that it's hard to predict what will sell, and that when times are bad it's even harder—has been absent from the ACRS debate.

The ACRS deduction strategy, and supply-side economics in general, presumes that investments to create new capacity will lead to prosperity regardless of other economic conditions. Any businessman contemplating new investment knows, however, that U.S. industry is operating at barely 70 percent of capacity, and knowing that nearly a third of the country's productive capacity sits idle—unprofitable—hardly encourages the businessman to build more. While the present economy is said to be characterized by "too much money chasing too few goods," in fact goods (or the capacity to manufacture them) exist in abundance. The real problem is too few customers, because so many are out of work, short of credit, or choosing rival, foreign products.

Not only are the hypothetical widget factories on which

ACRS is based always assumed to be profitable but they are profitable at a precisely predictable rate. Businessmen are assumed somehow to know that a new furnace will return, say, exactly 8 percent, allowing them to calculate the exact bonus to be gained from ACRS deductions and be persuaded to launch investments poised on the margin. As a rule, however, only investments in existing products—mature markets where there are detailed sales histories and statistical records—can be predicted with pinpoint accuracy. It's the mature industries (autos, steel, petrochemicals, housing) that now operate under capacity because of slack demand. Thus, in the one sector of the economy where improved returns from ACRS deductions might inspire a burst of investment, new capacity is not needed.

Of course, every industry, growing or mature, benefits from investments in *new types* of equipment that lower prices, improve quality, or produce innovative products. These, unfortunately, are the kinds of investments for which return is not wholly predictable, and which are avoided in uncertain times. "Today there's a lot of risk," says J. Robert Ferrari, chief economist for Prudential. His company is channeling its (reduced) investment capital into real estate and oil-and-gas partnerships. "You see some promising new investments, but today, if there's risk, you turn to known quantities," he says. Ethyl Corporation, a profitable chemicals company, recently put off a planned expansion in Richmond, Virginia, an expansion that would have been treated handsomely by ACRS. Soon after postponing the expansion, it pledged \$270 million to acquire First Colony Life Insurance, a known quantity.

Ronald Reagan frequently says that his economic programs should not be held responsible for the current recession, because they are not yet in effect. In September of 1981, he said his programs would not start until October 1. This past February, he said that his programs "didn't really start until 1982." In April, Reagan declared that July (the due date for a personal-tax cut) would be "the real beginning of our program." In fact, Reagan's economic program began on January 1, 1981, the retroactive date when its main component, ACRS, took effect. As time passes, evidence mounts that lack of credit, lack of demand, and the poor quality of American products—not the tax burden on new investments—are what drag the economy down.

This situation might have been predicted. Healthy economies in other Western nations have sustained high corporate-tax rates, while extensive business tax benefits have failed to revive economies otherwise stagnant. According to an International Monetary Fund study, the free-market nations with the highest corporate taxes are Japan and West Germany. The one with the lowest corporate tax is Great Britain. Britain's main corporate-tax break is accelerated depreciation. □



An Atlantic "First"

LEAVING HOME

A SHORT STORY BY SUE MILLER

"GO FIND DADDY," ANITA SAID IN THE KITCHEN. "Where did Daddy go?" Leah was in the living-room closet, and Anita's voice sounded muted and thickened to her. The closet smelled of mildew and camphor, and was full of old boots and boxes of clothing. Leah knelt among them and listened to Anita walk through the living room on her way from the kitchen to the foot of the stairs.

"The baby stinks, Greg." Anita's voice was closer, sharper. Silence from upstairs.

"Did you hear me, Greg? The baby stinks, and it's my

birthday. I'm not going to change her." Anita walked back to the kitchen, past Sophie, who had followed her across the living room. Leah rose, and stepped out of the closet to watch her grandchild. The little girl had just learned to walk, and, amazed, she held her hands up in the air and waved them for balance with each exaggerated step, a miniature tightrope walker. A large wet stain ran down one leg of her overalls.

Greg lumbered down the stairs, and Sophie smiled up at him. Her bare feet curved inward at the toes. Greg squatted in front of her. "Soph, you did it again," he said. Then he noticed his mother, standing in the closet doorway. "Isn't that something?" he asked her, as though Sophie had

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just performed some prodigious musical or artistic feat. His face was deadpan.

Leah laughed, pushing her curly hair off her face.

"Do you stink, Soph?" he asked the child. "Are you, in fact, a . . . *stinker*?"

Sophie smiled, watching him with delight.

"Are you . . ." He paused again, and in anticipation, she made a small squealing noise. ". . . a *stinker*?" She laughed and set her tiny hands on his face.

"Are you"—she had the game now, and was already laughing, but watched him rapturously until he had said it—"a *stinker*?" Her body gave itself up to laughter, and she suddenly lost her balance and sat down hard on the floor, still laughing.

"Look how smart she is, honey," Leah said. "She just picks up anything so fast."

"If she's so smart, how come she isn't toilet-trained?" He scooped her up and held her balanced horizontally across his hip. A strand of drool dangled from her mouth and was suddenly gone, a drop on the floor. Sophie watched it, fascinated.

"What were you doing in the closet, Mom?" Greg asked.

"Trying to find the damn picnic basket."

"Don't you keep it in the basement?"

"Yes, but we had a picnic just a week or so ago, and I thought I put it away up here."

He stood looking at his mother for a moment. She was still pretty, in a slightly plump, worn way. She was wearing jeans and an old T-shirt that had his high school emblem on it.

"Who is this *we* that keeps cropping up?"

Leah blushed. "Just a man I've been seeing a little of."

"Just a man?"

She nodded.

"Wasn't there a movie called *Just a Man*?" He shifted Sophie on his hip.

"No," Leah said. "You're thinking of *Nothing But a Man*."

"No, I'm not, Mom. I'm thinking of this movie, *Just a Man*. It's different from *Nothing But a Man*."

"God, that was a good movie, that *Nothing But a Man*." Leah's hand strayed to her hair again. "And the sound track. I mean, it wasn't a musical, but do you remember that song 'Heat Wave'?"

"No, but you do." Sophie began to make complaining noises, and wriggled. "Okay, Soph, here we go," he said.

"I can't believe it," Leah said, as he turned to go up the stairs. "You don't remember 'Heat Wave.'"

He laughed. "That was your life, Mom."

Leah stood a moment at the bottom of the stairs and watched him carry Sophie up, jouncing her on each step. "Hup, hup," he said. Then she turned and crossed to the kitchen.

The kitchen was flooded with early-afternoon sunlight. Anita sat at the round wooden table by the windows, drinking coffee and reading the paper. The lunch dishes

still littered the table. Anita had said she would do them. Leah had to will herself not to start picking up. She sat down at what had been her place, and sipped at the bit of cold, milky coffee left in her cup.

Anita lowered the paper. She was wearing her glasses, two clear, thick circles with steel-rimmed frames that perched delicately on her perfect nose. She was a law student. Most of the time Leah had trouble imagining her, delicate and frail as she seemed, in that competitive world. But now, wearing her glasses, she looked icy and determined. Leah didn't know whether Greg had married Anita for her eggshell-frail beauty or for the steely competence that lay underneath it. Or both, of course. When he told her they were getting married, she asked him why. He seemed too young to Leah, hopelessly young. "Because, Mom," he answered earnestly then, "she's someone I know I can live with the rest of my life." She was touched by his conviction and ashamed of the impulse she had to mock him for it. Now she looked at Anita. Why can't I ever tell what she's thinking? Leah wondered. Why does she make me feel like the younger of us two? She sighed.

"What's up?" Anita asked.

"Oh, just nothing's working today, and now I can't find the damn picnic basket."

"What's it look like?"

Leah instantly felt annoyed. She didn't want Anita's help. She didn't want Anita to find it for her.

"The way they look. A big, square, hamper kind of thing."

"Oh. I might have seen it, I think."

"Where?"

"The broom closet by the back door, maybe?"

Leah went to the broom closet and opened the door. The hamper sat on the top shelf, beyond her easy reach. Joe, so much taller, so much more domestic than she, must have put it away after their picnic. She stood on her toes, and, with the tips of her fingers, slid the basket forward on the shelf until it leaned suddenly toward her and she caught it.

She had thought about asking Joe over tonight. They were going to celebrate Anita's birthday, her twenty-fifth, with a party in the back yard. Greg had invited Pete Slatery, his closest friend from high school, and his wife, Debby; Leah and Joe had talked about whether he should come, but they had decided no. Two of his children still lived at home, and Leah and Joe's life at his house had a false air of almost marital stability. They both liked the sense of freedom, of abandon, they had at her house. Last Sunday they had made love in the kitchen after breakfast. Leah had sat in the bright summer light on the counter amid the egg-stained dishes and chipped coffee mugs, the sun warming her back and Joe warming her front; and she had cried out, "Oh. Oh. Oh," as loudly as she wanted when she came. After all her years of negotiated privacy when Greg was young—of sneaking the occasional lover in and out of the house, as though she were the teenager, and he, heavily asleep in his room, which smelled of dirty socks

and the sulfurous acne medication he wore to bed, were the parent—she was jealous of her long-awaited freedom, her claim to sexuality. They decided there was no hurry for Joe to meet her family.

But, a few hours before Anita and Greg were to arrive, he had turned up at her back door with a present, a loaf of zucchini bread he had made for the party. It was wrapped in aluminum foil, and it was still warm in Leah's hands as she stood with him on the back stoop.

"It smells good. Is it supposed to be your version of a silver bullet, Joe? Who was that masked man, and all that?"

She blocked the kitchen doorway. She was embarrassed to have Joe see how much neater the house was than usual. Even though he stood several steps below her, his head was level with hers.

"It's supposed to make you remember me. You're going to eat a piece of that bread and want me in the middle of the family doings."

She held the present against her. The heat touched her breasts through her shirt. "If I had to pick something to remind you of me in my absence, it wouldn't be zucchini bread," she said, after a moment.

He shrugged and grinned at her. He was a skinny man, balding, with one eye that swiveled out as though to check on what was going on in the rest of the world. She realized, and had told him, that she would never have been attracted to him if not for the wild freedom of that eye. She had felt a positively erotic charge trying to meet his difficult gaze when they had been introduced, at a parent-teacher night in the high school where his youngest child, a girl named Fiona, was Leah's student. "Well," he said, "actually we just had too goddamn many zucchini in the garden. That's the bald-faced truth of the situation."

"Oh, don't tell me the bald-faced truth," she said. "I never want to hear that." He kept grinning as he leaned forward to kiss her. His tongue came a little way into her mouth. Then he was gone, gone until this weekend of her being a mother again should be over.

Now, as Leah brought the hamper over to the kitchen table, Anita got up lazily and started to carry the lunch dishes to the sink. What had bothered her most about the scene at the foot of the stairs, Leah suddenly thought, watching her tall daughter-in-law move across the kitchen, graceful as a giraffe, was that Anita had called Sophie *the baby*. She ought to say her name.

AROUND THREE O'CLOCK, WITH THE HOUSE IN A profound, dazed silence because of the heat and Sophie's nap, Leah went out to the back steps to shell peas. The sun had swung around, off the stairs, but the heat rose, still and stifling and smelling of dirt, from the earth in the back yard. Leah knew that the meal she had planned for this party was too elaborate, was taking too much of her time; but she knew, too, that she had orga-

nized it this way in part so that she could stay away from Anita and Greg and some feeling of anxiety they roused in her. She was glad to have this job to do, to be able to leave the house and come out here alone to sit.

Greg and Anita had had a small, quickly suppressed argument just before Sophie's nap, and Leah frowned, thinking of it as her thumbnail slid along the seam of a bright-green pea pod. She and Anita had been working in the kitchen, and Sophie had been standing on a stool by the sink, playing quietly with the soapy water Anita had run for her. She was wearing only her diaper, and she carefully poured water from one plastic container to another in the sink. Her protruding belly glistened with what she had spilled on it.

Greg came into the room and began to play with her. Leah stopped what she was doing for a moment to watch them. He was wearing cut-off shorts, and his brown body, with the big bones moving under the skin, gave her as much pleasure as Sophie's translucent roundness did. She remembered how homely Greg had been just before he entered his teens. He had been a fat child, who wasn't popular and who stammered in any new situation. Once he had used her razor to shave his eyebrows off. He hated the way he looked, he had said when she asked him why. "And this is better?" she countered in a tense, shrill voice.

He had looked at her as though he would like to kill her in some slow and painful way. "Y-y-y-yes," he said, his eyes not blinking under his smooth, naked forehead.

Greg made a waterfall; he blew bubbles with a straw he found in a kitchen drawer. Leah watched his muscular, hard back, looked at Sophie's compact and delicate body on the stool next to him.

"Why can't you leave her alone for just a few minutes, Greg?" Anita said.

Leah looked away quickly, went back to peeling boiled potatoes for a salad.

"Why *should* I leave her alone?" Greg asked, standing straight. He shook the bubbly water from his fingers.

Anita's voice strained to be casual, reasonable. "Because you never do. She's perfectly content, playing by herself. And you always have to charm her with *your* game, your . . ." There was silence for a moment. "I just don't think it's good for her," Anita said finally.

Greg stood next to Sophie, looking at Anita. Leah looked at her too. Anita was staring over Sophie's head at Leah's son, with eyes that were free of love, free of any response to his beauty.

"Bupps, Daddy?" Sophie said. She had fished the soggy straw out of the water and held it up to Greg.

"Not now, honey," Greg said. He walked toward the door, his sense of injury apparent in the way he held his shoulders.

"Bupps!" Sophie shrieked after him. "Bupps!" she wailed, and then she bent over and cried, loudly and dramatically, with her head touching the counter, her face hidden against her small fat hands.

"Whoo," Anita said, moving toward her daughter and raising her eyebrows for Leah's benefit. "Naptime for this kidlet."

When Leah finished shelling the peas, she picked up the pot and the colander and went back into the kitchen. She glanced through the doorway into the living room. Greg lay on the floor, alone, reading an old issue of *Sports Illustrated*. Leah realized she hadn't seen Greg and Anita touch each other since they had arrived.

LEAH'S HOUSE WAS LIKE ALL THE OTHERS AROUND it, only with a slightly different "porch treatment" in front. The house was part of a cheap suburban tract. She had bought it three years after she and Greg's father were divorced, a year after she started teaching at the high school. The development was to have extended into the field and woods behind it, but by the time she and Greg moved in, the first group of eight houses was already having trouble with its septic tanks. Until the town extended its sewer lines out as far as the development, something it showed no signs of doing, no more houses could be built. Thus Leah had an unexpected park behind her. Deer sometimes wandered into her yard in the dusky mornings while she had her solitary breakfast; on winter nights she occasionally went outside and listened to the snow fall with a hissing sound into the woods.

Anita's picnic was going to be at the bottom of the meadow, twenty or so feet before the woods started. They would be close enough to the house to hear Sophie if she cried, but far enough away that their noise wouldn't bother her.

While Greg got Sophie ready for bed, and the steady pulse of the pump forcing water for Anita's shower thrummed through the house, Leah carried quilts and pillows, candles, and load after load of food, wine, and beer down to the bottom of the lawn. She had changed into a dress and she had her shoes off and the grass felt cool and damp on her bare feet. Although it was still light outside, twilight had begun in the house, and she turned on the lamp in the kitchen as she assembled the final load in the hamper. Then she stayed outside, on her back on the faded and stained quilt, a glass of white wine within reach.

Greg called her and she answered half-heartedly, but she knew he couldn't hear her and she didn't get up. After a while the screen door smacked shut. She looked up and he walked across the grass to her. He wore a T-shirt over his cut-offs that said "Computer programmers do it Digitally." He had worked for Digital since he had graduated, since he had married Anita.

"God, you did everything, Mom."

Leah propped herself up on an elbow. "I wanted to be able to just lie here without thinking about having to get up in a while to help."

"But you should have called me." He sat down on a pillow and reached into the cooler for a beer.

"Honey, you don't have to help with everything." And you shouldn't, she wanted to say. You shouldn't. She thought suddenly of all the years she had made him help her with the housework, even when she could have done it more efficiently herself; of all the times she had lectured him on his responsibility for their tiny household. She had a vague, apologetic sense now that it had all been wrong, wrongheaded.

"What do you think," she asked, looking up at the first faint stars in the white sky, "was the thing that attracted you and Anita to each other in college?" She was embarrassed by the question as soon as she had asked it, and rushed to qualify it. "I mean, looking back," she said.

He was saved from having to answer by the sound of a car in the driveway. "Ah. Guess who," he said, and smiled. He got up and disappeared around the corner of the house, carrying his beer. She could hear voices raised in greeting, and, in a minute, they all appeared: Greg and Pete, and Pete's wife, Debby. Debby had been a student of Leah's years before. She was a sweet, stupid girl with enormous breasts. She had had to marry Pete before she finished her junior year of high school. At the party Greg had thrown for them a few weeks after the wedding, Leah had found Debby crying in the bathroom; had cleaned up the vomit that had missed the toilet; and had tucked the miserable sixteen-year-old bride into her own bed for the night while the noise of the party continued below.

They were cheerful now as they sat down and got beer and wine to drink. Pete told Leah how pretty she looked, and she pretended a schoolteacher's cynical disbelief of flattery. It had been her defense ever since Greg's friends began suddenly to turn into men, when she was alone and in her mid-thirties. It was like a joke they had all shared, especially she and Pete, the wildest of the friends, who had been sexually alert at an age when Greg still seemed to be sleepwalking through life.

When the screen door banged, and Anita, in a gauzy white dress, stood poised a moment and then floated down through the fading summer light to them, Leah glanced over at Pete and caught a look of openly sexual appraisal on his face.

"The birthday girl," Leah said quickly. Anita smiled at them all and sank down in the swirl of her skirts next to Greg.

"Hello, hello, hello," she said to each of them and leaned prettily, a frail reed, against Greg's shoulder. "What is there for me to drink, sweetheart?"

Greg poured some wine for her, let her lean. But he didn't look at her or respond to her. Even though Leah knew Anita was posturing slightly for the guests, she was moved by the younger woman's beauty, and irritated—she attributed it to the wine she had drunk—by Greg's passive, stubborn unresponsiveness to it. She had the sudden absolute conviction, as she reached over to light the picnic lanterns she had brought out earlier, that he would lose Anita and his marriage, and, of course, Sophie also. Her

eyes momentarily filled with tears. She lighted the lamps and began to pass around the wicker picnic plates.

Leah drank too much during the meal. She poured herself glass after glass of white wine. The food she had spent all day preparing seemed tasteless and bland to her. She ate a few small bites of the first course and didn't even cut herself a piece of Anita's birthday cake.

After they had finished eating and were stretched out, drinking wine and beer, Pete lit a joint and passed it around. Leah remembered that she had heard from someone else, some other high school friend of Greg's and Pete's, that he was dealing in a small way. She wrinkled her nose at the smell and leaned out of the circle. She had tried grass once or twice, at Greg's insistence, when he was in college, but it only made her sleepy and slightly nauseated. She thought it made Greg and his friends boring, and she had told him so. He had shrugged and said, "It's just the same thing I feel about you and your friends when you've all been drinking."

Now their voices grew slowly more subdued and intimate. Debby was hunched over her glass of wine, talking at length to Greg, who nodded and nodded. Anita and Pete, more relaxed, giggled. Leah was sorry she hadn't invited Joe. She felt old and solitary, an observer. She wanted just to clean up and go to bed.

She stood and walked slowly to the house, carrying her wine. At the kitchen door she looked back. The scene was beautiful in the yellow lamplight, and at this distance their soft voices seemed like a part of nature, like the sound of leaves in the wind, or the liquid murmur of a stream.

Leah went upstairs and looked a long time at herself in the bright light of the bathroom. Her eye makeup had smeared slightly around her eyes. Her lipstick was gone. She pushed her hair back. Her face looked tired, weakened by age. She set down her wineglass and slowly washed her face, rinsing it over and over in the cool running water.

She went down the darkened hallway to Sophie's room. She stood just outside the doorway, because Greg had told



AT CITY HALL

"What kind of license you looking for?"
the woman lounging behind
the counter asked. What *kind*?
A question so disarming the groom

(barely outvoicing the wagon wheels
of dusty ceiling fans)
conceded ignorance. "Don't mind
him," the bride said. "A marriage

license." Across the room,
the only sign—and it was huge—
was lettered, simply, DOG LICENSES.
A routine mix-up, doubtless,

as this must be as well: "First
time for both?" The reply—a check
in the box provided, size of a thumbtack,
on a page with room for

marriages of the future—
applied equally to the best and worst
of intentions. As he supplied their proof
of blood, of residence, of birth,

she held her pen above
a line marked "Married Name": for who
she was, and what of She was He,
was not to be resolved

by closing time. Meanwhile, her
first footprint for signature,
no bigger than a cat's paw, he
paused to get the gist of. She

who on all his life to come
had laid a claim—staggering
in its singleness
of purpose—had once

been living, evidently,
only for minutes . . . Asked now to raise
right hands, to swear they knew
of no impediment,

he set down his tennis racket;
their eyes, for an instant long
to be remembered, gravely met
in the sweet embrace of fear.

—Mary Jo Salter

her that Sophie was a light sleeper. She listened to the child's regular breathing as she had listened to her son thousands of times when he was small. The air was full of the perfumed smell of Sophie's diapers.

The screen door slammed downstairs. Sophie stirred; the plastic diaper rustled gently. Voices whispered, there was soft laughter in the kitchen. Dishes clinked. Were they picking up? Leah should go down and help. Someone turned on the faucet and the pipes sang gently behind the cheap walls. She reached into the bedroom and slowly closed Sophie's door.

Leah walked downstairs, and as she crossed the living room, she heard Anita's voice, thick with wine and dope, from the kitchen. "No, it's *not* that," she said. "It's just this endless Mommy-Daddy-Baby shit. The endless *threesomeness* of it all. We always have to be so *damned* responsible. It's as though I don't *exist* as a woman anymore."

And Pete's voice, slurred and soft. "I can't imagine that with you. If I were with you. I mean, I've always thought of you as one of the sexiest ladies I know."

Leah cleared her throat and then coughed, loudly enough, she hoped, to warn them she was about to intrude upon them. But when she stepped into the dimly lit kitchen in her bare feet, Pete was gently lifting Anita's hair from her face in what was unmistakably the beginning of an embrace.

"I'm here," Leah said stupidly. Pete jerked his hands back. Anita turned slowly, foggily, toward Leah and smiled. The orange light glowed behind her, and Leah could see that she wasn't wearing a bra under the gauzy dress. Let her be drunk enough not to remember, Leah thought.

"Are you starting to clean up?" she asked brightly. "I'll go outside and get some more." She turned quickly away from them.

Outside it was cooler. She stood a moment by the back door. The air itself lifted her spirits slightly; but as she approached Greg she felt the return of her sense of helpless sorrow for him.

He and Debby sat on the quilt, talking like two earnest children. They didn't notice Leah for a moment at the edge of the lantern light, and Debby went on talking, telling Greg how much trouble she'd had getting her youngest child to give up a pacifier.

Then Debby looked up and saw her. "Leah," she said, smiling. "It's Leah."

There was a pause as they both looked at her. In the still

evening air Leah could hear crickets, the clatter of dishes in the kitchen.

"Mom. Oh. You looked so weird to me." Greg stared at her with amazed, stoned intensity, and Leah bent down to start loading the hamper. "For a minute I thought . . ." he said slowly. "I mean, I really thought, when I looked at you, that I was about ten years old again."

LATER, AFTER PETE AND DEBBY HAD LEFT, LEAH sat on the edge of her bed upstairs and listened to Greg and Anita below in the living room. She heard the low metallic shriek that meant they were pulling out the foldaway bed, the lazy alternation of their voices. Then Anita's took over, a pressured monologue, with an occasional sharply articulated word—*never*, or *dammit*—that floated up through the night air and the thin walls of the house. He didn't answer. Leah wanted him to. She sat in her room and listened to the sound of her son's marriage and wanted him to shout, to push, to hit. She thought of how he had sat, mute and resentful, when she had spoken just this way to him a hundred times, over the garbage not taken out, the bike not locked, the car dented, the curfew defied; thinking always that she was teaching him, teaching him the right way, the responsible way, to get through life.

When she tiptoed past the living room on her way out, she heard them making love. The bed squeaked to their rhythm, he cried out in bewildered, wild whispers, and there was a low, mournful keening from Anita. They still had that, then. Did it make the rest easier? Harder? Leah remembered that she and Greg's father had also made love, weeping, the night before he moved out of her life and Greg's, forever.

For a moment, as she walked silently across the kitchen, she worried about leaving the house, about what seemed like an abandonment of Greg, of them all. But she had no power anymore—had never had the power, although at one time she had thought she did—to stave off ruin, to guard her son against his share of pain. And for herself, right now, she wanted Joe. She wanted, just as Greg did, the illusion of wholeness, of repair, the broken parts fitting.

As she stepped outside and turned to shut the door, the porch light falling into the kitchen gleamed on the silver wrapping of the bread Joe had given her, the gift she had forgotten to take to the party. □



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*U.S. policies in Central America have
encouraged what they were supposed to prevent*

INEVITABLE REVOLUTIONS

BY WALTER LAFEBER

WHEN PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY ANNOUNCED the Alliance for Progress in March of 1961, he proclaimed, "Let us again transform the [Western Hemisphere] into a vast crucible of revolutionary ideas and efforts." He did not, however, mean to be taken literally. The appeal to revolution was rhetoric meant to inspire taxpayers at home and placate the restless abroad. The President wanted to encourage slow, evolutionary development and democratization by providing comprehensive economic aid, and he further wanted to encourage the maintenance of the status quo during the development period by providing intensive training of Latin American armies and police forces in counterinsurgency techniques.

But twenty years after Kennedy initiated the Alliance, revolutionary ideas and efforts are tearing Central America apart. Having learned few lessons from the past, Ronald Reagan is responding with large economic-aid programs (\$350 million for the embattled Caribbean Basin countries alone) and counterinsurgency-warfare training. After two decades of policies that contributed to the spread of both poverty and left-wing revolutions, Reagan is attempting to destroy those revolutions by repeating the policies.

Owing in part to its ignorance of history, the Reagan Administration has refused to question a fundamental assumption that shaped Kennedy's foreign policy: the larger a nation's economy grows, the happier that nation has to be. Nowhere has this assumption been proved more false than in Central America. Of the five nations in the area—Nicaragua, Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica—three seemed to prosper during the 1960s. Nicaragua's annual per capita growth rate rose 5.3 percent, Guatemala's rose 3 percent, and El Salvador's rose 2.8 percent despite an extraordinarily high birthrate. Within ten years after Alliance officials acclaimed those figures, revolutionaries had overthrown the Nicaraguan government and besieged El Salvador's. Guatemala's military regime saved itself, at least temporarily, by murdering and torturing opponents in large numbers. The only Central American

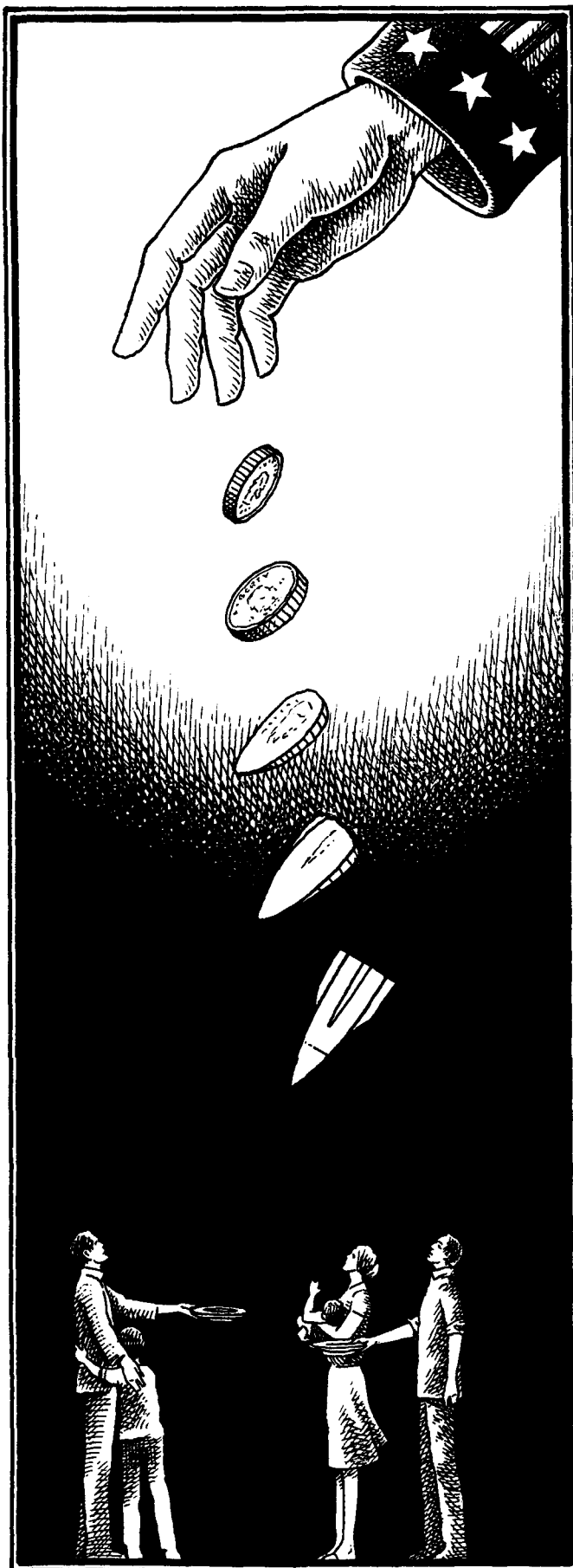
country that remained both democratic and free of leftist disturbances during the 1960s and 1970s was Costa Rica. In the 1960s, that nation also had the lowest annual growth rate (.8 percent) in the region.

One conclusion might be that by escaping the economic invigoration that often followed Kennedy's Alliance for Progress programs, Costa Ricans also escaped from his crucible of revolution. That conclusion, however, misses the heart of the problem. Costa Rica remained stable and open because the economic aid it received filtered down more fairly through the society than did the money given to the right-wing elites who controlled Nicaragua, El Salvador, and Guatemala. Costa Rica, moreover, was fortunate in being slighted during the Alliance era by American policy-makers—who urged on other Latin American nations the use of U.S. military officers to train army units in anti-guerrilla tactics. In the hands of dictatorial regimes, new methods of interrogating suspected foreign agents were easily transformed into methods of torturing domestic political opponents. Costa Rica had disbanded its army in 1948; a 6,000-man police force provided security. Real security, however, came from the welfare state and from the confidence in democratic processes that Costa Ricans had developed after World War II.

The most important conclusion to be drawn from the Central American growth figures is, therefore, that the Alliance could help only those government officials who helped their people and not merely themselves.

THIS TRUTH WAS HIDDEN FROM, OR CAREFULLY IGNORED by, those who created the Alliance. Yet it could be viewed ninety miles from the United States. As Fidel Castro consolidated his power in Cuba, a number of U.S. observers wondered why the island had been so ripe for revolution. They noted that in the 1950s Cuba enjoyed the largest per capita national income in the region. That statistic, however, did not show that the very rich entertained in the tourist casinos while the masses of seasonally unemployed sugar workers existed on the edge of starvation. Castro rose to power in 1959 with the support of those *campesinos*. Two years later, Kennedy designed the Alliance to prevent other Castros from appearing in Latin America.

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Alliance officials planned to pump \$100 billion into development projects between 1961 and 1970. Twenty billion was to come from outside sources, primarily the United States, and Latin Americans were to provide the remaining \$80 billion from their own resources. Equally important, the Latin American regimes pledged to enact tax, land, and other socio-economic reforms. The scope of the plan, particularly the money, was awesome. It dwarfed any proposal for Latin America made by U.S. governments before or after. If huge amounts of investment and high percentage increases in the gross national product could bring stability and create more equitable societies, the Alliance should have worked wonders in Central America.

Publicly, Kennedy's advisers argued that such reform would short-circuit revolution in the Third World. Behind closed doors, they were not certain. Secretary of State Dean Rusk warned a U.S. Senate committee during a private briefing: "We are in a period of far-reaching and fundamental and rapid change" marked by an "increased pace in the working out of the nationalist revolution." Built-up pressures, Rusk added prophetically, "could lead to a war or to violent outbreak" in "another decade or two decades."

Despite, or because of, such urgency, the Alliance at first stumbled. A month after Kennedy announced the plan, a U.S.-trained Cuban exile group attempted an invasion at the Bay of Pigs and was destroyed by Castro's forces.

The Kennedy Administration vowed to make Castro pay for his victory. Rusk defined the danger by announcing that the Cuban was "part of the powerful offensive" launched by the "Sino-Soviet bloc" against the Third World. That this "bloc" was in an advanced state of decomposition did not prevent the administration from speaking about it in phrases that had mobilized Americans in earlier times. Allen Dulles, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, declared that "most of the states of Central America" were endangered by "the insidious penetration of Cuban communism." Within six months after the Alliance for Progress began, Castroism, not poverty, had been publicly defined as the evil from which Central Americans were to be delivered. The United States exerted enormous pressure on Latin American nations to cut off relations with Cuba. Most complied, although Mexico was a conspicuous holdout.

A not unnatural result of Kennedy's defining Castro as a military threat was the 1962 missile crisis. But the President's triumph in that crisis did nothing to lessen Central American poverty. Castro was isolated, but the conditions necessary for revolutions continued to develop.

By the time of Kennedy's death, in November of 1963, Alliance policies had apparently worsened the economic situation they aimed to improve. The plan was victimized by bureaucratic jealousies in Washington and by conservatives' foot-dragging in Latin America. Most important, the Alliance rested on the false belief that growth produced by

New Deal-style development programs could work in El Salvador, where the fabled "Fourteen Families" held tight to every vestige of their immense economic and political power; in Nicaragua, where the Somoza family multiplied its wealth; and in Guatemala, where ruling military officers fought each other for larger shares of the country's resources.

President Lyndon Johnson and his chief adviser on Latin America, Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Mann, realized by early 1964 that the Alliance was not meeting its goals. They decided to reduce the emphasis on government programs and stress private investment. Since the inception of the Alliance, such an approach had been pushed by leading U.S. business spokesmen, especially David Rockefeller, the chairman of Chase Manhattan Bank. That private enterprise could not adequately redistribute wealth in the region, or that only governments would build the needed infrastructure of roads and educational facilities, did not change Johnson's determination to try Rockefeller's recommendations. The President's new course quickly became irreversible as the political and economic costs of the Vietnam War dashed hopes that the administration might devote its considerable energy to effecting reforms in Central America.

Ronald Reagan's faith that his Caribbean Basin initiative can be largely fulfilled by private investment and trade resembles Johnson's original hopes. By 1966, however, the earlier President had come to understand that the constricted, impoverished marketplaces of many Latin—and especially Central—American countries could not attract the needed investment. Johnson's solution was to support the five nations' efforts, begun in 1960, to establish a Central American Common Market (CACM). Once the 12 million people in Central America formed an economically coordinated, tariff-free marketplace, the theory went, private enterprise would boom and the region would turn into a small-scale version of the prosperous Western European Common Market.

But by 1967, the CACM was already in trouble. Because of their surplus labor and larger amounts of native capital, Guatemala and El Salvador dominated CACM trade. Honduras and Costa Rica grew disillusioned with the experiment. By 1969, even the Guatemalan and Salvadoran governments were becoming uneasy. Large numbers of their land-poor peasants had been attracted to urban areas by new industry. Dislocated, expecting too much, the migrants were ripe for political organizers. In 1969, a short war between Honduras and El Salvador wrecked the common market. Within a year, little remained of the Alliance for Progress in Central America. What did remain, however, was large numbers of landless peasants who had been evicted from their fields so that the wealthy could invest in more export crops; a volatile urban population; revolutionary bands forming in Nicaragua, Guatemala, and El Salvador; and U.S. military personnel teaching the local armies how to deal with growing numbers of insurgents.

AS ECONOMIC HOPES FOR THE ALLIANCE DWINDLED, the military component grew. As reform efforts failed, the need for armed force increased. In retrospect, this changing balance between the economic and military parts of the Alliance was an admission of the plan's failure to touch the root causes of the national revolutions. Economic and military policies had actually been closely linked from the start. Attorney General Robert Kennedy had passed Federal Bureau of Investigation reports to his brother warning that security in Central America was "extremely deficient." Military assistance flowed into the area in ever larger amounts. Between 1950 and 1963, for example, Guatemala received only \$5.3 million in military aid; but the amount doubled to \$10.9 million between the years 1964 and 1967. For Nicaragua, the comparable figures were \$4.5 million during the first thirteen years and \$7.5 million in the next three.

The new money went to a U.S.-trained military elite that was assigned a specific mission. As Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara announced in 1963, Latin American forces were to provide not "hemispheric defense" (which the Pentagon would handle by itself) but "internal security." In the daily affairs of Nicaragua, El Salvador, and Guatemala, McNamara's words meant that the United States was training native military personnel to protect the lives and property of the relatively few rich oligarchs. Sophisticated in weaponry and reactionary in politics, the freshly trained officers were not reluctant to control internal opponents with modern and often brutal methods.

Between 1961 and 1966, as the Alliance was set in motion, military forces overthrew nine Latin American governments, including those in Guatemala and Honduras. (Nicaragua and El Salvador had been under army-controlled regimes since the 1930s.) In each case, civilian conservatives urged the officers to strike before elections brought liberals to power, or before overzealous Alliance officials threatened the conservatives' hold on their country's property. What remained of Kennedy's Alliance in the mid-1960s was being strangled by his administration's own military creation.

But no one in Washington could come up with a better, or easier, solution than turning to the military. In 1964, the CIA warned Johnson that the Alliance was creating unstable conditions. The growing demand in Latin America for "positive and radical changes in the inequitable and backward socio-economic structures and for gains in levels of living are mounting steadily," the Agency reported. Worse, an alternative model was at hand: "Cuba's experiment with almost total state socialism is being watched closely by other nations in the hemisphere." The CIA added that "any appearance of success there [Cuba] could have an extensive impact on the statist trend elsewhere in the area." With the Alliance malfunctioning, a memorandum from the State Department, not the Pentagon, drew the lesson for Johnson: "The pace of social upheaval is likely to increase in the next ten years," so the administration must

maintain "predominant United States military influence" in Latin America and place "continued emphasis" on "internal security programs."

Johnson exercised the military option most dramatically in 1965, when he sent U.S. forces into the Dominican Republic to stop what he mistakenly viewed as a Castro-style revolution. The President persuaded other members of the Organization of American States (OAS) to participate in the intervention, and more than 22,000 U.S. and OAS troops soon occupied the country. Johnson claimed full success for his Dominican adventure. In later years, critics who attacked the President's other foreign policies were noticeably silent about the long-term results of the intervention. U.S. policies in Central America, however, suffered disastrous consequences over time. The region's revolutionaries could learn much from the 1965 crisis. They could see that their survival depended on keeping the OAS divided so the United States could not confront them with the power of a united hemisphere. They learned the lesson so well that in 1979, when President Jimmy Carter tried to form an OAS force to stop Nicaraguan revolutionaries from overthrowing dictator Anastasio Somoza's National Guard army, the OAS nations, led by Mexico, rejected Washington's plans. Assistant Secretary of State Viron Vaky observed that the rejection "reflected how deeply the American states were sensitized by the Dominican intervention of 1965, and how deeply they fear physical intervention." The revolutionaries could also learn from the Santo Domingo affair that in a head-on military clash with the United States they would obviously have no chance. They had to develop mass support and create a national revolution—not an elite revolution such as the one Johnson had aborted in the Dominican Republic.

By the late 1960s, the Alliance had become a highly volatile mixture. It emphasized private investment that worked with wealthy elites and worsened an already glaring economic imbalance. Protected by Washington's embrace, these elites refused to offer socio-political change even as Central American revolutionary forces grew in number; they relied instead on U.S.-trained and -supplied military forces to maintain order through repression. North American promises of development had raised but could never meet Central American hopes. No wonder that the three nations in the area that had supposedly benefited most from the Alliance, economically and militarily—Nicaragua, El Salvador, and Guatemala—were beset by growing opposition movements.

NICARAGUA

SINCE THE 1930S, THE SOMOZAS HAD RULED NICARAGUA as a feudal estate. The founding father, Anastasio Somoza, had been placed in power by the United States because he was a cooperative and tough army officer who, through his control of the National Guard, could

enforce stability in Nicaragua. In 1934, Somoza ended the last important challenge to his rule by luring the guerrilla leader Augusto Sandino to a conference and then having him murdered in cold blood. Somoza systematically removed two other possible sources of opposition by substantially reducing the power of the Roman Catholic Church and independent labor unions. When he bragged, "*Nicaragua es mi finca*" (Nicaragua is my farm), Somoza did not stretch the truth. As revolutionary bands picked up strength in the mid-1960s, the elder Somoza had passed from the scene (killed by an assassin in 1956), and his son Anastasio was running the farm. The son's power, like the father's, depended on using the National Guard to intimidate or eliminate opposition.

In Nicaragua, the Alliance thus operated in a country that seemed to be as stable as any in Latin America. U.S. policy, however, helped undermine that stability. Dollars flowed into agricultural projects that enriched the 2 percent of the farms, the great *latifundios*, that occupied nearly half the nation's usable land. The Somoza family alone owned territory nearly the size of El Salvador. As these giant farms expanded their cotton and other export crops, they forced peasants off the land and into towns, where jobs were scarce. Some of the displaced returned to their fields and squatted illegally so they could grow food for their families' survival. After a half-dozen years of the Alliance, only 50 percent of the population—and 2 percent of those living in rural areas—had access to potable water. Despite U.S. health programs, the major causes of death continued to be gastro-intestinal and parasitic diseases and infant disorders.

Nicaragua's overall growth rate did rise spectacularly. U.S. private investment entered at a faster rate than in any other Central American country. Exports increased 20 percent a year between 1960 and 1965. And revolutionary threats grew inexorably. By 1967, economic development had slowed, unemployment had risen, and squatters had been driven off lands by the National Guard. When political opposition united behind a single candidate to challenge Somoza for the presidency in 1967, the army fired into an opposition political rally, killing and wounding hundreds.

During the years of the Alliance an even more dangerous opponent for Somoza began to emerge. In 1961, a new guerrilla organization, the Sandinista National Liberation Front (FSLN), was founded by Nicaraguans in Havana. Named after Somoza's victim of 1934, the Sandinistas posed little threat to the Somoza regime until 1966, when they began urban terrorist campaigns. The Johnson Administration responded automatically. Within a year, twenty-five U.S. military advisers resided in Nicaragua, and the Pentagon increased military assistance. The FSLN nevertheless grew, as the landless labor force in some areas was more than ten times as large in the 1970s as it had been before the Alliance began.

In 1972, an earthquake shattered the country and nearly destroyed Managua. The Nixon Administration and inter-

national relief organizations gave millions of dollars for reconstruction. Somoza and his friends methodically siphoned off the money. They excluded other businessmen and major banking interests from the rebuilding plans. As both middle- and lower-class discontent grew in 1974, Somoza launched terrorist campaigns against areas that were guerrilla strongholds. He succeeded only in driving moderates, including Roman Catholic priests, into opposition. Instead of seizing the opportunity, however, the Sandinistas fell to arguing among themselves over tactics. Three major groups emerged. Two based their programs on Marxist-Leninist principles. Then the third and largest group, the Terceristas (or "Third Tendency"), gained strength from moderate political figures and middle-class businessmen. The split only temporarily slowed the revolution. Somoza's National Guard soon spurred it on with arrests and torture of opponents.

In early 1977, Jimmy Carter's newly installed administration confronted the first serious revolutionary outbreak in the Caribbean Basin since 1959. Over the next twenty-four months, Carter made a series of miscalculations that previewed the mistakes Ronald Reagan would commit in El Salvador. On the one hand, the U.S. government proclaimed its commitment to human rights; on the other, it fully supported Somoza's National Guard. Carter meanwhile searched for a reputable, non-revolutionary, pro-United States political group that could run the country in tandem with the Guard.

In January of 1978, Nicaragua's leading opposition newspaper editor was gunned down. Carter demanded that Somoza's forces improve their behavior. Seven months later he congratulated the dictator for showing more concern for human rights. U.S. officials hoped that Somoza could hang on, perhaps even until 1981, when Nicaraguan elections were scheduled. But in August of 1978, an FSLN band seized the National Palace, forced Somoza to make a series of concessions, and then called a successful general strike. The dictator responded by ordering his small air force to bomb civilian areas that supported the rebels. Several thousand people died in the attacks, and according to one account the FSLN army membership multiplied ten times, increasing to more than 7,000 soldiers. Aid for the revolutionaries came from the few Latin American democracies such as Venezuela and Costa Rica as well as from Cuba.

The FSLN factions reunited in March of 1979 to launch a final offensive. Carter urged the OAS to intervene. He hoped to save the National Guard so that it could "preserve order" and "prevent anarchy," in the words of a White House spokesman. At the time, the Guard was machine-gunning unarmed people, bombing towns, and looting cities, while its officers prepared to depart for havens such as Miami with as much loot as they could carry. Most North Americans learned of the atrocities only when a television camera filmed the execution of the ABC network correspondent Bill Stewart by a Guardsman. The

Guard turned most violent against its own people just before its power crumbled. On July 17, Somoza fled. The FSLN controlled a nearly bankrupt country in which upward of 40,000 people had died in the revolution. Forty thousand others were orphaned, and a fifth of the population was homeless.

Instead of carrying out mass executions of Somoza's henchmen, the new government outlawed capital punishment. But the FSLN had promised immediate elections; after gaining power, it announced that these would be delayed until 1985. The reason given for the postponement was the need to concentrate the nation's energy on reconstruction. The real reason was a bitter argument within the new government over how to carry out reconstruction. An election campaign could have divided the regime into warring factions. In 1981, the Reagan Administration seized upon the postponement as a pretext for accusing the revolutionaries of imposing a Castro-like one-party rule. The FSLN replied that it planned to model the political system on Mexico's long democratic history of one-party domination, and added that Nicaragua's new government drew from a spectrum of political opinion, including conservative business interests.

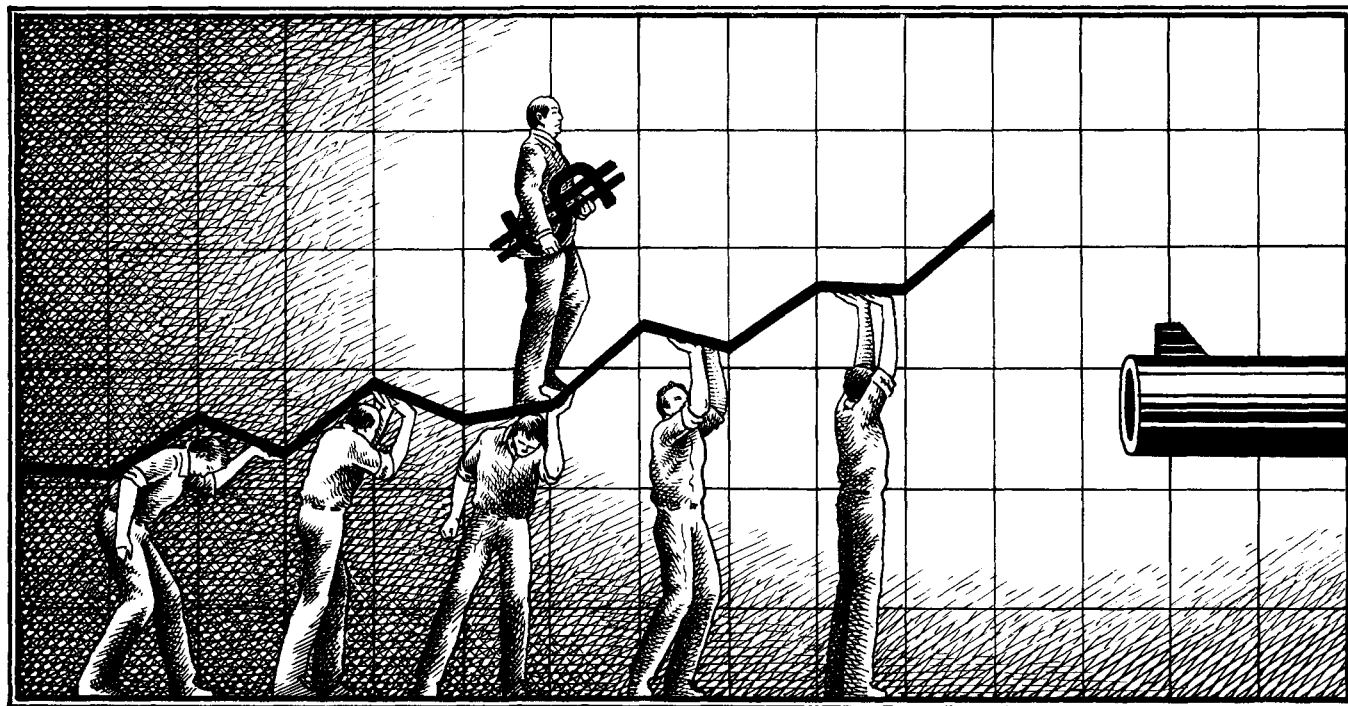
Washington officials were actually less concerned about the emerging political structure than about the direction of Nicaragua's economic and military policies. The United States has worked out mutually beneficial relationships with many one-party (and one-man) political systems in Latin America, but it has never tolerated economic programs that seek self-sufficiency, discriminate against foreign investment, look to Cuba for help, and refuse to cooperate with Washington's international economic rules. The Sandinistas seemed virtually defenseless if North Americans wanted to exert economic pressures. The FSLN had inherited a \$1.6 billion national debt; Somoza had left enough in the treasury to pay for about one day's imports; the revolution had inflicted more than \$1 billion worth of damage to factories and commercial facilities. Eastern European and Cuban Communists could not be depended on for help; for years the Soviets had been propping up Castro's regime with a minimum \$3 million in aid every day, and now the Russian economy, stumbling badly itself, faced enormous economic demands from satellites closer to home—especially Poland. The United States alone controlled the amounts of money and the technical assistance needed to rebuild Nicaragua rapidly. The revolutionaries entered into several credit arrangements for the purchase of North American food and other supplies, but the FSLN was wary of Washington officials who suggested an economic embrace. The Nicaraguans did not forget that the United States had supported Somoza to the end. Nor could they ignore the way North American economic policies had been used to help overthrow Latin American governments in the past, particularly Salvador Allende's elected government in Chile in 1973. They were as suspicious of U.S. intentions as Washington was of their request to Cuba for

technicians who could quickly construct educational and health facilities. Walter Duncan, vice president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Latin America and owner of an industrial chemical firm in Managua, told a Senate committee in 1979 that multilateral aid, not direct U.S. assistance, could be most useful: "We [North Americans] are suspect any time we help any of these people. They are paranoid."

They were also determined to be as self-sufficient as possible. Roberto Mayorga, an economic adviser to the newly installed junta that ran Nicaragua, announced that development plans would emphasize growing food for the people and building light industry. Condemning any "obsession" with "heavy industry," he declared that foreign investment had to be tightly regulated. Private business-

pluralistic course." But neither that arrangement nor the junta's reduction of aid to Salvadoran rebels in early 1981 satisfied the Reagan Administration. By March, it had suspended aid to Managua, had allowed former National Guard members to conduct military training exercises in Florida and California (although their exiled former leader had been assassinated in Paraguay), had tried to isolate the Nicaraguan government politically, and—with Secretary of State Alexander Haig setting the example—had condemned the Sandinistas at every turn.

"We . . . want to continue to assist moderate forces in Nicaragua which are resisting Marxist domination," William J. Dyess, a State Department spokesman, announced in April of 1981. Reagan's policy, however, produced the opposite result. Fearful that Haig's rhetoric meant that the



men continued to control 60 percent of the nation's economy. But from 1979 to 1981, as Nicaragua was squeezed between rising energy costs and falling prices for its food and raw-material exports, the Sandinistas urged more government controls. The economic crisis coincided with a political crisis in neighboring El Salvador. The junta supported Salvadoran revolutionaries for ideological reasons, but also because conservative Salvadorans (and their allies in the Reagan Administration) supported exiled associates of Somoza who openly declared their intention of recapturing Nicaragua.

Despite these crises, the FSLN moved to support the private sector. In late 1980, the Sandinistas agreed with foreign bankers to begin repaying \$600 million of debt. Viron Vaky believed that the deal "locked Nicaragua into the private money market, and Nicaragua's willingness to [be so locked] was a significant move toward a pragmatic,

northern giant wanted to destroy them through covert action, the FSLN further centralized its control, suspended civil rights in the spring of 1982, and built a 50,000-man armed force—the largest in Central America. In early 1982, Alfonso Robelo Callejas, much admired by the Reagan Administration for leading the moderates' fight against the governing junta, said, "I wish the United States would keep quiet for a while. Every time Haig opens his mouth, he strengthens the Sandinistas by justifying their arms buildup and stimulating the nationalism of the people." Another critic of the junta, Arturo Cruz, resigned as Nicaragua's ambassador to Washington, but warned that he and his countrymen overwhelmingly supported the Sandinistas and—regardless of Reagan's pressure—were determined to follow a "fully nonaligned" foreign policy.

By pouring money into the Nicaraguan economy and So-

moza's National Guard, Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon inadvertently helped create the conditions for the revolution that seized power in 1979. Carter's policies and the Sandinistas' quest for self-sufficiency intensified the mutual suspicion. Reagan's withdrawal of support and Haig's threats only drove the revolution further to the left. U.S. policymakers seem to have tried for twenty years to bring about the kind of revolution that the Alliance for Progress was supposed to prevent.

EL SALVADOR

THE SAME CONCLUSION COULD BE DRAWN ABOUT U.S. policy toward the nation that was next threatened by revolution. El Salvador received more Alliance funds than any other Central American country. Between 1962 and 1966 alone, \$63 million of U.S. government monies were given to the ruling oligarchs to invest, and private investments increased until the U.S. was a dominant influence in the transportation, oil-refining, and electric-power sectors. In 1964-1965, the economic growth rate reached an extraordinary 12 percent. Hundreds of new industries appeared, and the country soon possessed the largest number of manufacturing plants in Central America. An annual \$1 million of U.S. military assistance gave the small but tightly knit army the weapons and training it needed. El Salvador, the Johnson Administration announced, was "a model for the other Alliance countries."

Puzzled North Americans then watched as the model for Alliance members turned into a model for aspiring revolutionaries. But the realities were not hidden. Every twenty-five years the birthrate doubled the population of a country that already had the highest population density in the Americas. Except for Haiti (whose poverty deserved a category of its own), El Salvador also had the poorest people. Neither the birthrate nor the poverty concerned the few families that had controlled the country's wealth since the nineteenth century, when they had seized the best coffee-growing land. During the 1930s, the oligarchs and the military united for mutual protection. That partnership was cemented in 1932 when, within a single month, the military killed more than 30,000 Salvadorans suspected of supporting a left-wing group that hoped to seize the oligarchs' riches. By the 1960s, the country's political opposition was just beginning to recover from that bloodbath.

The oligarchs passed the reform laws demanded by Kennedy and then made sure that the laws were not put into effect. The ruling families channeled Alliance aid into their own industrial enterprises or used it to buy up more land, on which they grew crops for export rather than food for their countrymen. As Alliance funds helped sugar exports rise more than 1,000 percent between 1960 and 1970, thousands of Salvadorans were evicted from land so that more sugar could be grown. Throughout this century, the

amount of land under cultivation has increased as growing numbers of Salvadorans have starved. By the late 1960s, the country was exporting huge amounts of coffee, cotton, and sugar, but the general population ranked among the five worst-nourished peoples in the world. El Salvador nevertheless remained stable. In 1967, a U.S. Senate-sponsored analysis gave the reason: this model of the Alliance was found to be among the hemisphere's most militaristic regimes, so it had not been troubled by the "popular revolutionary stirrings" that afflicted other Latin American countries.

More than 60 percent of El Salvador's nearly 3 million people depended on agriculture for their livelihood, but no more arable land was available. By 1969, 300,000 Salvadorans had fled to find food and work in neighboring Honduras. In June of that year, the Honduran government began expelling large numbers of immigrants. A brief war erupted between Honduras and El Salvador. More than 120,000 Salvadorans were forced to return home. As they put the tightly settled land under enormous pressure, the government tried to buy time with the promise of agrarian reforms. The oligarchs, however, were in no mood to share their wealth. In 1970, after a decade of spectacular economic growth, the first armed rebel bands appeared. The oligarchs turned to the U.S.-trained army, as usual, for protection. In 1972, the military cut off reform as well as rebellion by intervening in the presidential election to order the probable winner, José Napoleón Duarte, of the moderate Christian Democrats, out of the country. According to one experienced American journalist, the army planned to have Duarte killed when he landed in Guatemala, but he escaped and spent most of the next eight years in Venezuela.

With little to lose and no hope for reforms, guerrillas began kidnapping oligarchs and using the ransoms to buy arms. The revolutionaries now received support from Roman Catholic priests. After a historic meeting at Medellín, Colombia, in 1968, a group of Latin American Catholic clergymen had concluded that with the failure of reform movements, including the Alliance, the Church must take the lead in helping the poor. By the early 1970s, that commitment inevitably led some priests to support peasant political organizations that demanded land and other concessions from the oligarchs. Priests were arrested and shot, and their bodies were dismembered. In 1977, the White Warriors' Union, a right-wing vigilante group made up of past and present military personnel, killed one well-known priest, told the forty-seven remaining Jesuits to leave the country, and probably authored the anonymous pamphlets that urged, "Be a Patriot! Kill a Priest!" But as the slaughter of Salvadorans of all political persuasions accelerated, the priests continued to help build peasant organizations, particularly the Christian Peasant Federation. That group, known by its Spanish acronym, FECCAS, became the political backbone of the Popular Revolutionary Bloc that waged the revolution. Amid the energy crisis and inflation

of the mid-1970s, the bloc gained support from the growing number of landless and unemployed laborers.

In 1977, as Salvadoran politics polarized, Jimmy Carter's administration intervened to search for a nonexistent middle. When assassinations and kidnappings continued to increase, the United States supported a coup by young, relatively liberal officers, in October of 1979. U.S. hopes rose when the new group brought in liberal civilians, including Guillermo Ungo, who had run for vice president with Duarte in 1972, to speak for some centrist and left-wing groups. But the hope just as quickly faded, and not—as some observers later charged—because the left refused to cooperate. Ungo and other moderates on the left watched helplessly as the younger army leaders clashed with older, conservative officers over the pace and extent of reform. The officer corps soon understood that its own power was threatened by the arguments, and it closed ranks. Carter was of little help during this critical period. His policies—like Reagan's a few years later—aimed at isolating the left instead of integrating it into the ruling group. Government operations slowed. Left-wing bands stepped up their attacks. Ungo quit the government. In March of 1980, the country's most reactionary political group murdered the Archbishop of San Salvador, Oscar Romero. The killers were never brought to trial. That same month the military allowed Duarte to return from Venezuela to give a more liberal façade to the regime.

The revolutionary groups organized for full-scale war. Politically, they came together in the Democrático Revolucionario Front (FDR), for which Ungo became a spokesman. Five leftist military units coordinated action through the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (FMLN). A pivotal question arose over who would have the power to put the revolutionary program into effect: the FDR, led by men such as Ungo, or the FMLN, which contained avowed Marxist-Leninists and, the State Department claimed, was heavily influenced by Cuban advisers. Because these revolutionary groups were earnestly pluralistic and, at times, lacked direction, no one could answer the question with authority.

But U.S. policy helped drive the revolution to the left. By defining the conflict in military terms, Washington officials forced both Ungo and Duarte to become more dependent upon their hard-line army commanders. The State Department refused to negotiate seriously with leftist moderates such as Ungo. Such negotiations could have been useful, however, only if the United States had been willing to press for discussions between the military and the left. Neither Carter nor Reagan was willing to do so. Nor would the Salvadoran officers automatically have followed Washington's advice; the last group to do that had been Somoza's National Guard, and the Salvadorans were not about to follow it into oblivion. Carter did cut off aid to the Salvadoran government in 1980, as its violations of human rights continued (including the murder of three North American nuns and a lay missionary), but he reopened the

pipeline in early 1981, when the regime had to fight off a major left-wing offensive. About 30,000 people died during 1980–1981, and, according to independent groups in the best position to judge, as many as 75 percent of them were civilian victims of either government forces or vigilante groups paid by oligarchs. The massacres increased when Duarte began to redistribute land. Figures compiled by the Church showed that the largest numbers of peasants were killed in the areas where they were to receive land from the reforms. By 1982, the agrarian program had come to a stop.

Reagan tried to deal with the spreading revolution by returning to two components of the Alliance for Progress. He doubled economic aid in 1981, to \$126.5 million, and planned to double it again this year. Last February, he announced that government aid would be abetted by a Caribbean Basin program that would encourage private investment and increased trade. Reagan also revived another major component of the Alliance—military training: fifty-four U.S. advisers went to El Salvador, 500 Salvadoran officers came to the United States for training, and military aid multiplied by a factor of eight during 1981, to \$40 million. The only component missing from the old Alliance program was Kennedy's request for reforms. Reagan refused to insist on effective land redistribution or an end to the massacres as a condition for aid. "Power is not negotiable," a former Salvadoran military leader announced in April of 1981. That remark meant, among other things, that elections were unacceptable unless they confirmed the power of the army. It also meant that the revolution could end only in total military victory for either one side or the other. The Reagan Administration policy depended entirely on the hope that the government would win that victory.

GUATEMALA

IN GUATEMALA, THE CONTRADICTIONS OF THE ALLIANCE became visible earlier than they had in the other two countries, but Washington's policies never wavered. The result was predictable. In 1967, after six years and nearly \$50 million of Alliance help (plus another \$50 million of private U.S. investment during the 1960s), Guatemala ranked first on the State Department's list of Latin American nations threatened by insurgents.

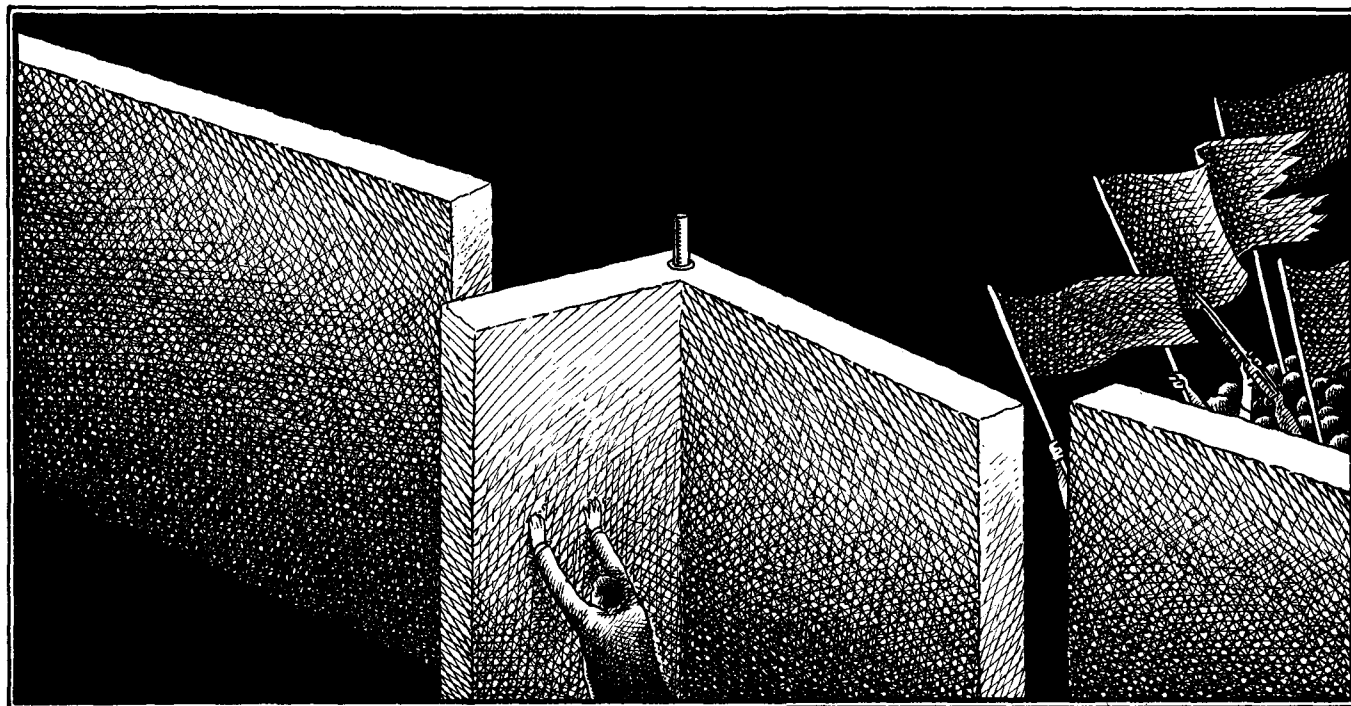
The United States felt a special responsibility for the Guatemalan government. That military regime had been installed in mid-1954 by a U.S.-controlled coup that brought to a halt a ten-year-old social and economic reform program carried out by two elected presidents. The second president, Jacobo Arbenz, began full-scale land reforms by seizing large holdings of the U.S.-owned United Fruit Company. The Eisenhower Administration responded by persuading the OAS to isolate Arbenz and training Guatemalan exiles for the overthrow of his government. Under-

standably nervous, Arbenz bought a shipload of arms from Czechoslovakia with which to defend his government.

For Washington officials, that was final proof of his Communist affiliations. Six weeks later, the Central Intelligence Agency sent the exile force into Guatemala. Arbenz fled into exile. Right-wing military officers controlled Guatemala during most of the next quarter-century. Their policies produced a revolutionary movement that was far more threatening to Guatemalan stability than the 1945–1954 governments. “What we’d give to have an Arbenz now,” a U.S. official said in 1980.

The revolt against the right-wing military began not among the poor but within the military itself. In late 1960, no less than one third of the army rebelled against its senior commanders. At the time, Cuban exiles were training

private investment during the 1960s, the Alliance was unable to pry any agrarian reforms out of the regime for the 80 percent of some 5 million Guatemalans who depended on the land. Nine out of ten rural families endured existences that were described in 1962 by a U.S. agricultural economist as lives “of poverty, malnutrition, sickness, superstition, and illiteracy.” About 68,000 rural families survived as tenants or low-wage laborers without any land of their own, while half the country’s farm area—the best half—was owned by 1,100 families. That elite group used Alliance funds to expand production of export crops, especially sugar. Meanwhile, food shortages threatened starvation in some areas, and the regime finally had to pay premium prices to import corn, beans, and rice from the United States and Colombia.



in the country for the Bay of Pigs invasion. Guatemalan President Ydígoras Fuentes quickly filled a transport plane with the Cubans to fight the insurrectionists. That weird potential confrontation was cut short by the U.S. ambassador, John Muccio, who forced the president to use his own troops to stop the revolt. The regime’s dependence on the United States could not have been more vividly demonstrated. The outbreak was quelled but the leaders survived, and by 1965 two Guatemalan revolutionary movements had evolved. The most radical looked to Castro as a model. The other chose to work with Guatemala’s small, inept Communist Party. Neither group should have received much popular support, but a combination of inefficient Guatemalan governments and Alliance policies quickly propelled the insurgents to the top of the State Department’s Most Dangerous list.

Despite more than \$100 million in U.S. government and

Again, aggregate figures deceived North Americans. Between 1960 and 1980, Guatemala’s economy grew at an amazingly high average annual rate of 5.7 percent. In the late 1970s, just as six different revolutionary groups unleashed attacks, the gross national product was rising by more than 7 percent annually. But 5 percent of the population received more than \$2,000 each from that economy every year, while 70 percent tried to survive on a \$74 average annual income. Even with North American aid, the Guatemalan government did little to redistribute the wealth more equitably, and Guatemala’s military maintained order with force. Between 1967 and 1971, the government waged a war that climaxed in a state of siege and a six-month offensive that claimed at least 2,000 lives. The country quieted. Then, in 1974, a rigged election destroyed centrist political groups. Two years later, an earthquake devastated the poor neighborhoods of Guate-

mala City and many rural villages. The revolutionaries' opportunity reopened.

The major opportunity, the one that transformed the revolution, came from an unlikely source. The country's Indians accounted for more than half the population and a much higher proportion of the poverty. For decades they had been docile, but in the 1970s, their economic conditions became intolerable when military officers and wealthy civilians seized land from them to grow export crops and stake out sites for oil drilling. The Roman Catholic Church, which had worked among the Indians for four centuries, helped them prepare to fight. A number of priests and nuns were consequently ordered out of the country by the government, and at least three priests were killed (another disappeared). After 1978, the slaughter picked up speed; and during the first nine months of 1981, government forces killed nearly 4,000 Indians and drove thousands of others from their villages. The Carter Administration finally protested by cutting off military aid. The Guatemalan military ignored the threat and began buying weapons from Western Europe, Israel, and the well-stocked private international arms market.

The Indians, driven by poverty and encouraged by the priests, have changed the course of Guatemalan politics. The revolution is no longer conducted by elite army members, as it was in the 1960s. Nor, in 1982, do its main groups look to Havana for aid, as the leading rebel organization did fifteen years ago, although they are willing to accept aid from Cubans or from any other source. The military government and the six disparate groups that form the revolutionaries are locked in a war to the death. Atrocities are committed by both sides, but the government's actions have been so horrible that the Reagan Administration has not been able to explain away human-rights violations and resume regular arms shipments. Last year, however, the President began sending military trucks, jeeps, and helicopters, after disingenuously removing them from a list of items that the State Department can clear for shipment only after human rights have been taken into account. These supplies will hardly suffice. The revolutionary armies already have upward of 6,000 soldiers, and they grow as the economy is devastated by war. Senior Guatemalan army officers believe the government needs, instead of its present 22,000-man force, 100,000 soldiers, fully supplied with modern counterinsurgency equipment. Such assistance can come only from the United States.

If the experiences in Nicaragua and El Salvador are guides, the U.S. will send increasing amounts of that assistance to Guatemala. And, as a predictable consequence of U.S. policy, aid designed to rescue the economy will benefit the relatively few wealthy Guatemalans and their military allies, while military assistance will be used for the killing and torturing of the poor and middle-class who join the revolution. Regardless of how high the growth rates and military-aid figures soared in Central America during

the 1960s and 1970s, the attractiveness of revolution grew, in part because U.S. aid was used in ways that only widened the socio-economic differences between rich and poor. Unless fundamental structural change occurs in many so-called Caribbean Basin countries, and especially in Guatemala and El Salvador, President Reagan's Caribbean plan will, like the Alliance for Progress, only lead to intensification of the revolutions that it would like to destroy.

Revolutions in the three Central American countries can no longer be prevented. If they are to be contained, the reprieve will be only temporary unless their causes—the gross inequities that have long been accepted as natural in these societies—are removed. The United States cannot single-handedly perform that miracle, or at least not unless North Americans are willing to rule the three nations as the Soviet Union is attempting to rule Afghanistan. Throughout this century, Washington officials have proved to be poor colonial governors.

The United States would be wise to step aside and allow the revolutions to work themselves out, with the single proviso that no Soviet-controlled bases or military personnel be allowed in Central America. Washington can also use its power to promote negotiated settlements when circumstances allow, and then offer generous economic help to any regime that wants such aid and is willing to use it to improve the lives of all its people.

Since Central Americans have good historical reasons to be paranoid about Yankees bearing gifts, the assistance program should be developed multilaterally. Important roles will have to be played by the two leading regional powers, Mexico and Venezuela, and by the West European governments that have recently shown an interest in the area. These regional and industrial powers, moreover, certainly want no Soviet presence in Central America; Mexican and Venezuelan oil fields could be too vulnerable. Differences between the United States and other powers, especially Mexico, have less to do with the need to exclude the Soviet presence than with the need to accept the inevitable revolutions in the three Central American countries.

Since the era of Theodore Roosevelt, the United States has tried to stop Latin American revolutions. When it acted energetically, as in Cuba and Central America, the United States did little to remove the causes of unrest and, instead, frequently caused the revolutions to turn more sharply to the left. When the U.S. was unable to act energetically because of distractions (for example, World War I and the Great Depression prevented North American Presidents from cracking down on the leaders of the Mexican Revolution as they wanted to), the revolution moderated and North Americans adjusted gradually and profitably. Even with its power, the United States cannot roll back the Central American revolutions. With luck, and an understanding of the past, it can, however, help bring order out of those revolutions. □

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3HBW

WHAT COULD HAPPEN

BY LYNN CARAGANIS



P.S. Because of the tremendous need to change the fundamental direction of our nation, I have asked Guy to inform me of your response to my letter.

—postscript to a fund-raising letter sent out to Republicans by Vice President George Bush

NORM RAYMOND FOLDED the letter and replaced it with some difficulty in its august envelope. Covering one corner, in navy blue, was the familiar cocksure national bird and under it the words "The Vice President." That eagle—he wanted to love it as an American ought to, but it was so darned . . . its stomach all striped like the Union Pacific Railway sign, its one claw grasping darts and in the other something trailing and ambiguous, possibly a bunch of lilies, which he knew Nancy liked so much. "Lilies in crystal vases—that's what Nancy Reagan will bring to the White House," one of her rich friends had been quoted as saying. And why not? She was undoubtedly the most powerful woman in Washington, so what was so surprising about it? It was the New Elegance—Betsy Bloomingdale, Buddy Ebsen, the Walter Annenberg estate, of which he had seen so many aerial views.

Ill at ease and almost disoriented in his no-iron synthetics, Norm put the letter aside and went out to the kitchen to get himself a snack. As he did so, he thought long and hard about that letter. He *would* like to contribute something to the patriotic war chest. And as a widower with grown children he *should* be able to. But he was having a tough time this month. Still, he didn't care to think about being called to account for that fact to Mr. Bush, or to Mr. Bush's friend Guy! And then, what mightn't they do? As an ex-executive, Mr. Bush might naturally turn to his—Norm's—supervisor, Edward Peeley. Flattered, Peeley would

undoubtedly fall at Mr. Bush's feet. Mr. Bush might promise an easing of certain regulations and invite him somewhere for eighteen holes. Kimberly Peeley, of whom her father was so proud, might next be seen at the White House Easter Egg Hunt, and then Peeley would be given a token job at the CIA—in the mail room, but at twice his present salary. Or Guy might find him a spot on the War Chest Committee. In the meantime, Peeley would have turned over to them every scrap of information about Norm himself, including what his salary was. But how can I fight it? he wondered. It's politics as usual, the name of the game. Who knows? Perhaps they would call him one night around 3 A.M. and say, "Are you with us, Raymond? Or against us?"

But wasn't it mad to suppose that Mr. Bush would really go after him? Norm was not one of your Exxon chiefs, or your highly visible Bob Hopes. He was a faithful, if undistinguished, Republican. (As a youngster he had favored Hoover—even embracing the trickle-down concept.) Yet, he did begin to understand the administration's strategy, now that he thought it over. Undistinguished but faithful Republicans like himself, quietly living out the American dream, might, when mobilized, constitute a fabulous resource—might make the crucial difference when the '82 elections came along. And it was only natural that they should want to keep tabs on their real supporters! The administration had the "Glitter and Grace," sure, and the "New Elegance." But would these really suffice to prevent liberal activist groups from watering down or overturning key initiatives, before they had a chance to take effect? He would give, and generously, next month!

Two weeks after the arrival of Mr. Bush's letter, it came—in an ivory vellum suggestive of majesty, a private but all-American majesty. No return address. Norm just held it in his hand and gazed at it, and received a sensation of

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN ALCORN

Lynn Caraganis lives in New York and is writing a novel.

indefinable promise. He opened it and drew the little bit of tissue away and read:

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Annenberg,
the publishing moguls,
request the pleasure of
the company of

Mr. Norm Raymond

at a select gala at their estate,
the Annenberg Estate
on April 12

White shoes

Norm smacked his forehead with the palm of his hand. By George, they *would* have the pleasure of his company, and he would work his fingers to the bone for them, out of gratitude.

During these first minutes of triumph, Norm's habitual anxiety and diffidence melted away. He jumped up and called his daughters to tell them the news, and then he set about packing his bag. He put in his best summer suit and his white shoes, and as he did so, he murmured, "We built it, it's ours."

THE FLIGHT TO California was quick and pleasant, and Norm passed the time in re-reading everything he had on the administration. Then, if the gala should include a briefing, he would not disgrace himself. Among the things that interested him particularly was the fact that sure, the President was the President, and ditto the First Lady, but they were also the First Host and First Hostess of our land, and they had brought an almost European glitter to the White House. Also, that the First Hostess believed women had gone too far, yet was spunky in her own way, like when she was criticized, which was so beautiful. The First Host, moreover, had not been too high and mighty to "check out" his son and find him "100% male"! But Norm, for his part, felt it like a knife in his heart that his Chief's son should be a dancer. Most important of all, though, Norm admired the President's style of dealing with his enemies. No Democrat, however pessimistic, however hostile, could embitter the man or make him stoop to that level. How well Norm knew—and felt he understood—that agrieved but kindly facial expression; it was more like a man who has thirty toddlers trying to crawl on him at once!

During the last fifteen minutes of the flight, Norm put Sani-White on his shoes

and checked his appearance in a new traveling mirror. He knew he was handsome, but those days of taking it for granted were definitely over.

At the terminal, a good-looking young man in livery—could it be the Osmond boy?—approached him and greeted him by name. Norm reached inside his jacket for his invitation.

"Don't bother!" said the boy with a smile, and they walked together to the curbside, where a silver-blue van marked "Annenberg" awaited them.

"Well, that's everybody, I guess," he said. Norm climbed into the second seat and they whirled away to Palm Springs in the blazing sunlight.

In spite of the dozens of aerial photos he had seen, Norm was thrilled and impressed by the splendors they passed once they had turned off Bob Hope Drive, past the barbed wire, onto the estate. But as a Republican, he did not be-

times larger than Norm's own home. Everywhere he saw photos from the Eisenhower years. He set his big bag down on a rack at the foot of the bed.

"I hope you didn't trouble yourself too much about clothes," said the First Hostess. "You'll be wearing these tonight," and she gestured toward a small red jacket with gold buttons. The shirt was already inside it. Next to the jacket was placed a red bellhop-style hat.

"And thank you for coming, Mr. Raymond."

"Oh, you didn't have to . . ." Norm expostulated, then realized she had gone. Well, as he perfectly well knew, as First Hostess she took pains to see to everything herself, menu and all, and she must have plenty to do. And as he knew from his reading, it was the First Host who "created the bonhomie."

Norm explored his quarters and freshened up. He thought briefly of his



grudge the owners a thing—not one hole of the golf course, not one splinter of the 32,600-square-foot Mayan-esque house.

"It's a fine place," he said to the driver.

"It sure is," the boy replied with pride.

They pulled up before a charming guesthouse. And who was standing there, all in red, but the First Hostess! Norm scrambled down with his bag and hurried toward her along the flower-bordered walk, his hand outstretched, his knees trembling.

"How do you do, Mrs. . . ."

"Hello, Mr. Raymond," she said with great charm.

"I'm so proud to be invited here . . . and . . ."

"We're very glad you could make it. Let me show you your room," she said.

It was a cozy bungalow—beautifully if not grandly furnished, and five or six

daughters, and even, with a smile, of old Peeley—who was at that moment probably plugging away at his desk!

Then, at five o'clock precisely, a Mr. Dennis came in and asked Norm to follow him up to the house. "The gala will be out of doors," he explained.

"Oh, very nice," said Norm happily. He was satisfied with his appearance—the white shoes, the red jacket with the buttons. But the red hat he had decided not to wear if he could do so without offense.

"Your hat, Mr. Raymond," said Mr. Dennis, pointing at the bed.

"Oh!" said Norm. He took up the hat and put it on, drawing the patent-leather band under his chin.

"I guess I just forgot it."

"And this," said Mr. Dennis. It was a white pin made of plastic with "Norm"

printed on it. "You can put it over your pocket."

"What a good idea," said Norm. "This way I won't be such a stranger."

Mr. Dennis held the door for him and they walked out together.

"Actually, I'm Jack Kemp," said Mr. Dennis. "I do this sort of thing to help out, and I call myself 'Mr. Dennis.' No one is closer to the President than I am."

"Oh, I know it, Mr. Kemp. Not in the Congress, anyway," said Norm. "You have his ear, all right."

Mr. Kemp set a pretty fast pace up the impeccable drive toward the Mayan-esque house, but as they strode along, Norm was too excited to keep silent. "I'm with you totally on that tax business," he said.

Mr. Kemp nodded, but no other words were exchanged between the two, as they were now very near the beautiful house and many guests had arrived. Norm saw three or four other men clad as he was, as well as a stout woman in a red ballet suit. Mr. Kemp abruptly left his side and before he knew where he was, Norm was standing in a cloud of perfume: eight glamorous, middle-aged blonde women stood before him as if in a pageant! He recognized them at once as the Big Eight—Nancy's soulmates!—each one of whom was married to a millionaire ranch-investor or a "Here's Boomer" producer! Each one of whom had a bow on her dress and, more important, shared with her Hostess the conviction that family life was a good thing. They smiled at him enigmatically.

"Here's someone we haven't met," said the most beautiful one.

"Hello, 'Norm!'" exclaimed another.

"How do you do!" said Norm, extending a hand and then withdrawing it as their attention was suddenly diverted by the exuberant behavior of a tall man wearing glasses. He was on his knees in a flower bed, tearing dahlias and hollyhocks up by the roots.

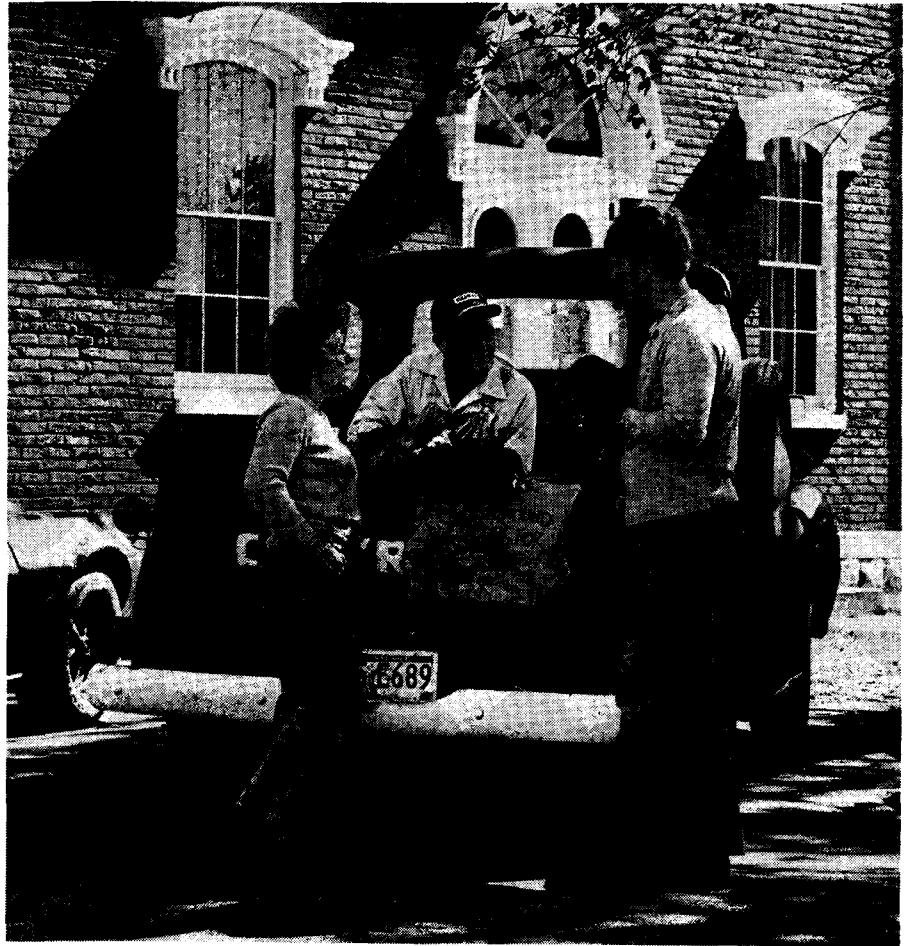
"Come and get 'em, ladies!" he was shouting pleasantly.

"That Jim!" said one of the women. "You know, I asked him to get me a teeny franchise in Yellowstone. Oh, that reminds me, Nancy's switched florists!"

"What? What are you going to do?"

"Confront her, of course."

Norm was confused, and began to think about moving away quietly when he saw a tall, genial man approaching with an easy greatness. The ladies all turned happily to greet him, and Norm



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tried to compose himself for this meeting with the Chief.

"We were just meeting Norm," said one of the ladies.

"Well, I hope you women didn't go too far!" said the President.

"The outfit is darling," said another.

"We built it, it's ours," said the President with bonhomie, extending a hand to Norm.

"How do you do, sir."

"How do you do, Norm. Gosh, I'm glad you could make it out here. The First Lady and I appreciate your making the trip." The President released Norm's hand, and for a moment they stood in affable silence. Norm was alarmed to see traces of sadness suddenly appear on the President's face.

"Norm," he said, and a little tear actually appeared in the corner of his right eye. "There are people in this country of ours," he began, almost sternly, then faltered.

"Welfare cheats?" said Norm emotionally. "Quitters?"

"No, Norm."

"Pessimists?"

The President's face relaxed. "Yes, Norm, and some others. . . ." and again he had to pause emotionally, and ended by merely shaking his head.

Norm shook his head, too.

At that moment, though, Mr. Dennis appeared and touched the President's arm, and whispered in his ear. He nodded and turned back to Norm. "Norm, thanks."

"Minorities!" said Norm. The President nodded genially, then went away.

Terribly excited, Norm took a deep breath. He looked up with pleasure at the beautiful house and the pleasant, chatting people who had made him welcome. He decided then and there to go to the red-white-and-blue canopy where the bar was, but was stopped by another familiar-looking man (Ed Meese?) coming toward him with a loaded tray.

"I'm Ed Meese, Norm. Here's the canapés. No eavesdropping—just circulate, try not to spill anything. Some of the outfits on these women are worth seven, eight thousand dollars apiece."

The White House chief of staff! Norm was thinking. What was he talking about, though? "These women are going too far!" Norm exclaimed hastily.

This made Ed Meese mad. "Don't you go too far, Norm," he said severely. Then he handed Norm the tray and walked back into the crowd.

Terribly ill at ease, Norm sank down onto the grass, then suddenly stood up again, for it seemed to him the whole crowd was calling—"Hey, over here! More canapés!" □

MOVIES

MANUFACTURING "ANNIE"

BY STEPHEN SCHIFF



THE FILM-GOING AUDIENCE is smaller than ever, and since the fortunes of a movie company ride on fewer and fewer pictures, a very expensive one can no longer afford to play to a mere segment of the public. It has to play to everybody. Movies are tested and marketed almost scientifically; scenes are excised and actors cast on the basis not of aesthetics but of surveys and polls. The \$50 million movie version of *Annie* may be the apotheosis of this new manufacture. It's a virtual money-making machine, but its levers and pulleys are so well hidden that it manages to look warm and spontaneous, and wonderfully alive.

There is something in it for everyone. For grown-ups who have brought their children, it has the spectacle that old-fashioned, big-budget musicals used to offer: splendid costumes, seas of dancing bodies, fancy sets that look like fancy sets. For the sophisticates who might never admit to enjoying a sugary bagatelle like *Annie*, it has movie references and bits of thirties trivia. For college kids, it has Tim Curry, the insouciant pop singer who starred in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*; he plays Rooster, the perfidious brother of Miss Hannigan, who runs Annie's orphanage. Theatergoers can look forward to Albert Finney, as Daddy Warbucks, and Ann Reinking, as Warbucks's secretary and future paramour, Grace. For TV-watchers, Edward Herrmann reprises the portrayal of FDR he gave in two television specials.

And, as Miss Hannigan, there is Carol Burnett, whose popularity with the television audience makes her the Lucille Ball of her generation. Burnett has been in movies before, but in roles that win her acclaim for doing something other

than what she does best—delirious comedy. In a movie practically devoid of strong characterizations (and hence of the character identification that moves an audience), Miss Hannigan is the plummiest part, and Burnett squeezes everything she can out of it. Peering languidly from under her droopy, purple eyelids, she turns Miss Hannigan into a hardened Blanche Dubois, a silly yet pitiable creature who stopped depending on the kindness of strangers ages ago. Never before has Burnett unleashed the full range of her comic gifts in a movie, and their effect on a large screen is almost overwhelming. She's the movie's energy and its glue; she galvanizes it, propels it, and seals its cracks.

Of course, the filmmakers haven't forgotten the children in the audience. For them (and for their grandparents, I suppose), the movie has apple-cheeked Annie, a bland little muffin played by Aileen Quinn, and the tots who live with her in the lowering New York orphanage that Miss Hannigan runs. But the director, John Huston, and the screenwriter, Carol Sobieski, have scraped away some of the saccharine gloss that made the orphans' cavortings so oppressive in the play. Instead of singling out the real cutie pies, the movie wisely makes the children a streaming mass. The choreographer is Arlene Phillips, who worked on the disco musical *Can't Stop the Music* and on those bouncy Dr. Pepper commercials aimed at the Pepsi generation. In a recent promotional TV documentary called *Lights, Camera, Annie!*, Phillips was amusingly brisk and impatient with the child actors and dancers she trained—she seemed to wish they were grown-ups. She has replaced the cuddly curtsies and taps that the choreographer Peter Gennaro composed for the stage production with slick, athletic dances, full of acrobatic leaps and leggy swoops that turn the moppets into nymphets. In fact, everything in the movie is sexier than it was in the play. When Tim Curry dances with Bernadette Peters, who plays Rooster's scheming moll, Lily, he shimmies alongside her and snakes between her legs. Though the burgeoning passion of Warbucks and Grace feels staid by comparison, it too gives off a certain unexpected heat. Burnett, meanwhile, does a lot of slatternly lounging in doorways, wearing satiny teddies and low-cut dresses that don't expose her cleavage so much as her sternum.

Stephen Schiff writes movie criticism for The Boston Phoenix and Glamour.

STILL, THIS ISN'T the steamy sensuality of contemporary movies, or even of contemporary movie musicals. It's a nostalgic return to the suppressed eroticism of the old days, the cheery winking of Debbie Reynolds, Shirley Jones, Mitzi Gaynor, and, even earlier, all those grinning Busby Berkeley blondes. *Annie* couldn't be contemporary, because Huston, Ray Stark, the producer, and Joe Layton, the executive producer (who staged the musical sequences), know that contemporary audiences don't much like contemporary musicals. Since 1972, when *Cabaret* thrust the genre into a new maturity, the musical has grown more self-conscious and sexy and intelligent, but even relatively popular "adult musicals" such as *All That Jazz* and *Hair* have fallen short of that box-office pantheon inhabited by the likes of *Mary Poppins* and the Rodgers and Hammerstein pictures. (One recent musical has made a lot of money: 1978's *Grease*, the most successful musical in history—and, like *Annie*, a machine-tooled nostalgia piece.)

The stage version of *Annie*, which its author, Thomas Meehan, says he wrote "as a reaction to . . . Nixonian America," was simply too liberal for a 1982 movie; it was about a selfish tycoon, softened by his contact with the victims of the Depression, turning into the sort of kindly, paternal businessman who could embrace the New Deal. But liberalism went out of fashion. The adapters decided that audiences don't want to think about being poor. The movie had to keep the New Deal optimism but get rid of the New Deal; it had to keep the thirties nostalgia but get rid of the Depression; it had to keep the orphans but get rid of their heart-rending poverty.

And that may be why, in recessionary 1982, you will no longer find in *Annie* a bitterly sarcastic ditty called "We'd Like to Thank You (Herbert Hoover)," which was sung in the play by the broken residents of a Hooverville beneath the 59th Street bridge. You won't find the "Hooverville-ites," either. In fact, you won't find much talk of the Depression. The final hymn to the New Deal is gone too. Warbucks's friendship with FDR isn't a conversion anymore, and FDR is no longer the agent of Annie's rescue; he's just there, a beaming stick of furniture. Even the orphans don't seem to be Depression characters. They're stock figures out of some dim, Dickensian past. The only destitute adults in the movie

are Miss Hannigan, Rooster, and Lily—comical villains, soaking up booze and frustration. According to *Annie*, the business of America is business. Set in a New York City that can encompass both thirties cars and eighties helicopters, it has become a trickle-down musical: it tells us that tycoons need love too, and if you give it to them, they'll see that it's properly distributed. *Annie*, of course, represents that love, and a curious new song called "We Got Annie" treats her as a sort of salubrious commodity. "She makes you relax," crow the lyrics, "like a big tax rebate."

AT THE CENTER OF this shift in emphasis is a mad inspiration that works: Albert Finney has had the audacity to turn Oliver Warbucks into a letter-



perfect impersonation of John Huston. That strangely lilting growl, the ironically popping eyes and tilting head, the swiveling chin and epicurean pout, are unmistakable. Since Huston is not only the director of *Annie* but an actor whose appearances in movies such as *Chinatown* and *Winter Kills* have been in evil mogul roles, it's as though Finney were softening a disparaging image of power and wealth that the movies have been presenting for nearly a decade. In fact, the film version of *Annie* blithely reveals

what the stage play never dared: that there's a reason for Daddy's singular last name. The benevolent bigwig manufactures armaments.

It's odd that Huston, who once styled himself a Hollywood maverick, should have become such a reliable director of conventional movies. His last film, *Victory*, was a staggeringly ordinary POW picture, and the film before it, *Phobia*, a dumb horror chiller. As entertaining as *Annie* is, it's rarely surprising or transporting or rich; it's a mechanism, and so it's dead at the center. Huston is the sort of director who can be inventive without putting his stamp on anything, and that's not a bad quality when you're adapting an already beloved property. The production numbers are so full of little bits of business that one can always find distraction from the ponderous melodies and the lackadaisical rhymes. Even if little Aileen Quinn's freckles and piping voice leave you cold (they did me), there's usually someone madly leaping and twirling in the background. During the early stages of production, Garrison True, one of the movie's casting directors, told me that Huston was hired partly because he had lived through the period, and hence understood it. Perhaps what that really means is that he's an old-fashioned craftsman who knows how old-fashioned movies worked on audiences.

There is one glorious sequence during which every child in the theater will undoubtedly grow restive—and everyone over a certain age will be enthralled. When Warbucks and Grace take Annie to Radio City Music Hall, the movie playing there is *Camille*, and Huston shows us actual snippets of Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor as they drift toward the tragedy we know awaits them. The clips unfold in a way that is genuinely evocative, so that anyone who admires the film will be moved once again; everybody else will feel like wandering out for some Pom Poms. Then, at the end of the segment, Huston turns his camera to the theater, and there are Warbucks and Grace, looking utterly devastated, and Annie, sound asleep by their side. That moment is a witty and knowing reflection of the way the scene polarizes its own audience. And it's something more, as well—something riskier. It's Huston's tongue-in-cheek acknowledgment that no movie can be all things to all people—even when, like *Annie*, it's painstakingly designed to be. □

BOOKS

HARD TIMES FOR POETS

BY WILFRID SHEED

POETS IN THEIR YOUTH

by Eileen Simpson. Random House, \$15.50.



THE VANITY OF POETS is one of the three or seven (I forget the latest figure) basic jokes of mankind, so there's no pretending it isn't funny. Yet laughing at it can be almost as cruel as making fun of somebody's gout. Poet's vanity is an extremely painful condition, and there is absolutely nothing the victim can do about it. If one has made something beautiful enough, one *needs* to be praised for it, as God is praised every Sunday for his universe. And all the foot-shuffling and hair-rumpling modesty of a Robert Frost only makes it worse.

Poets who get their full measure of glory tend to sprout beautiful heads of white hair and to live a long time. Poets who, on the whole, don't are the subject of Eileen Simpson's amiable book *Poets in Their Youth*. For the generation she deals with, that of Delmore Schwartz, Randall Jarrell, Robert Lowell, and Ms. Simpson's husband, John Berryman, there simply wasn't enough glory to be had, however much was deserved. America in the late Depression and World War II was even less in the mood for verse than usual. So if you wanted fame, you had to invent it, or redefine it to your taste.

It is instructive to read here how ingenious and selectively blind poets in this fix can be. At first, of course, just getting published is delusion enough. As every beginner knows, the whole human race is plugged into the *Mudville Quarterly* for your debut; but the thrill fades as you start to notice the company you're keeping in these humble quarters. What you need right away is a coterie. Because if you and Jarrell and Schwartz all publish in the same magazine, then *ipso facto* it is a distinguished magazine. And *voilà*, you have the *Kenyon Review*.

One had to have distinguished journals whether they existed or not. If you couldn't enlarge the audience, you could at least make it seem smarter, more dis-

cerning. Mass audiences were vulgar, anyway: you clung to the myth of the one Good Reader for dear life. And here again the coterie came in handy. Because your friends not only published with you but they read you and talked about you, creating a modest uproar. And because they were great poets, their praise was more precious than that of a million fools chanting your name in the streets.

The process was as tricky and involuted as the classic account of the Blessed Trinity, whereby the Father's self-contemplation generates the Son, and their consequent love for each other generates the Spirit. The boys had to convince themselves and each other that they *were* great to start the ball rolling and they had to keep believing it through thick and thin. Because, for a while, in God's own wasteland, they were almost all each other had.

THE BOOK STARTS with Berryman's great friendship for Schwartz, and it is inspiring to read here how much poets can help each other. Far from being the envious reptiles of legend, these two young men kept each other functioning simply by breathing hot enthusiasm back and forth. Schwartz was hag-ridden by his early success with *In Dreams Begin Responsibilities*, which could not be much augmented in that small world but could easily dwindle: everything had to go just right even to keep the *Partisan Review's* good favor. Berryman, for his part, could barely see the top of the hill on which Schwartz wobbled.

Randall Jarrell enters next. He had already made something of a reputation as a boy gunman, shooting down other poets as they clawed their way up, in a series of deadly reviews. So Berryman was terrified to meet him. Yet Jarrell joined the Glee Club for a while, in his own pawky way, and gave Berryman another crucial shot of confidence (Schwartz was already beginning to strangle on his own paranoia). For all his now obvious gifts, John Berryman could easily have stumbled at a depressing

number of points. The poets who came through had to be lucky as well as good.

Robert Lowell seems at first an exception to all the above, because his self-esteem was surely enough recognition for anyone. Yet I found him, at a much later date, not merely satanically vain but boyishly eager to impress: a bad angel, but an angel. His word seemed to carry more weight than the others', if only because it was delivered so beautifully, in a soft, almost religious voice like that of a diamond appraiser who has found the real stuff. Everyone wanted Lowell's praise, and the summer the Berrymans spent with Cal and Jean Stafford (Mr. and Mrs. Lowell) sounds like the happiest of Berryman's life if only for that. With Lowell purring judiciously in his ear, he *felt* like a poet, by God.

Simpson says that the boys talked poetry for days at a time, but since she didn't know that she was going to write a book about it, she has to leave it at that. The one thing she records is Lowell going on like a school kid about favorite lines (the best three from Yeats, your own best three), which helped me tangentially with my Lowell problem. It seems he was strictly a line poet, string them as you will, so that his poems are like all-star teams that haven't practiced together.

The trouble with writing lines for Lowell was that you pretty well kissed the rest of the world good-bye in doing so. The perfect reader is finally as confining as the perfect wife. Jarrell, who did have some reptile in him, was probably the first to see it. One day he turned up at the Berrymans' with Cal, and after several attempts had been made to lighten what Jarrell swore was a hangover caused by canapés, Berryman hit on the ultimate tickler: he praised something Jarrell had written—a review, by good chance, of Lowell's *Lord Weary's Castle*. Jarrell basked for a minimum count, and then launched into a vicious parody of Lowell, which contained every single weakness he had left out of his review. Miraculously, they remained friends, but Jarrell had to perform this ritual stabbing to release his own work.

After the war, another means of staying afloat besides log-rolling became available. Universities had money and poets looked wonderful in the shop window: nobody quite knew what to do with them, but that was true of many gifts in that plush era. So now, instead of writing for Lowell you could write for whole

Wilfrid Sheed, novelist and critic, is the author most recently of *Clare Boothe Luce*.



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English departments and the new critics therein. At Princeton, where Berryman went, this meant mostly pleasing dapper ringmaster R. P. Blackmur, Simpson's finest re-creation. Again one senses a great afflatus: the audience had palpably grown this time. It wouldn't seem small again for a while. Through the burgeoning university network, it was suddenly possible to think of oneself as a national poet, even if the nation turned out to consist entirely of English departments.

The Berrymans had just come from a grim time of it in New York, where John failed spectacularly as a salesman, a chilling symbol for a poet, so Princeton must have seemed a mirage, a country club with brains. Yet Death, too, dwelled in Arcadia. I met the author a few years later, and she talked sardonically of ladies who "want a poet for Christmas" every year. Such ladies were falling out of the trees in Princeton, and for good reason. I have never seen (or joined in) such drinking as the Lit set could contrive in those days. So what would have seemed like a personal drinking problem elsewhere was lost in the crowd, and Berryman drifted into alcoholism without noticing. He and Schwartz had once talked with contempt of writers who drown their talent in booze, but both would now proceed to do so themselves, having badly misjudged the undertow.

Eventually, the Academy's hold had to be broken just as Lowell's had been. Schwartz showed his position by renting a farm a few miles out of Princeton, which Saul Bellow has hauntingly described in *Humboldt's Gift*: this was Schwartz's alternate think-tank and creative-writing department. As for Berryman, he had to write his way out, as usual. With a mad burst of will, he decided to let himself go completely and to write *Homage to Mistress Bradstreet* without keeping an eye or an ear out for anybody. It was a frenzied performance, and Simpson conveys what living in a house with such a brainstorm must be like. Mistress Bradstreet became alternately Simpson's rival and herself, as the poet tossed and turned: Simpson had to live through pregnancy and death with the subject, but then so did Berryman. He was possessed by the poem, and would spare himself or her nothing.

When the dust had settled, Simpson realized that to write that well Berryman had to go that crazy, and she simply couldn't live through another such experience ever. Let the girls fall out of

trees all they wanted: she'd had enough of poets, for Christmas or any other time.

The pilgrimage to fame was complete. Both Jarrell and Berryman did their best work going their own way, but who knows what damage they had sustained en route? Both committed suicide even as the acclaim they had hungered for was at its loudest. Jarrell's suicide was only a probable, but he did collide with a bus in suspicious circumstances, and a poet of the other sort, who had supped on glory early and often, had the last word. "He should have thought of the poor bus driver," said W. H. Auden, from across the divide.



It wasn't exactly Bloomsbury, but it was probably the best we could do right then. The whole group was talented enough for any era, but they were sadly diminished by self-consciousness: they had to watch their feet all the way up. Lowell alone endured, though painfully, because self-consciousness was his nature; he always knew that he was "writing peu-etry" (there is no phonetic for the caressing way he pronounced that word). He never got tired of saying, "Now I'm going to read a few perms."

EILEEN SIMPSON HAS one rather attractive weakness: she writes herself almost completely out of the book. So it is worth mentioning that she herself was a very useful part of a poet's equipment. Beautiful and bright, she was still content to serve at the shrine

for as long as the canonization took. A poet today might have trouble finding such a sophisticated acolyte. For she also made the perfect disciple and sounding board, as her references to Berryman's work indicate: she knew why these poems were worth bleeding for.

At Princeton, Simpson became a Freudian analyst, as well, and this I find a mixed blessing, at least for her book. She tells bloodcurdling tales of Berryman's strange mother, who claimed after he grew up that she was his sister, in order to enhance her flirtability. Berryman was convinced that her infidelities had driven his father to suicide. On his dark way there, he had swum each of his two sons out to sea and threatened to drown them. There was no question about the way Berryman would go himself. He hovered menacingly over water more than once in his life, as if looking for something.

So far, so good. But at times Simpson's analyst's-eye view tends to reduce her poets to tormented little boys of a not unfamiliar kind. No doubt they were, but in a more receptive world I think they would have survived their mothers and fathers quite nicely. An unsuccessful artist is the lowest form of family or any other kind of life, and can be made to feel like a child long after his time.

Be that as it may, so many poets' excuses have come to us with their mothers' names attached that the only story still worth hearing is the mischief they make on their own. Simpson tells of a summer the Lowells spent with Allen Tate and Caroline Gordon, where each night it was the custom to take some absent guest apart. Every poet in America must have been dismembered by Labor Day. The effect on Jean Stafford was malignant—she decided that all literary talk was like that—and maybe it was on Lowell, too. But what interests me here is the Tates.

They were a genuinely charming and even kind couple, but they were also plumb in the middle of the cycle: kings of the campus and the coteries, nothing special outside. So they were brutally stern about standards and cheap success. Both of them were abundantly helpful to young writers (I know), but death on older ones who went astray in the fields of commerce. And you had to do it their way: which in my case meant that if I didn't write like Flaubert, I might as well not write novels at all.

For years I wrote on, in dread of Caro-

line, who thought I could still be saved for Art (Allen knew better, and settled on me as an occasional beer-drinking partner, and never a harsh word). The pressure I felt was as nothing to the chains around Berryman, who had to live and teach in the Tates' back yard, Princeton (and there were Tates everywhere). But it was enough to acquaint me with the Cult of Lofty Failure, which was the inverse of the Drive for Glory. The unrequited lust for greatness poured its ingrown energies into holding others down, and this, I think, was the most crippling of obstacles, mothers or no mothers, that Berryman and Company had to overcome.

Simpson might disagree, but I got the notion from her book, which is a "rendering" (Caroline Gordon would have approved) rather than a thesis. I could wish that some of her anecdotes had more point, but her evocation of period is so unmannered and right that one can almost feel the breeze off the Charles River, and the jubilation and terror of finding oneself a young poet at the worst possible time. Unlike her subjects, Simpson is open and unselfconscious, and plays her cards face up. The others might have written prettier books about all this, but none, from the sound of them, could or would have told so much truth.

CLOSE TO THE NERVE

BY FRANK KERMODE

THOMAS HARDY
by Michael Millgate. Random House, \$25.00.



THOMAS HARDY DIED in 1928, in his eighty-eighth year. I was eight years old at the time, and hundreds of miles from Wessex and London—in fact, on the Isle of Man, out in the middle of the Irish Sea, where we had our own great novelist, Sir Hall Caine. Caine was a best-selling author whose novels were set on the Isle of Man. He had been an intimate of Rossetti's and wore his hair very long; my first contact with literature occurred when he drove into town from his mock-Gothic castle, and a crowd

Frank Kermode teaches at Cambridge University.

of urchins, including me, ran after his Rolls advising him to have his hair cut. Still, we held him to be at least the equal of Hardy. But the radio, recently imported, gave us some reason to doubt that judgment, for it told us of the great stir at Hardy's funeral. I remember being particularly impressed by the news that they had buried his heart in Dorset and his ashes in Westminster Abbey, all on the same wet January morning. The partition struck me as gruesome, but at that age you are prepared to believe that adults will do almost anything; and at a slightly more mature age I found out about the even more grotesque goings-on at Shelley's funeral pyre, when Trelawney burnt his fingers rescuing the poet's heart from the flames. In fact, to separate the heart from the rest of the remains is a good old medieval custom, and some great men were interred piecemeal in politically important locations. Still, I was not alone in thinking the Hardy funeral a bit odd. Some of my elders, as it turned out, agreed.

Hardy had made it perfectly plain that he wished to be buried with his kin at Stinsford, Dorset, but the London literary lions persuaded the widow that she owed it to the nation to deliver him up to Westminster Abbey, in which no literary person had been interred since Tennyson, in 1892. She remembered his wish, but was harassed by the likes of Barrie and Shaw. Finally, the local vicar came up with the compromise solution, regarded as satisfactory in London but not in Dorset, where a peasant is credited with a line Hardy himself might have been pleased to write: "Almighty, 'e'll say, 'Ere be 'eart, but where be rest of 'e?" The Abbey ceremony, reverently reported by the BBC, was in fact a bit of a shambles; the P.R. was inefficient and the rain pitiless. All the same, there was a propriety in the double event. Without really leaving Wessex, Hardy imposed himself on London and the nation as the greatest literary man of his age.

It could be said that Hardy knew his place: Dorsetshire and the adjoining counties he named, in *Far From the Madding Crowd*, Wessex, the old name for these western districts; he kept on using it—virtually copyrighted it—and included maps of it in his collected editions. The name persisted, and is still used for a vaguely defined area of southwestern England. In one sense it is a region anybody can, or could, visit. Eminent geographers will vouch for the

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accuracy of his representation of it. Of course, much has happened to it since Hardy's youth—deforestation, depopulation, railways—yet, as the geographer H. C. Darby testifies, "Underneath all these changes in economic and social circumstance the main lineaments of the countryside are still to be discerned." But it is equally true that in a sense important to Hardy his Wessex was not so readily available to geographer or tourist. He would never admit without qualification that Casterbridge *was* Dorchester, for instance. It is true that when he was writing *The Mayor of Casterbridge* he worked through the files of the *Dorset County Chronicle*, and that he made the fictional town very like the real one; but it was important to insist on the differences. Wessex was "partly real, partly dream-country." The fullest vindication of this position is in *Tess of the d'Urbervilles*, where the geology and geography of the area give structure and substance to the dream of the plot.

There is a second important sense in which Hardy, though perhaps with less assurance, knew his place. And it is here that his biographers play a necessary part. Hardy wanted no biography; indeed, he went to the trouble of writing one himself (published posthumously as the work of his widow), with the intention, at least in part, of preventing "revelations" about his social origins. Naturally his wish has been disregarded; in the matter of his private life as well as in that of his burial place, he owed something to the nation. Since he left quantities of unpublished material, and since it can be supplemented from official archives, biographers have plenty to add to the gray volumes of the authorized Life. Robert Gittings's large-scale biography, *Young Thomas Hardy* (1975) and *Thomas Hardy's Later Years* (1978), might have been expected to satisfy curiosity for a couple of decades at least; but we now have another work on the same scale, by Michael Millgate, who in 1971 published *Thomas Hardy: His Career as a Novelist*, a substantial and intelligent critical biography.

But there is no need to complain of overkill. The selection of material, the contour of the novels and the poetry in relation to the life, differing with the observer's point of view, ensure that the resemblances between biographies are not identities. There must, of course, be a broad correspondence between them in respect of fact, and an echoing of famous

or significant texts and remarks; but the pictures vary as painted portraits might. What counts is the quality of observation and the skill of exposition. And Millgate (who says very little about Gittings) is better than merely competent in these respects; he is ready to correct former interpretations and offer new ones (most boldly when he suggests that Emma Gifford may have tricked Hardy into marriage by pretending to be pregnant) but relies for most of his effect on a very deep knowledge of the whole long life and voluminous works of his sitter. He cannot therefore avoid being instructive on the matter of Hardy's social place, his relation to the class system.

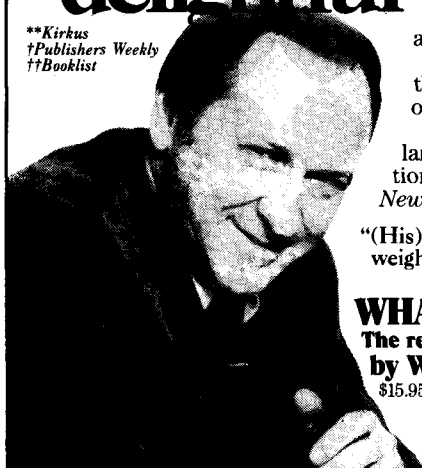
CLASS AND SEX are the great subjects of English fiction, which is more candid about the first than about the second, but which rightly presents them as inextricably intertwined. Class feeling is especially complex and intense at the borderline between a working class that is willing to recognize itself by that description and the lowest stratum of the middle class, consisting of those who can think of themselves as "a cut above" the workers. Like D. H. Lawrence, in some ways his direct successor, Hardy was born and raised in that uneasy border country, and for both of them it was an inducement to upward social mobility. Each had a father of genial, pleasure-loving temperament, who might well have let him drift over the frontier into proletarian poverty and ungentry; each had a mother dominant and, within limits, ambitious. Hardy was articulated to an architect, and so had a trade, though not a very glamorous one, that would have kept him in the middle class. It isn't at all surprising that he had fantasies about the former greatness of the Hardys, associating himself with nobility and with the Captain Hardy to whom Admiral Nelson spoke his last words; it is his version of the family romance, adding pathos to the fact of his birth near the poverty line. Later he used this fantasy in *Tess*; for a curious moment he thought of calling the d'Urbervilles by his own name.

When he became a writer he worked conscientiously at fiction, as a trade that offered to its successful practitioners substantial rewards, financial and social. But if other routes to the top had been open to him he might not have been a novelist at all. He could no more get to Cambridge than Jude to Oxford, and for

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that reason could not advance himself by taking holy orders. His longing for Cambridge was slow to fade, but the desire to prepare for it, and then to do as well as possible without it, had the effect of making him read with great assiduity. He studied Latin as well as English poetry, and plowed through the New Testament in Greek.

One of the beneficial consequences of the monstrous exclusiveness of Victorian Oxford and Cambridge (no women, no dissenters) was that people of talent were forced to educate themselves, which is conceivably the best course for a writer to follow. Hardy's proud autodidacticism left its mark on his books, sometimes bringing them close to ruin. When Jude and Sue find the three chil-

ford was markedly his social superior, and in all manner of ways a wretched woman; Millgate tries as hard as he can to say something good of her, but she was envious, silly, and affected; grew worse to the point of sheer dottiness as she aged; and made no secret of her unwillingness to cope with her husband's low-class family. (Millgate is especially good on the effect she had on some of the novels.) Even in our day, we can sense the pain and awkwardness she must have caused; but there were other, apparently more trivial, reminders that socially, the way up was a hard one. A Cambridge friend, writing to Hardy at his parents' address, put "Mr. Thomas Hardy" on the envelope, not "Thomas Hardy, Esq.," as he would have done to a

among successful men of his class; they probably reflect an unavoidable accumulation of guilt along the way. And the obscure provincial architect might not have married Emma. Hardy endured, manfully but not without ill temper, his long, barren union; Emma became more a rival than a wife, and joined in the condemnation of *Jude* that finally turned Hardy away from fiction. But she died, and his second marriage was not much better. He liked to complain about the role of chance, or "Hap," as he called it, in the ruin of lives; but anybody who continually seeks in real women the lineaments of an ideal "well-beloved" is likely to have a good deal of bad Hap.

ON A SUPERFICIAL view, Hardy's attitude toward sex was admirably simple and consistent. He thought it beautiful, and blamed the world for failing to accommodate it in its pure form. He fell in love very frequently, but always, so far as can be told, with proper regard for the social constraints. On the whole, the physical container of the ideal well-beloved tended to belong to an upper-class woman, though his last love, when he was eighty-four, was an amateur actress in Dorchester. He wanted to run away with her and let her play Tess in a London stage version (Hardy was certainly in love with Tess), but the second Mrs. Hardy got wind of the plan, and, with the cooperation of the young woman herself, put a stop to it. Wanting as far as possible to reduce the grip of Hap, he argued for a reform of the divorce law, but he saw little hope for marriage; there was no "satisfactory scheme for the conjunction of the sexes."

All this may sound sad but straightforward; yet when Hardy says "the emotions have no place in a world of defect, and it is a cruel injustice that they should have developed in it," he has it in mind that in such a world the emotions may acquire, while developing, any measure of perversity. There was a famous occasion (which some say never really happened, but it makes little difference) when Hardy, at sixteen, had watched the hanging of Martha Browne for the murder of her husband. Nearly seventy years later, he wrote: "I remember what a fine figure she showed against the sky as she hung in the misty rain, & how the tight black silk gown set off her shape as she wheeled half-round & back." In another reminiscence of the same event or fantasy, he said, "I saw—they had put a



dren hanged (leaving the famous note, *Done because we are too menny*), Jude says, "Nothing can be done . . . 'Things are as they are, and will be brought to their destined issue'"; whereupon Sue asks him who said that, and he tells her, "It comes in the chorus of the *Agamemnon*." Dying, he quotes *Antigone*. In this, as in so many other ways, he resembles his creator, who was reminded, when his father died, of an ode by Horace and of Hamlet's commendation of Horatio as one who "fortune's buffets and rewards/Hast ta'en with equal thanks." Hardy sensed no incongruity in the famous intrusion of Aeschylus into the last paragraph of *Tess*; and, indeed, we come to see such peculiarities as part of his unique style, which somehow subordinates clumsiness and pretension to its gloomily splendid purposes.

Obviously, a genuine love of book-learning was indissolubly linked with social aspirations, which are also reflected in Hardy's choice of a wife. Emma Gif-

man of his own class, explaining that the latter form might have caused embarrassment in the family circle. Nowadays everybody in England is "Esq.," but then a sharp distinction still existed.

Hardy thought a lot about these class divisions; in one novel a butler finds himself waiting on his own daughter. And sexual love, which he thought of as in itself a pure delight, was bedeviled by class as by most of the other arrangements of the universe. His first novel was called *The Poor Man and the Lady*, and in his greatest work, Tess's troubles arise at least partly because her innocent sexuality causes her to choose educated and upper-class partners; her husband, Angel, is the son of a scholarly clergyman.

Hardy, of course, was to become a great and venerated figure. Yet he more than once, even in old age, wondered whether he might not have been happier as an obscure provincial architect. Such fantasies cannot be very uncommon

cloth over the face—how, as the cloth got wet, *her features came through it. . .*”

When we say Hardy fell in love innumerable times, it is well to remember what he was likely to fall in love *with*. When Emma died and he was relieved of that burden (and free to marry Florence), he fell in love with her more deeply than he perhaps ever had when she was alive, so imitating his own creation Pierston, in *The Well-Beloved*. The years of mourning and remorse produced some remarkable poems, like “The Voice,” in which he addresses her as she was at the beginning of their love, “Even to the original air-blue gown!” She calls—or perhaps it is only the breeze, and she may never be heard again.

Thus I; faltering forward,
Leaves around me falling,
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from
norward,
And the woman calling.

“*Real* woman is abhorrent to man?” asks Hardy. Certainly she had to fulfill some difficult conditions to please him.

HAVING SO MUCH interest in the relations of men and women, Hardy chose well when he chose the novel. But he began cautiously and without fluency. *The Poor Man and the Lady*, never published, was cannibalized in three subsequent novels. The first success, *Under the Greenwood Tree*, is hardly a novel at all, more a delightful set of pastoral sketches, though it staked out his nostalgic and mildly antiquarian claims on his region. He was then thirty-two, and sold the copyright for £30. *Far From the Madding Crowd* consolidated his reputation and gave him new confidence, so that he could start a book before it was fully planned, let it collaborate in its own writing. But he was fifty before he found a publisher willing to treat with him on a royalty basis. Thereafter the rewards were great, and he used them to excuse himself from further fiction.

The whole of his professional career as a novelist was a quiet struggle between what he needed to do and what magazine editors and the prudish public would permit. Sex was his subject, but they took fright at the first sign of it. He wanted to be known as a good man for a magazine serial, and many of his novels were bowdlerized in the serial versions; when they appeared in book form he restored most, though not all, of his original text. Occasionally he would take the

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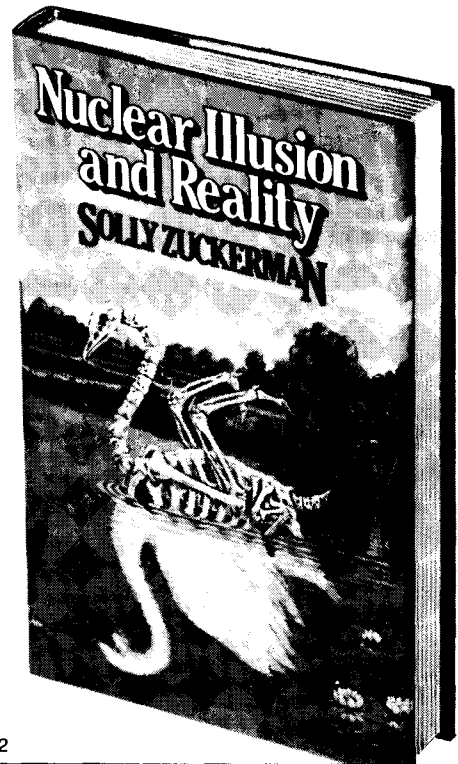
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opportunity of a new edition to strengthen what had been weakened. But if an editor insisted that Tess should go through a form of marriage with Alec d'Urberville, Hardy would agree. Of course the conflict of interest was considerable. Hardy would never have sought a Joycean freedom of expression, but without sex his novels would amount to very little, and sex was what the paymasters were against.

He had ways of getting round the difficulty. The censors, in their coarseness, were looking for the absolutely explicit, and Hardy got away with the extraordinary scene in *Far From the Madding Crowd* when Troy dazzles Bathsheba with a display of sword drill; the cutting of a lock of Bathsheba's hair is an act of sex, and the entire scene has an erotic force that few more explicit novels can match. It is amusing to learn from Millgate that before Hardy wrote the scene he consulted the standard army manual on sword drill: a nice matter-of-factness. Manuals on other kinds of drill would be a more usual source for novelists in our franker times—who are rarely as torrid as Hardy, and never funny at the same time. He was bolder in *Jude*, when Arabella throws the pig's pizzle at the hero; but he didn't get away so easily with it.

In one of his rare essays, Hardy remarked that "great and profound novels" could not be written in such a way as to exclude "an episode deemed questionable by prudes. . . In a ramification of the profounder passions the treatment of which makes the great style, something 'unsuitable' is sure to arise; and then comes the struggle with literary conscience. . ." The force of this lament emerges when you think of *Tess*; to Hardy, Tess was, as his title-page proclaims, "a pure woman," and what she meant to him is suggested by his famous though obscure remark about "all that she is, and was, to me." She was the beloved, and in her a flowering sexuality was a natural concomitant of beauty; the whole book is flushed by a passion for her, expressed in every conceivable non-explicit way. Yet the editors objected even to the scene where Angel carries the milkmaids across the flooded street in his arms, and made him use a wheelbarrow.

"If this sort of thing continues," Hardy understandably remarked, "no more novel-writing for me." And in a few years he had given it up. What is extraordinary is that he should, with all

these disadvantages, have got so close to the nerve of the form. He knew what made for good narrative (the Bible stories, the ballads); he knew that "the seer . . . should watch that pattern among general things which his idiosyncrasy moves him to observe, and describe that alone." He knew that "an exceptional career alone justifies a history being written about a person," but also that such careers might be the careers of milkmaids or provincial mayors. When he insisted that Casterbridge wasn't Dorchester, he had it in mind that "going to Nature" was not like taking a photograph; he greatly admired the late, "mad" Turner, preferring, as he said, original realities to scenic paintings. Intensely professional, he watched the behavior of London folk—a novelist must know about "manners"—and preserved for decades notes and sketches; some poems reach back half a century to their first motions. He had a marvelous memory, and economically exploited the people and scenes of his youth. He had a horror of cruelty and a great tenderness for animals—both, I think, related to his kind of sexuality—but he was undemonstrative and prudent; his peculiarities did not prevent his being a success in the world. He grew quite rich, and enjoyed the best London society as much as he wanted, entertaining distinguished visitors at Max Gate, the ugly house he designed for himself in Dorset, the central county of his own Wessex.

Very old writers have a special claim on public esteem, and though full appreciation of his poetry—the virtually exclusive preoccupation of his last thirty years—was slow to come, Hardy was very famous. He refused a knighthood but accepted the Order of Merit, a much grander distinction, and confined to twenty-four persons, but his wife was annoyed because as the wife of a knight she would have been Lady Hardy, whereas the O.M. offered her nothing but the reflected glory she was sick of anyway. Emma's posthumous consolation was the poetry she prompted, but that can hardly have been welcome to the second Mrs. Hardy. Florence Hardy indeed found Thomas hard to live with; he needed a lot of attention, and was by no means always thinking of her when he thought of women.

He had a certain peasant meanness. Servants disliked him, and perhaps they are usually a problem to the upwardly mobile. But Hardy was not a vain man;

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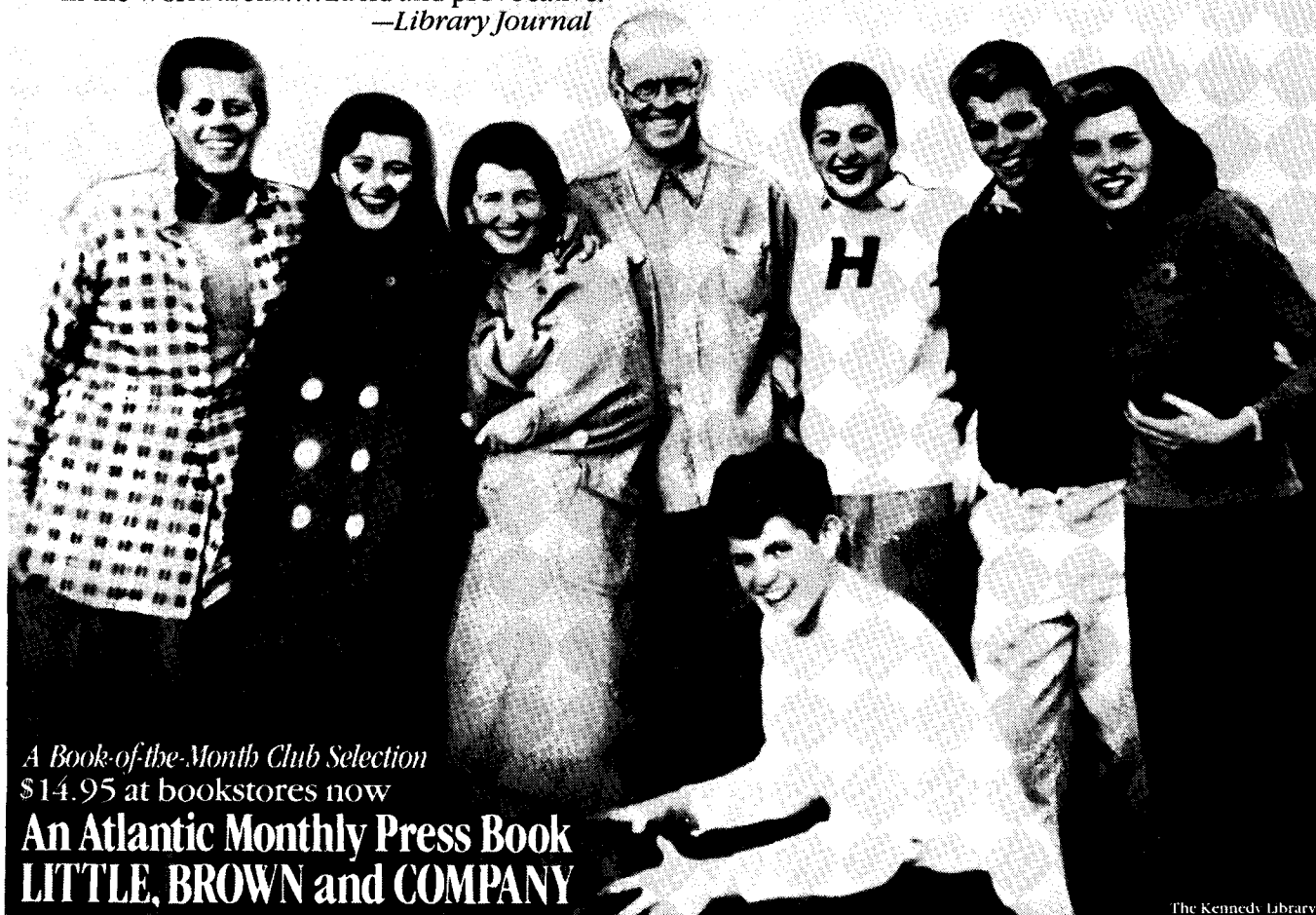
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as Millgate notes, "it had never ceased to amaze and puzzle him that he had somehow become a great man in the world's eyes without ever ceasing to be rather an insignificant figure in his own." The discrepancy in these two estimates explains why his heartless ashes were deposited in the chief church of a sect whose doctrines he repudiated, in the presence of the prime minister, the leader of the opposition, heads of Oxford and Cambridge colleges that had refused to admit him and Jude, with Shaw, Galsworthy, Kipling, and Housman as pallbearers, and T. E. Lawrence, Arnold Bennett, Walter de la Mare, and Leonard and Virginia Woolf among the mourners—all the grand acquaintances his family couldn't meet. Meanwhile, the public waited in the rain to see his open grave, and the news traveled to Wessex by means of radio, itself probably the last nail in the coffin of that Wessex culture of which he had prided himself on being the remembrancer. □

SHORT REVIEWS



SABBATICAL by John Barth. Putnam's, \$14.95. "If there's air enough to move us respectably against the last of the incoming tide, we shall tack down Sillery Bay to the mouth of the Magothy, then unroll the big genoa for a leisurely reach due east across the Bay from Mountain Point, at the foot of Gibson Island, to Love Point at the top of Kent Island. . . ." Yachtsmen familiar with Chesapeake Bay (to which Mr. Barth has added an uncharted island and a sea monster) may enjoy tracking the voyages of his hero and heroine, but since the real purpose of the novel is to present a modern version of the journey-to-the-dark-world myth, readers in general will be disappointed. There is altogether too much avasting and belaying on the route, as well as too much marital maneuver of a decidedly slushy sort.

P. G. WODEHOUSE by Frances Donaldson. Knopf, \$18.50. Pelham Grenville Wodehouse, privately known as Plum, was so thoroughly absorbed by his comic dream world that he seldom willingly did anything but write of it. Except for close family and a friend or two, he had no in-

terest in real people. He had no interest in real events, either. His understanding of money stuck at the penny-candy level, and his grasp of politics was inferior to that of the average chimpanzee. Left to himself, he would have been about as lively a subject for biography as a contented clam. He was not, however, left to himself. He got in the way of World War II, was interned by the Germans, and eventually, through a predictable inability to comprehend what was going on, made some insouciant remarks on the Berlin radio. Envious and small-minded compatriots bellowed "Treason!" Wodehouse spent the rest of his long life in exile, continuing, with profit, to turn out those carefully plotted, exquisitely written entertainments in which violence never hurts, crime is never violent, and the rattle-witted young always triumph over their even more rattle-witted elders. Ms. Donaldson has used Wodehouse's notes on his experiences as an internee, the broadcast flap, and lavish quotation from the novels to create a thoroughly interesting biography, which, among other merits, arouses a strong itch to revisit Blandings Castle.

KILLING OUR OWN by Harvey Wasserman and Norman Solomon with Robert Alvarez and Eleanor Walters. Delacorte, \$19.95. The authors have assembled a mass of evidence on the malign effects of nuclear development, and sum up one aspect of the situation with the statement "By attacking these experts" (independent scientists) "on an *ad hominem* basis, by ignoring the findings of 'nonprofessional' farmers and private citizens, and by failing to provide independent studies of their own, the nuclear industry and public-health authorities have denied thousands of victims of radiation poisoning access to speedy treatment, and millions of Americans the right to make an informed decision on this nation's nuclear policies." With a few changes in terms, that judgment would apply equally well to the military establishment and the Veterans Administration. This terrifying book indicates that, through a mixture of optimistic ignorance, irresponsibility, greed, and plain deceit, we are in danger of government by and for the nuclear industry.

A SECRET SYMMETRY: Sabina Spielrein Between Jung and Freud by Aldo Carotenuto. Pantheon, \$16.95. Spielrein was a bright but neurotic teen-

ager when she began psychoanalytic treatment in Zurich with Jung, who was himself no more than thirty. Naturally, she fell in love with him, and made herself miserable with romantic yearnings and complaints until she transferred her loyalty to Freud in Vienna. She became a psychoanalyst of some distinction before returning to practice in her native Russia, where she vanished in Soviet fog. A cache of her papers has turned up, however, and it is these that Professor Carotenuto discusses and presents. The discussion is fairly technical. The papers consist of Spielrein's plaintive letters and diaries, a few consoling letters from Freud, and very little directly from Jung, who is, of course, cast as the villain in the whole affair. It is a fascinating imbroglio, in part because, given Spielrein's romantic and impulsive temperament, one is never quite certain whether Jung did indeed take improper advantage of his patient's fixation or, as a young man in a new field, simply misjudged and therefore mishandled her case.

MEGALITHOMANIA by John Michell. Cornell, \$16.95. There are a good many chuckles, as well as some sober facts, to be found in Mr. Michell's well-illustrated history of the depiction and interpretation of prehistoric stoneworks. As he himself puts it, "Megalithic studies have been distinguished by remarkable feats of scholarly imagination . . ." His own imagination inclines to ley lines and electromagnetic fields, which makes Mr. Michell a sympathetic chronicler of fanciful speculations.

WAITING FOR THE BARBARIANS by J. M. Coetzee. Penguin, \$3.95. Mr. Coetzee's novel is set in an indeterminate time on the fringes of a nameless empire. The narrator, administrator of a frontier district, is a decent, easygoing civil servant who has managed the area quietly for years and grown old on the job. Somebody in the far-off capital gets the notion that a barbarian attack is imminent, and the army arrives, doing more damage in a few months than the barbarians have ever achieved. The question underlying the novel is, Who are the barbarians? The answer is disturbing and powerfully put.

THE BOOK KNOWN AS Q by Robert Giroux. Atheneum, \$17.95. In considering Shakespeare's sonnets, Mr. Giroux ob-

Answers
to the
May
Puzzler,

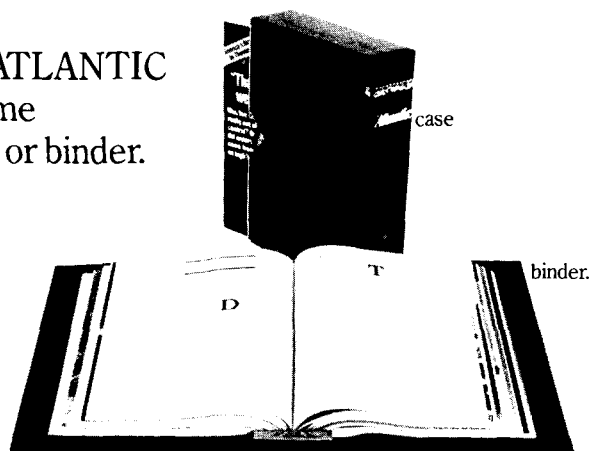
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Unclued entries are noted orators.

Across. 1. APOSTROPHES (anag.) 9. ATHI (hidden) 11. STE(I)N 12. SEA-RING (pun) 13. RARE (double def.) 14. PIT-H 16. AB-ED (pun) 20. THANES (anag.) 22. YET-I 24. MOOR (double def.) 26. S(L)AG 27. CR(EMON)A (Nome rev. in car anag.) 29. A(R)S-IS 30. CRIME-A 31. T-ESS 32. RACKETS (double def.) Down. 1. A-LACRITY (a + anag.) 2. PIN-DAR 3. SCORE (double def.; pun) 4. TO-NE PO-EM (me open rev.) 5. ON-SET (pun) 6. P(IS)A 7. HA-TRACK (pun) 8. SHIN-E 10. TH(RO)AT (or rev.) 15. HIER-ARCH (homophone of hire) 17. BEDLAM (anag.) 18. ANIMISM (anag. + M) 19. C(LOAC)A (cola anag.) 21. GAME-T(h)E 23. ER(ic the)RED 25. ONERS (anag.) 26. S-PIKE 28. OSLO (hidden)

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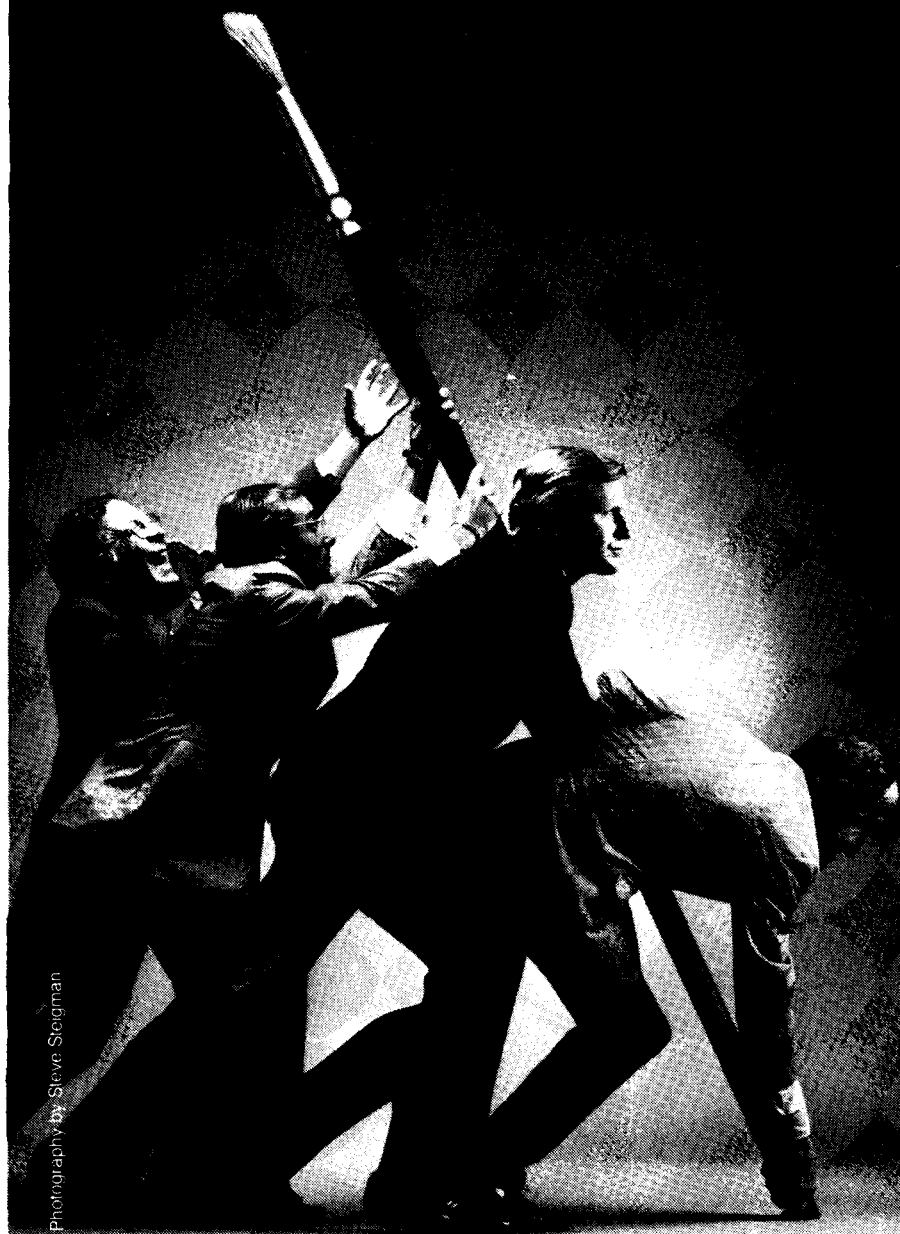
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serves, "The truth is that we cannot assume anything," which is as sensible a summary of the situation in regard to those poems as anyone can make. Speculation remains admissible, however, and Mr. Giroux speculates amiably on dating, factual background if any, and, most interestingly, on the possibility that the original edition so annoyed Shakespeare that he contrived to have it suppressed. The book includes a facsimile of that first, "Never before Imprinted" text.

THE DARK WIND by Tony Hillerman. Harper & Row, \$12.50. Jim Chee, of the Navajo Tribal Police, is instructed to find out who, in a drought-stricken country, is so daft as to vandalize a windmill, and this uninspiring assignment leads to remarkable and puzzling complications. Chee is a likable detective, his Navajo and Hopi connections are equally agreeable, and their view of the Great White Father's regulations is refreshingly debonair.

MARTIN'S HUNDRED by Ivor Noël Hume. Knopf, \$17.95. When the authorities at Colonial Williamsburg wished to extemporize some eighteenth-century outbuildings at their recently acquired plantation of Carter's Grove, Mr. Hume, resident archaeologist, became responsible for investigating the proposed ground to make sure that nothing of historical value lay beneath it. To his initial dismay and subsequent delight, his diggers burrowed straight into the seventeenth century, turning up evidence of a settlement dating from 1619. The place was well supplied with those fragments of armor, pottery, tools, and weapons that may not look very pretty in a museum but are invaluable as evidence of what our first colonists made, built, and imported, of how they lived and how they died. Mr. Hume writes with grace and humor. He tells the story well, and is particularly interesting on the amount of research required to interpret the finds, the variety of areas in which it is conducted, the number of theories advanced and demolished before date and meaning can be determined. He had a dreadful time with coffin nails.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRATIC CAPITALISM by Michael Novak. Simon and Schuster, \$17.50. A portion of this book originally appeared in *The Atlantic*, in somewhat different form.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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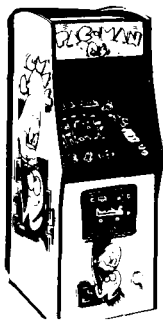
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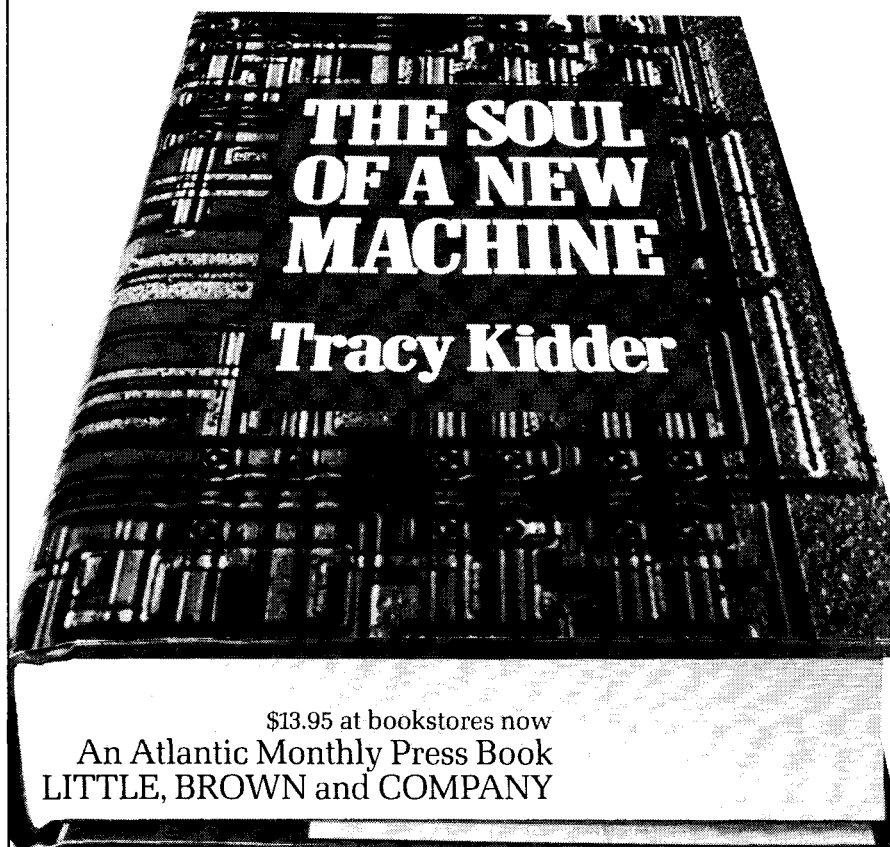
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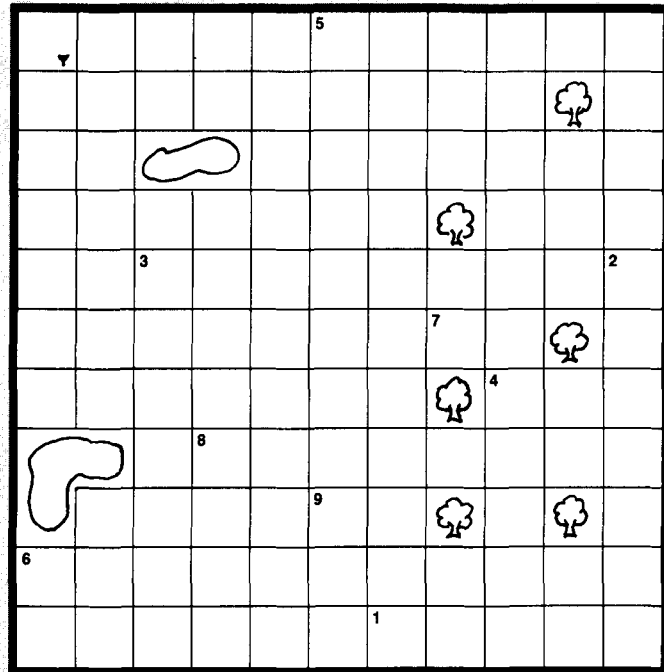
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1.
 - a. Short drive in golf course calls for woods (7)
 - b. Mysterious isle is a region of Eastern Europe (7)
 - c. Compensate a character (5)
 - d. Sports program, in part, showing smooth tee (5)
2.
 - a. Will related strange tales about morning inside circus building (11)
 - b. Bond's golf course (5)
 - c. Legends sink aces (5)
3.
 - a. Officer material—a common soldier, perhaps (8)
 - b. Small group halfway to a Brazilian city (4)
 - c. Horrible monster could make advancement with PR (6)
 - d. Persian ruler's quiet sigh (4)

4.
 - a. Hails for tools with angled blades—about a 90° angle (7)
 - b. Oats scattered from porch in Greece (4)
 - c. A female tennis player (4)
 - d. Mlle. Colette holds French school (5)
5.
 - a. Work for a living around the clay (7)
 - b. Basketball team's profits (4)
 - c. Green attracts backing (5)
 - d. Nasty words for lodgings in England (4)
 - e. Greatly inclined to soak (5)
6.
 - a. Fast talk that's better memorized? (6)
 - b. More than one spoke of surprise raid on Israel's capital (5)
 - c. Moved slowly and squeezed behind the piano (6)
 - d. Tee off in Reagan's home—President's last to notice (6)
7.
 - a. For rent: houses managed with an open mind (8)
 - b. Gangster has heroin in boat (4)
 - c. Puncture in run-about (4)
8.
 - a. Coming out of green, met buggy (8)
 - b. Device used by a helmsman or farmer (6)
 - c. Astor's exotic cooks (6)
 - d. Old English bard cops out (4)
9.
 - a. Baby-talked daily about toddler's toy (8)
 - b. Form a conclusion about peculiar gain in amount of drugs (8)
 - c. Series featuring Cleveland Indians (4)
 - d. Arab princes seem upset, having the woman beheaded (6)

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